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JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLEMENTINA returned to the city without having made any very satisfactory discovery. Her parting was therefore conventionally tender: she even thanked Joseph for his hospitality, and endeavored to throw a little natural emphasis into her words as she expressed the hope of being allowed to renew her visit in the summer.

During her stay it seemed to Joseph that the early harmony of his household had been restored. Julia's manner had been so gentle and amiable, that, on looking back, he was inclined to believe that the loneliness of her new life was alone responsible for any change. But after Clementina's departure his doubts were reawakened in a more threatening form. He could not guess, as yet, the terrible chafing of a smiling mask, of a restraint which must not only conceal itself but counterfeit its opposite, of the assumption by a narrow, cold, and selfish nature of virtues which it secretly despises. He could not have foreseen that the gentleness, which had nearly revived his

faith in her, would so suddenly disappear. But it was gone, like a glimpse of the sun through the winter fog. The hard, watchful expression came back to Julia's face, the lowered eyelids no longer gave a fictitious depth to her shallow, tawny pupils, the soft roundness of her voice took on a frequent harshness, and the desire of asserting her own will in all things betrayed itself through her, affected habits of yielding and seeking counsel.

She continued her plan of making herself acquainted with all the details of the farm business. When the roads began to improve, in the early spring, she insisted in driving to the village alone, and Joseph soon found that she made good use of these journeys in extending her knowledge of the social and pecuniary standing of all the neighboring families. She talked with farmers, mechanics, and drovers; became familiar with the fluctuations in the prices of grain and cattle; learned to a penny the wages paid for every form of service; and thus felt, from week to week, the ground growing more secure under her feet.

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Joseph was not surprised to see that his aunt's participation in the direction of the household gradually diminished. Indeed, he scarcely noticed the circumstance at all, but he was at last forced to remark her increasing silence and the trouble of her face. To all appearance the domestic harmony was perfect, and if Rachel Miller felt some natural regret at being obliged to divide her sway, it was a matter, he thought, wherein he had best not interfere. One day, however, she surprised him by the request:—

"Joseph, can you take or send me to Magnolia to-morrow?"

"Certainly, Aunt!" he replied. "I suppose you want to visit Cousin Phebe; you have not seen her since last summer."

"It was that,—and something more." She paused a moment, and then added, more firmly: "She has always wished that I should make my home with her, but I could n't think of any change so long as I was needed here. It seems to me that I am not really needed now."

"Why, Aunt Rachel!" Joseph exclaimed, "I meant this to be your home always, as much as mine! Of course you are needed,—not to do all that you have done heretofore, but as a part of the family. It is your right."

"I understand all that, Joseph. But I've heard it said that a young wife should learn to see to everything herself, and Julia, I'm sure, does n't need either my help or my advice."

Joseph's face became very grave. "Has she—has she—?" he stammered.

"No," said Rachel, "she has not said it—in words. Different persons have different ways. She is quick, O very quick!—and capable. You know I could never sit idly by, and look on; and it's hard to be directed. I seem to belong to the place and everything connected with it; yet there's times when what a body ought to do is plain."

In endeavoring to steer a middle course between her conscience and her

tender regard for her nephew's feelings Rachel only confused and troubled him. Her words conveyed something of the truth which she sought to hide under them. She was both angered and humiliated; the resistance with which she had attempted to meet Julia's domestic innovations was no match for the latter's tactics; it had gone down like a barrier of reeds and been contemptuously trampled under foot. She saw herself limited, opposed, and finally set aside by a cheerful dexterity of management which evaded her grasp whenever she tried to resent it. Definite acts, whereon to base her indignation, seemed to slip from her memory, but the atmosphere of the house became fatal to her. She felt this while she spoke, and felt also that Joseph must be spared.

"Aunt Rachel," said he, "I know that Julia is very anxious to learn everything which she thinks belongs to her place,—perhaps a little more than is really necessary. She's an enthusiastic nature, you know. Maybe you are not fully acquainted yet; maybe you have misunderstood her in some things: I would like to think so."

"It is true that we are different, Joseph,—*very* different. I don't say, therefore, that I'm always right. It's likely, indeed, that any young wife and any old housekeeper like myself would have their various notions. But where there can be only one head, it's the wife's place to be that head. Julia has not asked it of me, but she has the right. I can't say, also, that I don't need a little rest and change, and there seems to be some call on me to oblige Phebe. Look at the matter in the true light," she continued, seeing that Joseph remained silent, "and you must feel that it's only natural."

"I hope so," he said at last, repressing a sigh; "all things are changing."

"What can we do?" Julia asked, that evening, when he had communicated to her his aunt's resolution; "it would be so delightful if she would stay, and yet I have had a presentiment that she would leave us—for a little while only, I hope. Dear, good Aunt

Rachel ! I could n't help seeing how hard it was for her to allow the least change in the order of housekeeping. She would be perfectly happy if I would sit still all day and let her tire herself to death ; but how can I do that, Joseph ? And no two women have exactly the same ways and habits. I've tried to make everything pleasant for her : if she would only leave many little matters entirely to me, or at least not think of them, — but I fear she cannot. She manages to see the least that I do, and secretly worries about it, in the very kindness of her heart. Why can't women carry on partnerships in housekeeping as men do in business ? I suppose we are too particular ; perhaps I am just as much so as Aunt Rachel. I have no doubt she thinks a little hardly of me, and so it would do her good — we should really come nearer again — if she had a change. If she *will* go, Joseph, she must at least leave us with the feeling that our home is always hers, whenever she chooses to accept it."

Julia bent over Joseph's chair, gave him a rapid kiss, and then went off to make her peace with Aunt Rachel. When the two women came to the tea-table the latter had an uncertain, bewildered air, while the eyelids of the former were red, — either from tears or much rubbing.

A fortnight afterwards Rachel Miller left the farm and went to reside with her widowed niece, in Magnolia.

The day after her departure another surprise came to Joseph in the person of his father-in-law. Mr. Blessing arrived in a hired vehicle from the station. His face was so red and radiant from the March winds, and perhaps some private source of satisfaction, that his sudden arrival could not possibly be interpreted as an omen of ill-fortune. He shook hands with the Irish groom who had driven him over, gave him a handsome gratuity in addition to the hire of the team, extracted an elegant travelling-satchel from under the seat, and met Joseph at the gate, with a breezy burst of feeling : —

"God bless you, son-in-law ! It does my heart good to see you again ! And then, at last, the pleasure of beholding your ancestral seat ; really, this is quite — quite manorial !"

Julia, with a loud cry of "O pa !" came rushing from the house.

"Bless me, how wild and fresh the child looks !" cried Mr. Blessing, after the embrace. "Only see the country roses on her cheeks ! Almost too young and sparkling for Lady Astens, of Astens Hall, eh ? As Dryden says, 'Happy, happy, happy pair !' It takes me back to the days when I was a gay young lark ; but I must have a care, and not make an old fool of myself. Let us go in and subside into soberness : I am ready both to laugh and cry."

When they were seated in the comfortable front room, Mr. Blessing opened his satchel and produced a large leather-covered flask. Julia was probably accustomed to his habits, for she at once brought a glass from the sideboard.

"I am still plagued with my old cramps," her father said to Joseph, as he poured out a stout dose. "Physiologists, you know, have discovered that stimulants diminish the wear and tear of life, and I find their theories correct. You, in your pastoral isolation and pecuniary security, can form no conception of the tension under which we men of office and of the world live. *Beatus ille*, and so forth, — strange that the only fragment of Latin which I remember should be so appropriate ! A little water, if you please, Julia."

In the evening when Mr. Blessing, slipped, sat before the open fireplace, with a cigar in his mouth, the object of his sudden visit crept by slow degrees to the light. "Have you been dipping into oil ?" he asked Joseph.

Julia made haste to reply. "Not yet, but almost everybody in the neighborhood is ready to do so now, since Clemson has realized his fifty thousand dollars in a single year. They are talking of nothing else in the village. I heard yesterday, Joseph, that Old Bishop has taken three thousand dollars' worth of stock in a new company."

"Take my advice, and don't touch 'em!" exclaimed Mr. Blessing.

"I had not intended to," said Joseph. "There is this thing about these excitements," Mr. Blessing continued: "they never reach the rural districts until the first sure harvest is over. The sharp, intelligent operators in the large cities—the men who are ready to take up soap, thimbles, hand-organs, electricity, or hymn-books, at a moment's notice—always cut into a new thing before its value is guessed by the multitude. Then the smaller fry follow and secure their second crop, while your quiet men in the country are shaking their heads and crying 'humbug!' Finally, when it really gets to be a humbug, in a speculative sense, they just begin to believe in it, and are fair game for the bummers and camp-followers of the financial army. I respect Clemson, though I never heard of him before; as for Old Bishop, he may be a very worthy man, but he'll never see the color of his three thousand dollars again."

"Pa!" cried Julia, "how clear you do make everything. And to think that I was wishing—O wishing *so* much!—that Joseph would go into oil."

She hung her head a little, looking at Joseph with an affectionate, penitent glance. A quick gleam of satisfaction passed over Mr. Blessing's face; he smiled to himself, puffed rapidly at his cigar for a minute, and then resumed: "In such a field of speculation everything depends on being initiated. There are men in the city—friends of mine—who know every foot of ground in the Alleghany Valley. They can smell oil, if it's a thousand feet deep. They never touch a thing that is n't safe,—but, then, they know *what's* safe. In spite of the swindling that's going on, it takes years to exhaust the good points; just so sure as your honest neighbors here will lose, just so sure will these friends of mine gain. There are millions in what they have under way, at this moment."

"What is it?" Julia breathlessly

asked, while Joseph's face betrayed that his interest was somewhat aroused.

Mr. Blessing unlocked his satchel, and took from it a roll of paper, which he began to unfold upon his knee. "Here," he said, "you see this bend of the river, just about the centre of the oil region, which is represented by the yellow color. These little dots above the bend are the celebrated Fluke Wells; the other dots below are the equally celebrated Chowder Wells. The distance between the two is nearly three miles. Here is an untouched portion of the treasure,—a pocket of Pactolus waiting to be rifled. A few of us have acquired the land, and shall commence boring immediately."

"But," said Joseph, "it seems to me that either the attempt must have been made already, or that the land must command such an enormous price as to lessen the profits."

"Wisely spoken! It is the first question which would occur to any prudent mind. But what if I say that neither is the case? And you, who are familiar with the frequent eccentricities of old farmers, can understand the explanation. The owner of the land was one of your ignorant, stubborn men, who took such a dislike to the prospectors and speculators, that he refused to let them come near him. Both the Fluke and Chowder Companies tried their best to buy him out, but he had a malicious pleasure in leading them on to make immense offers, and then refusing. Well, a few months ago he died, and his heirs were willing enough to let the land go; but before it could be regularly offered for sale, the Fluke and Chowder Wells began to flow less and less. Their shares fell from 270 to 95; the supposed value of the land fell with them, and finally the moment arrived when we could purchase for a very moderate sum. I see the question in your mind: why should we wish to buy when the other wells were giving out? There comes in the secret, which is our veritable success. Consider it whispered



in your ears, and locked in your bosoms, — torpedoes! It was not then generally exploded (to carry out the image), so we bought at the low figure, in the very nick of time. Within a week the Fluke and Chowder Wells were torpedoed, and came back to more than their former capacity; the shares rose as rapidly as they had fallen, and the central body we hold — to which they are, as it were, the two arms — could now be sold for ten times what it cost us!"

Here Mr. Blessing paused, with his finger on the map, and a light of merited triumph in his eyes. Julia clapped her hands, sprang to her feet, and cried: "Trumps at last!"

"Ay," said he, "wealth, repose for my old days, — wealth for us all, if your husband will but take the hand I hold out to him. You now know, son-in-law, why the indorsement you gave me was of such vital importance; the note, as you are aware, will mature in another week. Why should you not charge yourself with the payment, in consideration of the transfer to you of shares of the original stock, already so immensely appreciated in value? I have delayed making any provision, for the sake of offering you the chance."

Julia was about to speak, but restrained herself with an apparent effort.

"I should like to know," Joseph said, "who are associated with you in the undertaking?"

"Well done, again! Where did you get your practical shrewdness? The best men in the city! — not only the Collector and the Surveyor, but Congressman Whaley, E. D. Stokes of Stokes, Pirricutt and Company, and even the Reverend Doctor Lellifant. If I had not been an old friend of Kanuck, the agent who negotiated the purchase, my chance would have been impalpably small. I have all the documents with me. There has been no more splendid opportunity since oil became a power! I hesitate to advise even one so near to me in such matters; but if you knew the certainties as

I know them, you would go in with all your available capital. The excitement, as you say, has reached the country communities, which are slow to rise and equally slow to subside; all oil stock will be in demand, but the Amaranth, — 'The Blessing,' they wished to call it, but I was obliged to decline, for official reasons, — the Amaranth shares will be the golden apex of the market!"

Julia looked at Joseph with eager, hungry eyes. He, too, was warmed and tempted by the prospect of easy profit which the scheme held out to him; only the habit of his nature resisted, but with still diminishing force. "I might venture the thousand," he said.

"It is no venture!" Julia cried. "In all the speculations I have heard discussed by pa and his friends, there was nothing so admirably managed as this. Such a certainty of profit may never come again. If you will be advised by me, Joseph, you will take shares to the amount of five or ten thousand."

"Ten thousand is exactly the amount I hold open," Mr. Blessing gravely remarked. "That, however, does not represent the necessary payment, which can hardly amount to more than twenty-five per cent, before we begin to realize. Only ten per cent has yet been called, so that your thousand at present will secure you an investment of ten thousand. Really, it seems like a fortunate coincidence."

He went on, heating himself with his own words, until the possibilities of the case grew so splendid that Joseph felt himself dazzled and bewildered. Mr. Blessing was a master in the art of seductive statement. Even where he was only the mouthpiece of another, a few repetitions led him to the profoundest belief. Here there could be no doubt of his sincerity, and, moreover, every movement from the very inception of the scheme, every statistical item, all collateral influences, were clear in his mind and instantly accessible. Although he began by saying, "I will make no estimate of the profits,

because it is not prudent to fix our hopes on a positive sum," he was soon carried far away from this resolution, and most luxuriously engaged, pencil in hand, in figuring out results which drove Julia wild with desire, and almost took away Joseph's breath. The latter finally said, as they rose from the session, late at night:—

"It is settled that I take as much as the thousand will cover; but I would rather think over the matter quietly for a day or two before venturing further."

"You must," replied Mr. Blessing, patting him on the shoulder. "These things are so new to your experience, that they disturb and—I might almost say—alarm you. It is like bringing an increase of oxygen into your mental atmosphere. (Ha! a good figure: for the result will be, a richer, fuller life. I must remember it.) But you are a healthy organization, and therefore you *must* see clearly: I can wait with confidence."

The next morning Joseph, without declaring his purpose, drove to Coventry Forge to consult Philip. Mr. Blessing and Julia remaining at home, went over the shining ground again, and yet again, confirming each other in the determination to secure it. Even Joseph, as he passed up the valley in the mild March weather, taking note of the crimson and gold of the flowering spice-bushes and maple-trees, could not prevent his thoughts from dwelling on the delights of wealth,—society, books, travel, and all the mellow, fortunate expansion of life. Involuntarily, he hoped that Philip's counsel might coincide with his father-in-law's offer.

But Philip was not at home. The forge was in full activity, the cottage on the knoll was repainted and made attractive in various ways, and Philip would soon return with his sister to establish a permanent home. Joseph found the sign-spiritual of his friend in numberless little touches and changes; it seemed to him that a new soul had entered into the scenery of the place.

A mile or two farther up the valley

a company of mechanics and laborers were apparently tearing the old Calvert mansion inside out. House, barn, garden, and lawn were undergoing a complete transformation. While he paused at the entrance of the private lane, to take a survey of the operations, Mr. Clemson rode down to him from the house. The Hopetons, he said, would migrate from the city early in May: work had already commenced on the new railway, and in another year a different life would come upon the whole neighborhood.

In the course of the conversation Joseph ventured to sound Mr. Clemson in regard to the newly formed oil companies. The latter frankly confessed that he had withdrawn from further speculation, satisfied with his fortune; he preferred to give no opinion, further than that money was still to be made, if prudently placed. The Fluke and Chowder Wells, he said, were old, well-known, and profitable. The new application of torpedoes had restored their failing flow, and the stock had recovered from its temporary depreciation. His own venture had been made in another part of the region.

The atmosphere into which Joseph entered, on returning home, took away all further power of resistance. Tempted already, and impressed by what he had learned, he did what his wife and father-in-law desired.

## CHAPTER XV.

HAVING assumed the payment of Mr. Blessing's note, as the first instalment upon his stock, Joseph was compelled to prepare himself for future emergencies. A year must still elapse before the term of the mortgage upon his farm would expire, but the sums he had invested for the purpose of meeting it when due must be held ready for use. The assurance of great and certain profit in the mean time rendered this step easy; and, even at the worst, he reflected, there would be no difficulty in procuring a new mortgage whereby to liquidate the old. A notice, which

he received at this time, that a second assessment of ten per cent on the Amaranth stock had been made was both unexpected and disquieting. Mr. Blessing, however, accompanied it with a letter, making clear, not only the necessity but the admirable wisdom of a greater present outlay than had been anticipated. So the first of April—the usual business anniversary of the neighborhood—went smoothly by. Money was plenty, the Astens credit had always been sound, and Joseph tasted for the first time a pleasant sense of power in so easily receiving and transferring considerable sums.

One result of the venture was the development of a new phase in Julia's nature. She not only accepted the future profit as certain, but she had apparently calculated its exact amount and framed her plans accordingly. If she had been humiliated by the character of Joseph's first business transaction with her father, she now made amends for it. "Pa" was their good genius. "Pa" was the agency whereby they should achieve wealth and social importance. Joseph now had the clearest evidence of the difference between a man who knew the world and was of value in it, and their slow, dull-headed country neighbors. Indeed, Julia seemed to consider the Astens property as rather contemptible beside the splendor of the Blessing scheme. Her gratitude for a quiet home, her love of country life, her disparagement of the shams and exactions of "society," were given up as suddenly and coolly as if she had never affected them. She gave herself no pains to make the transition gradual, and thus lessen its shock. Perhaps she supposed that Joseph's fresh, unsuspecting nature was so plastic that it had already sufficiently taken her impress, and that he would easily forget the mask she had worn. If so, she was seriously mistaken.

He saw, with a deadly chill of the heart, the change in her manner,—a change so complete that another face confronted him at the table, even as

another heart beat beside his on the dishallowed marriage-bed. He saw the gentle droop vanish from the eyelids, leaving the cold, flinty pupils unshaded; the soft appeal of the half-opened lips was lost in the rigid, almost cruel compression which now seemed habitual to them; all the slight dependent gestures, the tender airs of reference to his will or pleasure, had rapidly transformed themselves into expressions of command or obstinate resistance. But the patience of a loving man is equal to that of a loving woman: he was silent, although his silence covered an ever-increasing sense of outrage.

Once it happened, that after Julia had been unusually eloquent concerning "what pa is doing for us," and what use they should make of "pa's money, as I call it," Joseph quietly remarked:—

"You seem to forget, Julia, that without my money not much could have been done."

An angry color came into her face; but, on second thought, she bent her head, and murmured in an offended voice: "It is very mean and ungenerous in you to refer to our temporary poverty. You might forget, by this time, the help pa was compelled to ask of you."

"I did not think of it!" he exclaimed. "Besides, you did not seem entirely satisfied with my help, at the time."

"O, how you misunderstand me!" she groaned. "I only wished to know the extent of his need. He is so generous, so considerate towards us, that we only guess his misfortune at the last moment."

The possibility of being unjust silenced Joseph. There were tears in Julia's voice, and he imagined they would soon rise to her eyes. After a long, uncomfortable pause, he said, for the sake of changing the subject: "What can have become of Elwood Withers? I have not seen him for months."

"I don't think you need care to know," she remarked. "He's a rough,

vulgar fellow: it's just as well if he keeps away from us."

"Julia! he is my friend, and must always be welcome to *me*. You were friendly enough towards him, and towards all the neighborhood, last summer: how is it that you have not a good word to say, now?"

He spoke warmly and indignantly. Julia, however, looked at him with a calm, smiling face. "It is very simple," she said. "You will agree with me, in another year. A guest, as I was, must try to see only the pleasant side of people: that's our duty; and so I enjoyed—as much as I could—the rusticity, the awkwardness, the ignorance, the (now, don't be vexed, dear!)—the vulgarity of your friend. As one of the society of the neighborhood, as a resident, I am not bound by any such delicacy. I take the same right to judge and select as I should take anywhere. Unless I am to be hypocritical, I cannot—towards you, at least—conceal my real feelings. How shall I ever get you to see the difference between yourself and these people, unless I continually point it out? You are modest, and don't like to acknowledge your own superiority."

She rose from the table, laughing, and went out of the room humming a lively air, leaving Joseph to make the best of her words.

A few days after this the work on the branch railway, extending down the valley, reached a point where it could be seen from the Asten farm. Joseph, on riding over to inspect the operations, was surprised to find Elwood, who had left his father's place and become a sub-contractor. The latter showed his hearty delight at their meeting.

"I've been meaning to come up," he said, "but this is a busy time for me. It's a chance I could n't let slip, and now that I've taken hold I must hold on. I begin to think this is the thing I was made for, Joseph."

"I never thought of it before," Joseph answered, "and yet I'm sure you are right. How did you hit upon it?"

"I did n't; it was Mr. Held."

"Philip?"

"Him. You know I've been hauling for the Forge, and so it turned up by degrees, as I may say. He's at home, and, I expect, looking for you. But how *are* you now, really?"

Elwood's question meant a great deal more than he knew how to say. Suddenly, in a flash of memory, their talk of the previous year returned to Joseph's mind; he saw his friend's true instincts and his own blindness, as never before. But he must dissemble, if possible, with that strong, rough, kindly face before him.

"O," he said, attempting a cheerful air, "I am one of the old folks now. You must come up—"

The recollection of Julia's words cut short the invitation upon his lips. A sharp pang went through his heart, and the treacherous blood crowded to his face all the more that he tried to hold it back.

"Come, and I'll show you where we're going to make the cutting," Elwood quietly said, taking him by the arm. Joseph fancied, thenceforth, that there was a special kindness in his manner, and the suspicion seemed to rankle in his mind as if he had been slighted by his friend.

As before, to vary the tedium of his empty life, so now, to escape from the knowledge which he found himself more and more powerless to resist, he busied himself beyond all need with the work of the farm. Philip had returned with his sister, he knew, but after the meeting with Elwood he shrank with a painful dread from Philip's heart-deep, intimate eye. Julia, however, all the more made use of the soft spring weather to survey the social ground, and choose where to take her stand. Joseph scarcely knew, indeed, how extensive her operations had been, until she announced an invitation to dine with the Hopetons, who were now in possession of the renovated Calvert place. She enlarged, more than was necessary, on the distinguished city position of the family, and the impor-

tance of "cultivating" its country members. Joseph's single brief meeting with Mr. Hopeton—who was a short, solid man, in ripe middle age, of a thoroughly cosmopolitan, though not a remarkably intellectual stamp—had been agreeable, and he recognized the obligation to be neighborly. Therefore he readily accepted the invitation on his own grounds.

When the day arrived, Julia, after spending the morning over her toilet, came forth resplendent in rosy silk, bright and dazzling in complexion, and with all her former grace of languid eyelids and parted lips. The void in Joseph's heart grew wider at the sight of her; for he perceived, as never before, her consummate skill in assuming a false character. It seemed incredible that he should have been so deluded. For the first time a feeling of repulsion, which was almost disgust, came upon him as he listened to her prattle of delight in the soft weather, and the fragrant woods, and the blossoming orchards. Was not, also, this delight assumed? he asked himself: false in one thing, false in all, was the fatal logic which then and there began its torment.

The most that was possible in such a short time had been achieved on the Calvert place. The house had been brightened, surrounded by light, airy verandas, and the lawn and garden, thrown into one and given into the hands of a skillful gardener, were scarcely to be recognized. A broad, solid gravel-walk replaced the old tan-covered path; a pretty fountain tinkled before the door; thick beds of geranium in flower studded the turf, and veritable thickets of rose-trees were waiting for June. Within the house, some rooms had been thrown together, the walls richly yet harmoniously colored, and the sumptuous furniture thus received a proper setting. In contrast to the houses of even the wealthiest farmers, which expressed a nicely reckoned sufficiency of comfort, the place had an air of joyous profusion, of a wealth which delighted in itself.

Mr. Hopeton met them with the frank, offhand manner of a man of business. His wife followed, and the two guests made a rapid inspection of her as she came down the hall. Julia noticed that her crocus-colored dress was high in the neck, and plainly trimmed; that she wore no ornaments, and that the natural pallor of her complexion had not been corrected by art. Joseph remarked the simple grace of her movement, the large, dark, inscrutable eyes, the smooth bands of her black hair, and the pure though somewhat lengthened oval of her face. The gentle dignity of her manner more than refreshed, it soothed him. She was so much younger than her husband that Joseph involuntarily wondered how they should have come together.

The greetings were scarcely over before Philip and Madeline Held arrived. Julia, with the least little gush of tenderness, kissed the latter, whom Philip then presented to Joseph for the first time. She had the same wavy hair as her brother, but the golden hue was deepened nearly into brown, and her eyes were a clear hazel. It was also the same frank, firm face, but her woman's smile was so much the sweeter as her lips were lovelier than the man's. Joseph seemed to clasp an instant friendship in her offered hand.

There was but one other guest, who, somewhat to his surprise, was Lucy Henderson. Julia concealed whatever she might have felt, and made so much reference to their former meetings as might satisfy Lucy without conveying to Mrs. Hopeton the impression of any special intimacy. Lucy looked thin and worn, and her black silk dress was not of the latest fashion: she seemed to be the poor relation of the company. Joseph learned that she had taken one of the schools in the valley, for the summer. Her manner to him was as simple and friendly as ever, but he felt the presence of some new element of strength and self-reliance in her nature.

His place, at dinner, was beside Mrs. Hopeton, while Lucy—apparently by accident—sat upon the other side of

the hostess. Philip and the host led the conversation, confining it too exclusively to the railroad and iron interests; but these finally languished, and gave way to other topics in which all could take part. Joseph felt that while the others, except Lucy and himself, were fashioned under different aspects of life, some of which they shared in common, yet that their seeming ease and freedom of communication touched, here and there, some invisible limit, which they were careful not to pass. Even Philip appeared to be beyond his reach, for the time.

The country and the people, being comparatively new to them, naturally came to be discussed.

"Mr. Held, or Mr. Asten, — either of you know both," — Mr. Hopeton asked, "what are the principal points of difference between society in the city and in the country?"

"Indeed, I know too little of the city," said Joseph.

"And I know too little of the country, — here, at least," Philip added. "Of course the same passions and prejudices come into play everywhere. There are circles, there are jealousies, ups and downs, scandals, suppressions, and rehabilitations: it can't be otherwise."

"Are they not a little worse in the country," said Julia, "because — I may ask the question here, among *us* — there is less refinement of manner?"

"If the external forms are ruder," Philip resumed, "it may be an advantage, in one sense. Hypocrisy cannot be developed into an art."

Julia bit her lip, and was silent.

"But are the country people, hereabouts, so rough?" Mrs. Hopeton asked. "I confess that they don't seem so to me. What do you say, Miss Henderson?"

"Perhaps I am not an impartial witness," Lucy answered. "We care less about what is called 'manners' than the city people. We have no fixed rules for dress and behavior, — only we don't like any one to differ too much from the rest of us."

"That's it!" Mr. Hopeton cried; "the tyrannical levelling sentiment of an imperfectly developed community! Fortunately, I am beyond its reach."

Julia's eyes sparkled: she looked across the table at Joseph, with a triumphant air.

Philip suddenly raised his head. "How would you correct it? Simply by resistance?" he asked.

Mr. Hopeton laughed. "I should no doubt get myself into a hornet's-nest. No; by indifference!"

Then Madeline Held spoke. "Excuse me," she said; "but is indifference possible, even if it were right? You seem to take the levelling spirit for granted, without looking into its character and causes; there must be some natural sense of justice, no matter how imperfectly society is developed. We are members of this community, — at least, Philip and I certainly consider ourselves so, — and I am determined not to judge it without knowledge, or to offend what may be only mechanical habits of thought, unless I can see a sure advantage in doing so."

Lucy Henderson looked at the speaker with a bright, grateful face. Joseph's eyes wandered from her to Julia, who was silent and watchful.

"But I have no time for such conscientious studies," Mr. Hopeton resumed. "One can be satisfied with half a dozen neighbors, and let the mass go. Indifference, after all, is the best philosophy. What do you say, Mr. Held?"

"Indifference!" Philip echoed. A dark flush came into his face, and he was silent a moment. "Yes: our hearts are inconvenient appendages. We suffer a deal from unnecessary sympathies, and from imagining, I suppose, that others feel them as we do. These uneasy features of society are simply the effort of nature to find some occupation for brains otherwise idle — or empty. Teach the people to think, and they will disappear."

Joseph stared at Philip, feeling that a secret bitterness was hidden under his careless, mocking air. Mrs. Hope-



ton rose, and the company left the table. Madeline Held had a troubled expression, but there was an eager, singular brightness in Julia's eyes.

"Emily, let us have coffee on the veranda," said Mr. Hopeton, leading the way. He had already half forgotten the subject of conversation: his own expressions, in fact, had been made very much at random, for the sole purpose of keeping up the flow of talk. He had no very fixed views of any kind, beyond the sphere of his business activity.

Philip, noticing the impression he had made on Joseph, drew him to one side. "Don't seriously remember my words against me," he said; "you were sorry to hear them, I know. All I meant was, that an over-sensitive tenderness towards everybody is a fault. Besides, I was provoked to answer him in his own vein."

"But, Philip!" Joseph whispered, "such words tempt me! What if they were true? — it would be dreadful."

Philip grasped his arm with a painful force. "They never can be true to you, Joseph," he said.

Gay and pleasant as the company seemed to be, each one felt a secret sense of relief when it came to an end. As Joseph drove homewards, silently recalling what had been said, Julia interrupted his reflections with: "Well, what do you think of the Hopetons?"

"She is an interesting woman," he answered.

"But reserved; and she shows very little taste in dress. However, I suppose you hardly noticed anything of the kind. She kept Lucy Henderson beside her as a foil: Madeline Held would have been damaging."

Joseph only partly guessed her meaning; it was repugnant, and he determined to avoid its further discussion.

"Hopeton is a shrewd business man," Julia continued, "but he cannot compare with her for shrewdness, — either with her, or — Philip Held!"

"What do you mean?"

"I made a discovery before the dinner was over, which you — innocent,

unsuspecting man that you are — might have before your eyes for years, without seeing it. Tell me now, honestly, did you notice nothing?"

"What should I notice, beyond what was said?" he asked.

"That was the least!" she cried; "but, of course, I knew you could n't. And perhaps you won't believe me, when I tell you that Philip Held, — your particular friend, your hero, for aught I know your pattern of virtue and character and all that is manly and noble, — that Philip Held, I say, is furiously in love with Mrs. Hopeton!"

Joseph started as if he had been shot, and turned around with an angry red on his brow. "Julia!" he said, "how dare you speak so of Philip!"

She laughed. "Because I dare to speak the truth, when I see it. I thought I should surprise you. I remembered a certain rumor I had heard before she was married, — while she was Emily Marrable, — and I watched them closer than they guessed. I'm certain of Philip: as for her, she's a deep creature, and she was on her guard; but they are near neighbors."

Joseph was thoroughly aroused and indignant. "It is your own fancy!" he exclaimed. "You hate Philip on account of that affair with Clementina; but you ought to have some respect for the woman whose hospitality you have accepted!"

"Bless me! I have any quantity of respect, both for her and her furniture. By the by, Joseph, our parlor would furnish better than hers; I have been thinking of a few changes we might make, which would wonderfully improve the house. As for Philip, Clementina was a fool. She'd be glad enough to have him now, but in these matters, once gone is gone for good. Somehow, people who marry for love very often get rich afterwards, — ourselves, for instance."

It was some time before Joseph's excitement subsided. He had resented Julia's suspicion as dishonorable to Philip, yet he could not banish the conjecture of its possible truth. If

Philip's affected cynicism had tempted him, Julia's unblushing assumption of the existence of a passion which was forbidden, and therefore positively guilty, seemed to stain the pure texture of his nature. The lightness with which she spoke of the matter was even more abhorrent to him than the assertion itself; the malicious satisfaction in the tones of her voice had not escaped his ear.

"Julia," he said, just before they reached home, "do not mention your fancy to another soul than me. It would reflect discredit on you."

"You *are* innocent," she answered. "And you are not complimentary. If I have any remarkable quality, it is tact. Whenever I speak, I shall know the effect beforehand: even *pa*, with all his official experience, is no match for me in this line. I see what the Hopetons are after, and I mean to show them that we were first in the field. Don't be concerned, you good, excitable creature, you are no match for such well-drilled people. Let me alone, and before the summer is over *we* will give the law to the neighborhood!"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

THE bare, repulsive, inexorable truth was revealed at last. There was no longer any foothold for doubt, any possibility of continuing his desperate self-deceit. From that day all the joy, the trust, the hope, seemed to fade out of Joseph's life. What had been lost was irretrievable: the delusion of a few months had fixed his fate forever.

His sense of outrage was so strong and keen, — so burned upon his consciousness as to affect him like a dull physical pain, — that a just and temperate review of his situation was impossible. False in one thing, false in all: that was the single, inevitable conclusion. Of course she had never even loved him. Her coy maiden airs, her warm abandonment to feeling, her very tears and blushes, were artfully simulated: perhaps, indeed, she had laughed

in her heart, yea, sneered, at his credulous tenderness! Her assumption of rule, therefore, became an arrogance not to be borne. What right had she, guilty of a crime for which there is no name and no punishment, to reverse the secret justice of the soul, and claim to be rewarded?

So reasoned Joseph to himself, in his solitary broodings; but the spell was not so entirely broken as he imagined. Sternly as he might have resolved in advance, there was a glamour in her mask of cheerfulness and gentleness, which made his resolution seem hard and cruel. In her presence he could not clearly remember his wrongs: the past delusion had been a reality, nevertheless; and he could make no assertion which did not involve his own miserable humiliation. Thus the depth and vital force of his struggle could not be guessed by Julia. She saw only irritable moods, the natural male resistance which she had often remarked in her father, — perhaps, also, the annoyance of giving up certain "romantic" fancies, which she believed to be common to all young men, and never permanent. Even an open rupture could not have pushed them apart so rapidly as this hollow external routine of life.

Joseph took the earliest opportunity of visiting Philip, whom he found busy in forge and foundry. "This would be the life for you!" he said: "we deal only with physical forces, human and elemental: we direct and create power, yet still obey the command to put money in our purses."

"Is that one secret of your strength?" Joseph asked.

"Who told you that I had any?"

"I feel it," said Joseph; and even as he said it he remembered Julia's unworthy suspicion.

"Come up and see Madeline a moment, and the home she has made for me. We get on very well, for brother and sister, — especially since her will is about as stubborn as mine."

Madeline was very bright and cheerful, and Joseph, certainly, saw no signs

of a stubborn will in her fair face. She was very simply dressed, and busy with some task of needle-work which she did not lay aside.

"You might pass already for a member of our community," he could not help saying.

"I think your most democratic farmers will accept me," she answered, "when they learn that I am Philip's housekeeper. The only dispute we have had, or are likely to have, is in relation to the salary."

"She is an inconsistent creature, Joseph," said Philip. "I was obliged to offer her as much as she earned by her music-lessons, before she would come at all, and now she can't find work enough to balance it."

"How can I, Philip, when you tempt me every day with walks and rides, botany, geology, and sketching from nature?"

So much frank, affectionate confidence showed itself through the playful gossip of the two, that Joseph was at once comforted and pained. "If I had only had a sister!" he sighed to Philip, as they walked down the knoll.

The friends took the valley road, Joseph leading his horse by the bridle. The stream was full to its banks, and crystal clear: shoals of young fishes passed like drifted leaves over the pebbly ground, and the fragrant water-beetles skimmed the surface of the eddies. Overhead the vaults of the great elms and sycamores were filled with the green, delicious illumination of the tender foliage. It was a scene and a season for idle happiness.

Yet the first words Philip spoke, after a long silence, were: "May I speak now?" There was infinite love and pity in his voice. He took Joseph by the hand.

"Yes," the latter whispered.

"It has come," Philip continued; "you cannot hide it from yourself any longer. My pain is that I did not dare to warn you, though at the risk of losing your friendship. There was so little time —"

"You *did* try to warn me, Philip!

I have recalled your words, and the trouble in your face as you spoke, a thousand times. I was a fool, a blind, miserable fool, and my folly has ruined my life!"

"Strange," said Philip, musingly, "that only a perfectly good and pure nature can fall into such a wretched snare. And yet 'Virtue is its own reward,' is dinned into our ears! It is Hell for a single fault: nay, not even a fault, an innocent mistake! But let us see what can be done: is there no common ground whereon your natures can stand together? If there should be a child —"

Joseph shuddered. "Once it seemed too great, too wonderful a hope," he said, "but now, I don't dare to wish for it. Philip, I am too sorely hurt to think clearly: there is nothing to do but to wait. It is a miserable kind of comfort to me to have your sympathy, but I fear you cannot help me."

Philip saw that he could bear no more: his face was pale to the lips and his hands trembled. He led him to the bank, sat down beside him, and laid his arm about his neck. The silence and the caress were more soothing to Joseph than any words; he soon became calm, and remembered an important part of his errand, which was to acquaint Philip with the oil speculation, and to ask his advice.

They discussed the matter long and gravely. With all his questions, and the somewhat imperfect information which Joseph was able to give, Philip could not satisfy himself whether the scheme was a simple swindle or a well-considered business venture. Two or three of the names were respectable, but the chief agent, Kanuck, was unknown to him; moreover, Mr. Blessing's apparent prominence in the undertaking did not inspire him with much confidence.

"How much have you already paid on the stock?" he asked.

"Three instalments, which, Mr. Blessing thinks, is all that will be called for. However, I have the money for a fourth, should it be necessary. He

writes to me that the stock has-already risen a hundred per cent in value."

"If that is so," said Philip, "let me advise you to sell half of it, at once. The sum received will cover your liabilities, and the half you retain, as a venture, will give you no further anxiety."

"I had thought of that; yet I am sure that my father-in-law will oppose such a step with all his might. You must know him, Philip; tell me, frankly, your opinion of his character."

"Blessing belongs to a class familiar enough to me," Philip answered; "yet I doubt whether you will comprehend it. He is a swaggering, amiable, magnificent adventurer; never purposely dishonest, I am sure, yet sometimes engaged in transactions that would not bear much scrutiny. His life has been one of ups and downs. After a successful speculation, he is luxurious, open-handed, and absurdly self-confident; his success is soon flung away: he then good-humoredly descends to poverty, because he never believes it can last long. He is unreliable, from his oversanguine temperament; and yet this very temperament gives him a certain power and influence. Some of our best men are on familiar terms with him. They are on their guard against his pecuniary approaches, they laugh at his extravagant schemes, but they now and then find him useful. I heard Gray, the editor, once speak of him as a man 'filled with available enthusiasms,' and I guess that phrase hits both his strength and his weakness."

On the whole, Joseph felt rather relieved than disquieted. The heart was lighter in his breast as he mounted his horse and rode homewards.

Philip slowly walked forwards, yielding his mind to thoughts wherein Joseph was an important but not the principal figure. Was there a positive strength, he asked himself, in a wider practical experience of life? Did such experience really strengthen the basis of character which must support a man, when some unexpected moral crisis comes upon him? He knew that he seemed strong, to Joseph; but the lat-

ter, so far, was bearing his terrible test with a patience drawn from some source of elemental power. Joseph had simply been ignorant: *he* had been proud, impatient, and—he now confessed to himself—weakly jealous. In both cases, a mistake had passed beyond the plastic stage where life may still be remoulded: it had hardened into an inexorable fate. What was to be the end of it all?

A light footstep interrupted his reflections. He looked up, and almost started, on finding himself face to face with Mrs. Hopeton.

Her face was flushed from her walk and the mellow warmth of the afternoon. She held a bunch of wild-flowers, — pink azaleas, delicate sigillarias, valerian, and scarlet painted-cup. She first broke the silence by asking after Madeline.

"Busy with some important sewing, — curtains, I fancy. She is becoming an inveterate housekeeper," Philip said.

"I am glad, for her sake, that she is here. And it must be very pleasant for you, after all your wanderings."

"I must look on it, I suppose," Philip answered, "as the only kind of a home I shall ever have, — while it lasts. But Madeline's life must not be mutilated because mine happens to be."

The warm color left Mrs. Hopeton's face. She strove to make her voice cold and steady, as she said: "I am sorry to see you growing so bitter, Mr. Held."

"I don't think it is my proper nature, Mrs. Hopeton. But you startled me out of a retrospect, which had exhausted my capacity for self-reproach, and was about to become self-cursing. There is no bitterness quite equal to that of seeing how weakly one has thrown away an irrecoverable fortune."

She stood before him, silent and disturbed. It was impossible not to understand, yet it seemed equally impossible to answer him. She gave one glance at his earnest, dark gray eyes, his handsome, manly face, and the sprinkled glosses of sunshine on his golden hair, and felt a chill strike to

her heart. She moved a step, as if to end the interview.

"Only one moment, Mrs. Hopeton — Emily!" Philip cried. "We may not meet again — thus — for years. I will not needlessly recall the past. I only mean to speak of my offence, — to acknowledge it, and exonerate you from any share in the misunderstanding which — which made us what we are. You cannot feel the burden of an unpardoned fault; but will you not allow me to lighten mine?"

A softer change came over her stately form. Her arm relaxed, and the wild-flowers fell upon the ground.

"I was wrong, first," Philip went on, "in not frankly confiding to you the knowledge of a boyish illusion and disappointment. I had been heartlessly treated: it was a silly affair, not worth the telling now; but the leaven of mistrust it left behind was not fully worked out of my nature. Then, too, I had private troubles, which my pride — sore, just then, from many a trifling prick, at which I should now laugh — led me to conceal. I need not go over the appearances which provoked me into a display of temper as unjust as it was unmanly, — it is enough to say that all circumstances combined to make me impatient, suspicious, fiercely jealous. I never paused to reflect that you could not know the series of aggravations which preceded our misunderstanding. I did not guess how far I was giving expression to *them*, and unconsciously transferring to you the offences of others. Nay, I exacted a completer surrender of your woman's pride, because a woman had already chosen to make a plaything of my green boy-love. There is no use in speaking of any of the particulars of our quarrel; for I confess to you that I was recklessly, miserably wrong. But the time has come when you can afford to be generous, when you can allow yourself to speak my forgiveness. Not for the sake of anything I might have been to you, but as a true woman, dealing with her brother-man, I ask your pardon!"

Mrs. Hopeton could not banish the memory of the old tenderness which plead for Philip, in her heart. He had spoken no word which could offend or alarm her: they were safely divided by a gulf which might never be bridged, and perhaps it was well that a purely human reconciliation should now clarify what was turbid in the past, and reunite them by a bond, pure though eternally sad. She came slowly towards him, and gave him her hand.

"All is not only pardoned, Philip," she said, "but it is now doubly my duty to forget it. Do not suppose, however, that I have had no other than reproachful memories. My pride was as unyielding as yours, for it led me to the defiance which you could not then endure. I, too, was haughty and imperious. I recall every word I uttered, and I know that you have not forgotten them. But let there be equal and final justice between us: forget my words, if you can, and forgive me!"

Philip took her hand, and held it softly in his own. No power on earth could have prevented their eyes from meeting. Out of the far-off distance of all dead joys, over all abysses of fate, the sole power which time and will are powerless to tame, took swift possessions of their natures. Philip's eyes were darkened and softened by a film of gathering tears: he cried in a broken voice: —

"Yes, pardon! — but I thought pardon might be peace. Forget? Yes, it would be easy to forget the past, if — O Emily, we have never been parted until now!"

She had withdrawn her hand, and covered her face. He saw, by the convulsive tremor of her frame, that she was fiercely suppressing her emotion. In another moment she looked up, pale, cold, and almost defiant.

"Why should you say more?" she asked. "Mutual forgiveness is our duty, and there the duty ends. Leave me now!"

Philip knew that he had betrayed himself. Not daring to speak another word, he bowed and walked rapidly

away. Mrs. Hopeton stood, with her hand pressed upon her bosom, until he had disappeared among the farther trees: then she sat down, and let her withheld tears flow freely.

Presently the merry whoops and calls of children met her ear. She gathered together the fallen flowers, rose and took her way across the meadows towards a little stone school-house, at the foot of the nearest hill. Lucy Henderson already advanced to meet her. There was still an hour or two of sunshine, but the mellow, languid heat of the day was over, and the breeze winnowing down the valley brought with it the smell of the blossoming vernal grass.

The two women felt themselves drawn towards each other, though neither had as yet divined the source of their affectionate instinct. Now, looking upon Lucy's pure, gently firm, and reliant face, Mrs. Hopeton, for the second or third time in her life, yielded to a sudden, powerful impulse, and said: "Lucy, I foresee that I shall need the love and the trust of a true woman: where shall I find it, if not in you?"

"If mine will content you," said Lucy.

"O my dear!" Mrs. Hopeton cried; "none of us can stand alone. God has singular trials for us, sometimes, and the use and the conquest of a trouble may both become clear in the telling of it. The heart can wear itself out with its own bitterness. You see, I force my confidence upon you, but I know you are strong to receive it."

"At least," Lucy answered, gravely, "I have no claim to strength unless I am willing to have it tested."

"Then let me make the severest test at once: I shall have less courage than if I delay. Can you comprehend the nature of a woman's trial, when her heart resists her duty?"

A deep blush overspread Lucy's face, but she forced herself to meet Mrs. Hopeton's gaze. The two women were silent a moment; then the latter threw her arms around Lucy's neck, and kissed her.

"Let us walk!" she said. "We shall both find the words we need."

They moved away over the fragrant, shining meadows. Down the valley, at the foot of the blue cape which wooed their eyes, and perhaps suggested to their hearts that mysterious sense of hope which lies in landscape distances, Elwood Withers was directing his gang of workmen. Over the eastern hill, Joseph Asten stood among his fields, hardly recognizing their joyous growth. The smoke of Philip's forge rose above the trees to the northward. So many disappointed hearts, so many thwarted lives! What strand shall be twisted out of the broken threads of these destinies, thus drawn so near to each other? What new forces—fatal or beneficent—shall be developed from these elements?

Mr. Hopeton, riding homewards along the highway, said to himself: "It's a pleasant country, but what slow, humdrum lives the people lead!"

## DRIVES FROM A FRENCH FARM.

### I.

#### TO MOUNT BEUVRAY.

THE farm from which these drives were taken is situated exactly in the middle of a great basin, the bed of an ancient lake surrounded by hills of

various height, the chief of which is Mount Beuvray. According to the Emperor Napoleon III. and other antiquarians, the mount was occupied in the time of Julius Cæsar by a Gaulish place of strength called Bibracte, but



according to an opinion which until very recently has been much more generally received, the Bibracte of the Gauls is identical in point of situation with the Roman city of Augustodunum, now known by its abbreviated name of Autun. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with this quarrel of antiquaries just now, because the details of it will become much more interesting to him when he knows the ground, and something of the people most concerned.

I had lived five years in the middle of the basin of Autun, seeing the Beuvray every day, yet without once ascending it. The distance to the base of the hill was about twenty English miles, and that is a distance often sufficiently considerable to make one postpone a little effort which may be made at any time, and that one always hopes to have time to make in the future. The mount, as it appeared from the farm, was artistically very valuable as a distance; being remote enough to look blue in many conditions of the atmosphere, and not near enough ever to lose, even on the very clearest days, the mystery which appeals to the imagination. I call it the mount, because that word conveys better to the mind of an Englishman the sort of hill which the Beuvray really is than the word "mountain" would. It is a large *mamelon* surrounded by a number of lower *mamelons*. It has nothing of the peak or needle-like character, but resembles rather the mass of a great sea-wave, the lines festooning a little from the summit to the *mamelons* on the sides. In England and Scotland we have hills of the same elevation, which have the true mountain character much more decidedly. The summit of the Beuvray is two thousand six hundred and seventy-eight English feet above the level of the sea, a height sufficient to give you the sublimities of rocky summits in the English lake district or in the Hebrides; but the Beuvray is simply a large mound, richly wooded to the very top.

I left the farm about four in the  
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afternoon of a bright day near the end of June, and after a brisk drive of about fifteen miles, arrived at a straggling village, where I put up the pony, going forward as a pedestrian, with a knapsack. The road wound about like a mountain stream, to avoid the low hills that are scattered round the base of the Beuvray. The whole of the ground was curved very beautifully, with great groups of magnificent old chestnuts, and there were little woods of slender ash and birch, and sometimes clusters of beeches nestling in the hollows. The country was admirably rich. The corn waved on every little hill, and the bottom of every miniature valley was occupied by a green meadow, watered by tiny streams. There were occasional glimpses of wider scenery in rich compositions. Coming near the foot of the Beuvray, I left the high road and followed a footpath, which after skirting some fields of wheat plunged into the vast forest which covers the slopes of the mountain.

It was already twilight, and nearly dark in the heart of the forest; but the path or road (for there were wheel-marks upon it) was quite clear of impediments, and there was nothing, even if it had been perfectly dark, to cause any serious anxiety. There are, it is true, both wolves and wild boars in the forest; but, so far as my experience goes, these animals would appear to live in the greatest retirement, for they never trouble anybody except hunters who go to disturb their peace.

The reader very likely wonders what could induce me to climb Mount Beuvray precisely as it was getting dark, it being desirable to have as much daylight as possible, when the purpose of a journey is the enjoyment of vast horizons.

An antiquary well known in these parts, the learned President of the Eduen Society, has for the last three years encamped during the summer months on the summit of the mountain, for the purpose of directing certain excavations, the object of which is to

bring to light the Gaulish antiquities of the locality. I was sure of a hospitable welcome at the camp, if once I could find it; but it was not so certain whether, with the somewhat vague verbal indications which had been given me, I should be able to hit upon it without a guide. When at last I got out of the wood on the summit of the hill, it was only to discover that there was no sign of an encampment in the open space there. The camp was in the forest, then! It is not easy to find an encampment in a large forest after dark; but as I knew it to be near the top of the hill, it seemed best to march all round the hill, through the wood, at a distance of about two hundred yards below the plateau. I had a mariner's compass in my pocket, and a box of matches, so there was no very great danger of being lost, and if the camp should not be discoverable after all, I could pass the night comfortably enough in a large, warm plaid which I carried in my knapsack. There was plenty of gorse, too, and with that and a few branches I could make myself a small refuge almost impenetrable to wind and rain.

In pursuance of my plan, I descended the hill about two hundred yards on the other side, and then struck off at once to the left. In ten minutes I came upon a rude wigwam which was empty, but it gave promise of human habitation, and immediately afterwards I found the camp snugly hidden in a hollow of the wood. The antiquary had a hut for himself and another for his servant, with various little constructions round about for fuel, provisions, etc. He received me with great warmth, and finding that I had eaten nothing for nine hours, proceeded at once to get me a good supper. Amongst other things I had some boiled eggs, and by way of egg-cup, a fragment of the neck of an amphora, which, having lain idle in the earth for two thousand years, was now once more enlisted in the service of mankind. The supper was excellent, and the guest brought with him an appetite worthy of the occasion.

The antiquary produced a bottle of more than commonly fine Burgundy, and after the meal was ended his domestic served coffee,—*that* coffee which France loves and which England knoweth not!

The hut was simply constructed of rough boards, with plenty of shelves. The roof was thatched, and the walls protected with straw,—a useful precaution both against rain and against the extremes of heat and cold. Having had considerable experience of camp life myself in various ways, it interested me to see how my friend, the French antiquary, had made his arrangements. His task had been easier than mine, because he had from the first set up a camp which was frankly permanent, whereas my own camp life had been divided into three phases: first, I had tried a semi-portable camp, or a camp portable with some difficulty, which gradually by the accumulation of things supposed to be necessary to comfort ceased to be portable and became permanent,—its second phase. After that I had a really portable camp, of three tents, discarding wooden huts altogether. The various shades of transition from portability to non-portability and from permanence to portability again had cost me much thought and some money, which the antiquary, by the simplicity of his purpose, had spared. His camp was set up in one spot, and not intended ever to be set up anywhere else, and this allowed him to make better arrangements of all kinds than are ever made in a camp intended to be removed from place to place. For instance, he had a well of the purest spring-water, arched over with stone, and a small stone cellar well supplied with stores of everything that a French cellar usually contains. Then he had separate little sheds or wigwams for wood and other matters, and a wonderfully picturesque little building in the retirement of the forest, the utility of which it may be left to the reader's sagacity to divine. On the whole, it was one of the best-appointed little camps I had ever seen.

As it was already night when I ar-

rived at the camp, it was useless to go down to the excavations; but when we had finished drinking our coffee, my host, M. Bulliot, proposed a walk on the crest of the hill to see an effect of moonlight over the plain. The moon had risen since my arrival.

The summit of the Beuvray is unlike the summit of any hill I ever visited. It is an open space of natural lawn, about thirty acres in extent (this is a guess), with broom growing on it in great abundance. In calling it a natural lawn, I mean that where the ground is clear of broom, it is nearly as even as an artificial lawn, and covered with very short grass, the feeling in walking over it being exactly the feeling that one has in walking on a well-kept croquet-ground, — a sensation which the philosophic reader might perhaps define for himself as the luxury of the feet. Round this open space there is a belt of very ancient trees, chiefly beeches, and just beyond the beeches there is a sudden rise of two or three feet in the lawn ground, and then a steep slope on the other side. This is the innermost Gaulish rampart, that which defended the very summit of the hill.

We walked towards the belt of trees, and having passed through it, found ourselves on the brow of the hill, in a place where the ground was clear of wood, so that the view was uninterrupted. The plains below us stretched away towards the Loire and lost themselves in a gray mist. The moon hung exactly over Mont Blanc, but Mont Blanc was not visible that night. The white dome with all its attendant pinnacles may be seen from the place where we stood, but only on rare occasions, — in the morning or evening, in clear weather, before rain. The distance is a hundred and sixty miles. I have never enjoyed that wonderful and glorious spectacle. The greatest distance from which I ever saw Mont Blanc was a hundred miles, clear; but I saw it from the level of the plain, and it seemed so wonderfully near and distinct that the additional sixty miles would leave it still gigantic. And con-

sider the advantage of an observatory two thousand feet above the plain! What you see from the plain is really nothing but the snowy dome, whereas from this high ground something more of the mountain becomes visible, notwithstanding the curve of the earth's surface.

The reader will, no doubt, fully enter into my feelings, when I confess that a place from which the Alps may be seen five or six times in a year has for me a certain sublimity all the year round which does not belong to it visibly. When you are told that Mont Blanc is *there*, just before you, and that you would see him distinctly if the veil were removed, your mind invests the landscape which you see with something of the glory of the unseen.

"Mont Blanc is *there*," said my friend, the antiquary, "just under the moon, behind that purplish-gray mist"; and suddenly the landscape became grander to my imagination, and the immortal beeches told me in the whisperings of their leaves how often the rare vision had revealed itself to *them*, in the centuries of their watching.

There were two or three small lakes in the valleys below us, and one of them was so nearly under the moon that I said: "Let us go thirty yards to the right, and we shall get its reflection." The result was one of the most curious effects I ever saw. The outline of the little lake was not distinguishable, but the image of the moon lay in the water as bright as the reality above. The time was exactly midnight, and, from the height we were on, the view seemed visionary and illimitable. It was strange to see the moon in the *land* below us; this was the illusion produced by an inability to distinguish the water round the reflection. Presently there came a little breeze upon the lake, and silvered it all over, destroying the moon's single image to cover all its surface with brightness, and then, of course, we saw the lake's shores mapped out for us plainly enough.

There is a stone cross on the sum-

mit of the Beuvray, dedicated to Saint Martin, who preached there; and my companion excused himself for a few minutes that he might say his customary prayer. So he went to the foot of the cross, and knelt on the stone before it, and prayed bareheaded, in the silence of the night. I have seen the Catholic worship under very impressive aspects; but rarely, I think, under an aspect more impressive than this. Every night my friend goes to the foot of this rude stone cross, and prays there with no witnesses but the grim old trees and the stars, and no sound to disturb him but the wind as it sweeps across the summit from abyss to abyss.

"When this cross was dedicated," said my companion, when his prayer was over, "Monseigneur Landriot, the present Archbishop of Rheims, performed the ceremony of consecration in the presence of a great concourse of people. After it he preached to them, and for want of a better pulpit got upon a bullock-cart and addressed the multitude thence. The oxen remained yoked during the sermon, the people stood round, the cart was decorated with branches and garlands, and these things, with the peculiarity of the situation, the vast prospects on every side, and the traditions connected with the place, produced an effect which, in its combination of the picturesque with the poetical, I shall remember as long as I live."

It being already past midnight when we returned to the camp, we deferred historical and antiquarian discussions till the succeeding evening, and were soon asleep in our respective huts. The antiquary had a loaded revolver and a fowling-piece for self-defence in case of nocturnal attack, and the precaution did not seem altogether superfluous, as there had been three cases of assassination in the neighborhood during the fortnight immediately preceding my arrival. In this neighborhood, however, there are few robberies, and no assassinations for purposes of robbery. When a man is murdered

the motive to the crime is either vengeance or jealousy, invariably; and as my friend the antiquary was not a person likely to incur the effects of either of these evil passions, I felt pretty tranquil both about his safety in general and my own whilst I remained his guest. He incurred, it is true, a great deal of animosity, and very virulent animosity, but his enemies stabbed with the pen rather than the dagger, and belonged to a class in society whose longing for revenge is satisfied when the victim is made to suffer mentally. Slander is enough to achieve this result, and my host was the most persistently slandered man in the department of Saône-et-Loire.

It is my custom to write every morning until *déjeuner*, and that under all circumstances, whether on mountaintops or elsewhere; so I did not stir from the hut during the morning hours. Between ten and eleven a solitary priest made his appearance on the little space of green before the camp, and then came another.

"Two priests!" I thought, and went on with my writing. But on looking up again there were four of them.

"Four priests!" I thought, and resumed my labors. But on looking up again there were six priests.

"A clerical invasion!" I said to myself, and the pen trotted on as before.

"I wonder what these priests are doing!" So I looked out of the little window once again. This time there were eight of them! Fascinated by the spectacle of ever-multiplying black creatures, and marvelling whence they sprang, I continued to gaze, and the pen suspended its toil. Two more priests emerged from the wood, and then came, not a priest, but a gray horse with a cart; and the cart contained provisions, amongst which prudent clerical forethought had not forgotten to include a sufficiency of wine. It was a clerical picnic.

A clerical picnic! How suggestive of enjoyment is the combination of that adjective with that substantive! To be a priest, a being deprived of domes-

tic joys and consolations, living on narrow means in the solitude of the presbytery, obliged to wear a grave outward demeanor in his village, excluded from the *café*, from the billiard-table, from the dance, and after months of this perpetual gravity, solitude, compression, to get into a pleasant spot, out of sight and hearing of one's parishioners, and let human nature have its way for one brief, one merry hour!—what felicity, save that of the released school-boy, can be equal to this felicity?

My host issued from the hut and saluted the holy band. As they had seen *mè* through the window, I presented myself also, and was immediately invited to share the viands in the cart, which were to be spread out in some cool and shady recess, *sub tegmine fagi*. But it would have been cruel to spoil that feast by the presence of a critical layman, and the cordial invitation was declined.

After *déjeuner* with the antiquary, I accompanied him to his excavations, which were four or five hundred yards lower down the hill. There were also some interesting excavations close to the camp itself, including part of a Gallo-Roman aqueduct, a Gaulish house, and other structures in fair preservation. At the time of my visit M. Bulliot was employing from twelve to twenty workmen, who were excavating a part of the hill where the houses stood as thickly as they do at Pompeii.

The Gauls, be it remembered, were by no means clever builders. They were, it seems to me, rather surprisingly behindhand in that art, when we consider how respectably they could work in metal. Of course after the Romans had taught them how to build they became clever enough, but their own unaided civilization had not gone far in the way of building when the Romans found them. They took rough stones as they came from the quarry, and set them in clay with the flattest side outwards; and as such a wall was not very strong of itself, they strengthened it with wooden posts, which were

both set up at intervals in front of the wall and used as *throughs*. In modern works what reminds one most of a Gaulish wall is a sea-jetty with its facing of oak beams and posts, only the jetty is made of incomparably better stone-work. People who have never had the opportunity of examining the rude work of the Gauls for themselves have often very erroneous notions about it; they give credit to these barbarians for constructive powers far superior to what they really possessed. No Gaulish wall of the pre-Roman times could have lasted till our day if it had not been buried; the action of the weather alone would have brought it down in a heap.

What I actually *saw* at these excavations may be very soon described. A narrow street paved with small stones, and about fourteen dwellings close to each other, very rude in construction and not large. Besides these dwellings there were some workshops which contained evidence that they had been used by iron-smiths. This evidence would often have escaped the attention of people not accustomed to look out for such indications. The reader is probably aware that the sparks from a blacksmith's anvil are in reality minute fragments of red-hot iron, which on cooling remain on the floor of his workshop as small grains of metal. Well, in examining these ancient Gaulish workshops, the explorers are always careful to see whether the soil contains any such indications, and in this way it can not only be shown that in such a place a worker in metal must have labored, but it can be proved in what particular metal. Thus whilst I was present a blacksmith's forge was discovered, and not far from it the house of a coppersmith or worker in bronze. In the first were found tools, a hammer and pincers, and plenty of iron sparks in the soil; in the second were found crucibles and metallic residues. The rude pottery of the Gauls is found here in such abundance, that the soil is covered with fragments of it, and only the most perfect or the most rare speci-

mens are preserved. Coins and ornaments are also very frequently met with, and indeed not a single hour passes without a find of some sort.

I have just said that only twelve or fourteen houses were visible at the excavation; but the reader must not conclude that the discoveries have been confined to what is visible. The owner of the land requires the excavations of one year to be filled and levelled before those of the succeeding year are begun; and although this may appear at first sight a barbarous sacrifice of curious remains on the altar of self-interest, it is not so barbarous as it looks. The Gauls built without mortar, and their walls would soon be utterly ruined by the mere action of the rain and frost, if they were not protected by burial. To bury them again is consequently the only way to preserve them for the antiquaries of the future, who will know where to find every house, every workshop, every fragment of rampart and other fortification, by the careful map in which the present explorer records, year by year, the progress of his labors.

It is time now to say something more about the explorer himself. He has devoted, for some years past, the whole of his time to the very interesting, but by no means lucrative, occupation of studying Gaulish antiquities. Formerly a partner in the principal wine firm in the neighborhood, he found business less attractive than study, and quitted it to have leisure for his favorite pursuits. Now, in England and France (I don't know how it may be in America) it is an invariable law of nature that whenever a gentleman in a provincial town studies anything, unless it be for the purpose of qualifying himself to earn money, he is looked upon with suspicion; and if he persists in studying, he is called "eccentric"; and if it is known that his studies cost him pecuniary sacrifices, he is said to be "mad." It is sometimes said that a father cannot contribute more effectually to the happiness of his children, than by imbuing their minds while yet

tender with a taste for intellectual pursuits. That depends upon their power to endure solitude and calumny and contempt. The best way to live happily amongst men in provincial towns is to know no more than your neighbors.

Monsieur Bulliot is an inhabitant of Autun, the Augustodunum of the Romans, believed also during many generations to have been the still more ancient Bibracte of the Gauls. For reasons which will be given later, M. Bulliot became convinced that Autun could not be Bibracte, and that the true site of the Gaulish *oppidum* would be found on the summit of Mount Beuvray. One or two excavations on a small scale having been made successfully, M. Bulliot had the mountain surveyed at his expense and the ancient ramparts traced. The Emperor was persuaded of the truth of M. Bulliot's views, and openly adopted them in the "Life of Caesar," supplying at the same time funds for the excavations. As the excavations went on, great quantities of things were discovered, proving beyond question that there *had* been a Gaulish town on the Beuvray, whether it were the one called Bibracte by Caesar or not.

Now the Autun people were not pleased by the promulgation of these novel theories, which appeared to rob their ancient city of a portion of its great past. They had believed it to be of pre-historic antiquity, a Gaulish place of strength for ages before the arrival of the Cæsars, and now this profane investigator would limit its age to two thousand years. A strong local feeling was aroused against M. Bulliot and his theories, and he became the object of unsparing attack. The public irritation found a mouth-piece in a local writer, who pursued M. Bulliot for years with the utmost virulence and acerbity. Meanwhile the antiquary continued his labors patiently, constantly sending new objects to the museum at St. Germain and accumulating evidence every day. The answer made to this material evidence



was as follows: "M. Bulliot says that he finds coins on the Beuvray. The thimbleigger finds what he has put." It was actually asserted that M. Bulliot buried antiquities on the mountain, that his workmen might dig them up again; which is just like saying that the Neapolitan antiquaries buried Pompeii on purpose to make a noise in the world by finding it.

One of the commonest resources of the artful calumniator is to send out a rumor that the man he wishes to injure asserts something quite different from his real opinion, something so contrary to reason that even the most ordinary intelligences may perceive its absurdity. The way in which this trick was played, and successfully played, against M. Bulliot is an excellent instance of that kind of warfare. His enemies did not circulate the rumor merely that he placed Bibracte on the Mount Beuvray, but that he placed Augustodunum itself there, which would be as absurd (if any human being were insane enough to advance such a proposition) as it would be to affirm that the Rome of Augustus was built on the Alban Mount. So the *bourgeois* about Autun, entering its Roman gates whenever they drove into the town, and seeing in their museums many objects which (as they were informed by trustworthy persons) were certainly Roman, and being, further, able to trace for themselves something of the vast circuit of the Roman wall, laughed at M. Bulliot as a pitiable imbecile because he resisted all evidence, and put the Roman city on the top of a lofty hill, a day's journey to the westward; and even to this day, in spite of all that has been printed on the subject, in the Emperor's "Life of Cæsar" and elsewhere, M. Bulliot is credited with this monstrous absurdity. For example, I said a page or two back that a party of ten priests had come to the mount to enjoy a clerical picnic there. After their *déjeuner*, these gentlemen came down to look at the excavations, and the very first thing that their leader and spokesman said to M. Bulliot was, "And so

this is the place where you believe the Roman Augustodunum to have been situated?" Of course, when once a confusion of this kind has got into the head of a whole population, there is no getting it out again. The people cannot separate the two ideas of Bibracte, the Gaulish stronghold, and Augustodunum, the great colonial city of the Romans. The two ideas have got associated in their minds, and no power on earth can dissociate them. If Bibracte goes to the top of the Beuvray, Augustodunum must go there too. But is it not the most exquisite of all imaginable tortures for a true student and antiquary to know that such an outrageous misrepresentation of his views is generally received as an accurate account of them? To say that you are mistaken in what you *do* affirm is a kind of opposition which every one ought to be prepared to endure patiently; but when people say that you think this silly thing or that silly thing, which you never so much as imagined, and pity you and laugh at you for your supposed opinions, then you have need of all your philosophy to keep your temper from turning sour. It was very interesting to me to observe the effect of so much popular misunderstanding and personal slander on the mind of my host the antiquary. It had not soured or embittered him, and it had not interrupted his work, or diminished his personal activity; but it had saddened him and made him more reserved, not with me, but with people in general, than he was intended to be by nature. When a man gets the sort of pay from his neighbors which men usually do get when they make themselves singular by devotion to some branch of study, he is driven back into himself, and is often compelled to bury himself in his own pursuits, as an animal buries itself in its hole, to get out of the way of the hounds.

Life, however, brings its own compensations. The years move towards us, and the coming time brings compensation with it. No one who, in a provincial town, devotes himself to

study of any kind can hope to escape from depreciation. If he is talked about at all (and he *will* be talked about if he makes himself singular by studying anything), the tone of the current gossip about him will infallibly be depreciatory. On the other hand, he will find friends and allies who will have been made indignant by this continual babble of depreciation, and who will be attracted to him far more strongly than if there had been more of it. M. Bulliot has some rather powerful supporters,—the Emperor, the Archbishop of Rheims, and other learned and distinguished personages,—so that he can very well afford to despise the misrepresentations of his fellow-citizens. But every one who has gone through such an experience as his, every one who has been the butt of the idle tongues in a locality for a year or two, comes out of it an altered man. It is not possible to devote one's self very ardently to the service of one's fellow-citizens after that; and though the kind encouragement of cultivated people at a distance is no doubt very cheering and very welcome, and a real support in one's labors, it cannot altogether efface the recollection of perpetual neighborly ill-nature.

No one, however, could bear that with more perfect dignity than M.

Bulliot has done. He goes forward with his work in silence, year after year, quietly registering every portable object found, before sending it to the Imperial Museum, and mapping every house in the buried city, as it comes to light for a brief month before its return to the gloom of reinterment. Hitherto, not a single excavation has been prosecuted in vain, but the excavations are costly and therefore slow. It costs two hundred and fifty dollars an acre to bring these antiquities to light, and as no allowance is made by the government, the only help coming in the shape of annual grants from the Emperor's privy purse, the work may last a good many years yet. When it is done, and the camp removed from the hill, M. Bulliot will bring out a book containing a simple account of what has been discovered, but not replying to his enemies in any more direct way.

I hope, in a succeeding paper, to give the reader further particulars about these diggings and the things found there, and the controversy which has raged here about the Gaulish stronghold of Bibracte. Without tiring the reader with dry antiquarian details, it will be easy, I hope, to put him in possession of all the most interesting facts.

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#### WILLIAM HAZLITT.\*

AMONG English essayists William Hazlitt is distinguished for his psychological revelations. Less companionable than Steele, less erudite than De Quincey, without Addison's classic culture and Leigh Hunt's *bon-homie*, he is more introspective than any

one of these. The speculative exceeds the literary element in his equipment. To think rather than to learn was his prevalent tendency; intuition rather than acquisition was his resource. The cast of his mind, the quality of his temperament, and the nature of his experience combined to make him thoughtful, individual, and earnest; more abstract than social, more intent than discursive, more original than accomplished, he contributed ideas instead of fanta-

\* List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged; with Notes Descriptive, Critical, and Explanatory; and a Selection of Opinions regarding their Genius and Character. By Alexander Ireland. London: John Russell Smith.

sies, and vindicated opinions instead of tastes. Zest was his inspiration; that intellectual pleasure which comes from idiosyncrasies, moods, convictions, he both felt and imparted in a rare degree; he thirsted for truth; he was jealous of his independence; he was a devotee of freedom. In him the animal and intellectual were delicately fused. Few such voluminous writers have been such limited readers. Keenly alive to political abuses, bred in the atmosphere of dissent, prone to follow out his mental instincts with little regard to precedent or prosperity, there was a singular consistency of purpose in his career. Undisciplined by academic training, his mind was developed by a process of reflection, both patient and comprehensive; and so much was it to him a kingdom, that only the pressure of necessity or the encouragement of opportunity would have won him from vagrant musing to elaborate expression. He looked within for the materials of his essays,—drawing upon reason and consciousness, outward influences being the occasions rather than the source of his discourse. So far as he was a practical writer he was a reformer, and, as a critic, he wrote from æsthetic insight, and not in accordance with any conventional standard. Accordingly, while excelled in fancy, rhetoric, and fulness of knowledge by many of his class, he is one of the most suggestive; he may amuse less, but he makes us think more, and puts us on a track of free and acute speculation or subtle intellectual sympathy. He makes life interesting by hinting its latent significance; he reveals the mysterious charm of character by analyzing its elemental traits; he revives our sense of truth and defines the peculiarities of genius; and to him progress, justice, and liberty seem more of personal concern from this very perception of the divine possibilities of free development. His defects and misfortunes confirmed these tendencies. A more complete education would probably have weakened his power as a writer; more extensive so-

cial experience, less privation and persecution, would have bred intellectual ease, and higher birth and fortune modified the emphasis of his opinions. But, thrown so early upon his own resources, left to his wayward impulses, and taught to think for himself, he garnered in solitude the thoughts which circumstances afterwards elicited, and had the time and the freedom to attain certain fixed views and realize his own special endowments by experiment. His earliest tendency was metaphysical, his most congenial aptitude artistic. The spontaneous exercise of his devouring intelligence was in the sphere of abstract truth; the fondest desire of his youth was to be a painter; and from these two facts in the history of his mind, we can easily infer all his merits as an essayist: for while, on the one hand, he brings every subject to the test of consciousness, on the other, his sensuous love of beauty and curious delight in its study give, at once, a philosophical and a sympathetic charm to his lucubrations, in which consists their special attraction. It was disappointment in his ambition to become an artist that renewed his speculative vein, and the necessity of making this more winsome to the public that made him a popular author. The details of such a career and the traits of such a character are worthy of study; and the volume of Leigh Hunt already cited is a grateful evidence of intellectual obligation, the sources of which we shall endeavor to indicate as they are revealed in the life and writings of William Hazlitt.

Bostonians of the liberal school, who visited England in the early days of packet-ships, must have felt disappointed at the obscure and unenviable position of the scattered representatives of their faith there. Accustomed to associate superiority with everything English, from cloth and cutlery to books and scholars, and leaving a community where culture and competence were identified with Unitarianism, the small, bare chapels and isolated labors of the most intellectual class of dis-

senters in Britain doubtless proved a painful surprise. The contrast they offered to the luxury and ostentation of the Established Religion deepened this impression. And yet, with this despised minority originated much of the humane and independent thinking which has brightened and beautified our civilization. Political justice and religious toleration upheld and illustrated by earnest and courageous minds, whose crusade was sanctioned by rare personal worth and frugal probity, found by degrees that popular recognition which now makes principles once persecuted as dangerous the salubrious leaven in the inert mass of traditional wrong and deadening superstition. In such a school, unendowed by the state, unheralded by titles, unrecognized by the great world, William Hazlitt was born and bred.

John Hazlitt, an Irish Protestant, emigrated from the county of Antrim to the neighborhood of Tipperary, and there established himself as a flax factor; his son William graduated at Glasgow in 1761, joined the Unitarians, and crossed over to England, where, for many years, in various rural places, he was settled over small congregations. He was a man of unimpeachable integrity, of learning and piety, but destitute of ambition; simple in his tastes, of frugal and studious habits, and a remarkably modest and contented disposition. The aspect under which he was best remembered by his children was "poring over old folios," and watching with pleasure the growth of his vegetable-garden. He was a beautiful type of the English pastor as delineated by Goldsmith, with the difference that to a scholar's habits and a good man's peaceful benignity he added a vivid sympathy for the advancement and welfare of his race, and a keen interest in philosophic inquiries. Accordingly, despite a small salary and frequent clerical migrations, he sustained casual relations with the foremost thinkers of his day; he was a warm friend to our country during the Revolutionary War, and of essential

service to the American prisoners at Kinsale, near where he was then living. He knew Franklin, and was a friend and correspondent of Priestley and Price. He married Grace Loftus, a farmer's daughter of decided personal charms and attractive qualities of character. He had three children, — John, who became a distinguished artist, Peggy, and William, the youngest the subject of this notice, who was born in Mitre Lane, Maidstone, April 10, 1778. Two years after the family removed to Ireland, where the elder Hazlitt took charge of a parish at Bandon in the county of Cork; and, at the close of the war in which he had taken so deep an interest, and when his son William was five years old, they visited America.

In May, 1783, the Hazlitts arrived in New York, and soon after went to Philadelphia. The New Jersey Assembly being in session at Burlington, Mr. Hazlitt, by invitation, preached before them; and during the fifteen months he remained in Philadelphia frequently addressed congregations, and also delivered a course of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity. He then made a brief visit to Boston, where he founded the first Unitarian Church. His son, the artist, left in the *New World* several fruits of his pencil, in the shape of portraits; and the earliest likeness of his brother William was executed here, and represents a handsome bright boy of six, with blue eyes, and long, curly brown hair. The latter's recollections, however, did not extend to this early period; the memories of childhood were associated with Wem in Shropshire, where his father established himself on his return from America, in 1786–87, and remained until his death. It was here in the neighborhood of Salisbury, in a humble parsonage, that the boyhood and youth of the future essayist was passed; and he fondly reverts to the walks, talks, reading, and musing which consecrated this region to his memory. Two or three letters written at eight and ten years of age, to his father when temporarily absent,

give an inkling of the mature character of his mind, and his innate disposition to moralize and speculate. "I shall never forget," he writes, "that we came to America. I think, for my part, it would have been a great deal better if the white people had not found it out." At ten he tells his brother, in a serious epistle, "we cannot be happy without being employed. I want to learn how to measure the stars." And again he informs his father of his manner of passing his time while on a visit to London: "I spent a very agreeable day yesterday, as I read sixteen pages of Priestley. On Sunday we went to church, the first time I ever was in one, and I do not care if I never go into one again. The clergyman, after he had gabbled over half a dozen prayers, began his sermon, which had neither head nor tail. I was sorry so much time should be thrown away on nonsense." Here we recognize the embryo critic and reformer; and that his spirit of free inquiry and independent faith was encouraged by the good pastor down in Shropshire is evident from the paternal replies to these frank and filial letters. "The piety your letter displayed," writes Hazlitt *père*, "was a great refreshment to me; nothing can truly satisfy us but the acquisition of knowledge and virtue." In 1791, at the age of thirteen, Hazlitt may be said to have begun his crusade in behalf of justice and freedom. His young heart swelled with indignation at the outrages perpetrated in Benningham upon Priestley, because of his obnoxious opinions; and he boldly entered the field against those who attempted to excuse, if not to justify, the destruction of the liberal philosopher's house by a mob. This juvenile protest was published in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. But Hazlitt dates his conscious mental awakening a year later; when fourteen years old, coming out of church, he heard an earnest discussion between his father and an old lady, in regard to the corporation and test acts and the limits of religious toleration. He was inspired by what he heard to

"frame a system of political rights and general jurisprudence"; and many years afterwards, when engaged in the advocacy of his principles of liberal reform, he alludes to this incident in the Preface to his "Project for a New Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation," to show that his convictions on the subject were not accidental and recent, but instructive and long considered. "It was," he wrote, "the first time I ever attempted to think; it was from an original bias, a *craving to be satisfied of the reason of things*."

This reminiscence gives the keynote to Hazlitt's intellectual character. When placed at Hackney to be educated with a view to the ministry, he neglected the prescribed theme, and gave, as an excuse, that he had been occupied with another subject, namely, an *Essay on Laws*; so novel a course won him encouragement to write on the Political State of Man, and to meditate a treatise on Providence; and these youthful speculations bore fruit in after years, when his work on "Human Actions" appeared, — to the last his pride, and confessedly able and original, but never successful in the ordinary sense of the term. These abstract experiments soon received human inspiration, when Coleridge made his appearance at the Wem parsonage; this was an epoch in Hazlitt's life from which he dates a new relish of existence, and a revelation of the infinite possibilities of intellectual activity and enjoyment. The description he wrote, long after, of his talks and walks with Coleridge, of his visit to him at Nether Stowey, of the sermon he rose before day and plodded ten miles through the mud to hear him preach, is vital with an almost rapturous sense of sympathy, admiration, and delight. He lamented he was not a poet, in order to apostrophize the road between Wem and Shrewsbury, along which he listened to the mystic and musical utterance of the most richly endowed and eloquently suggestive being he had ever known. His gratification was complete when Coleridge recognized a metaphysical discovery in

his young votary's conversation. One would almost believe that, with the new ideas and vivid fancies imparted by this remarkable man, Hazlitt had imbibed somewhat of his procrastinating, discursive, *dolce for niente* tendency; for the luxury of thinking beguiled him from active enterprise and seemed to extinguish ambition, until it took a new direction, and painting usurped the place of philosophy.

From childhood Hazlitt had been familiar with the process and principle of the painter's art through his brother's prosperous activity therein; it was at his house that he lived during the frequent visits he made to London; between that and the Wem parsonage his early years were passed; but he does not seem to have attained any sympathetic appreciation of the art until a view of the treasures at Burleigh House, in 1795, awakened all his latent enthusiasm for the old masters. He tried his hand, from time to time, until he had such command of the pencil as to receive a commission to copy some of the famous pictures in the Louvre, just then enriched by the trophies of Napoleon's victories in Italy. This visit to Paris was, perhaps, the most charming episode of his life, certainly of his youth. The impressions then received, the tastes then and there confirmed, became permanent. Day after day, for a few happy weeks, he worked assiduously in the peerless galleries, reproducing with rare fidelity many of the finest traits of the originals, over which he lingered with intense admiration; he made copies of two or three masterpieces of Titian, of some of Raphael's best heads, and several studies for his own benefit; he developed a remarkable facility in seizing the general effect and working out the expressive details, so that his "style of getting on" was noticed, with encouraging commendation, by French writers and his own countrymen. For the first time his application was regular and productive, his mind tranquilly occupied, his pride and pleasure earnestly identified with his vocation. He dreamed, in after

years, of this heyday of his youth; he remembered the works then on the walls of the Louvre with unabated delight; the knowledge and love of art then acquired became thenceforth an inspiration. He cherished two or three of his copies with the attachment of an enthusiast, not so much for their merit as their associations. Returning to England, Hazlitt made a professional tour in the provinces and executed numerous portraits; among others, those of Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his own father,—the latter a labor of love both to artist and sitter; and a likeness, said to be his last, of Charles Lamb in the costume of a Venetian orator. But his standard was high; and he was too honest a critic not to estimate justly his own attempts in a sphere with whose grandest exemplars he was fondly intimate; accordingly the failure to realize his ideal, the want of correspondence between his executive power and his clear and high conceptions, discouraged him profoundly. Candid friends agreed with him in recognizing certain defects in his portraits, and (with what pain we may infer from his eloquent essay on the "Pleasures of Painting," and "A Portrait by Vandylke,") he decisively relinquished the pursuit he so loved. Whether patience and perseverance would have overcome his difficulties it is impossible to say; Northcote always declared he abandoned the experiment too soon, and would have made a great painter. But few of his works exist that are not seriously injured by *magilp*; there are enough, however, in the possession of his descendants, in a sufficiently good condition to enable us to perceive how much of the true feeling and the natural skill in art he possessed, and to lament, for his own sake, that he had not awhile longer clung to the pencil and palette. It is said that he was "very impatient when he could not produce the designed effect, and has been known to cut the canvas to ribbons." Few Britons have shown a deeper love of art. "If I could produce a head like Rembrandt in a year," he says, "it would be glory and



felicity and wealth and fame enough for me." The discipline and delight of this brief but fervent dalliance with art were, notwithstanding, of permanent advantage; thereby he came better to understand the "laws of a production," the worth of beauty, the elements of character; his perception was quickened, his insight deepened, and his powers, as observer and analyst, enlarged. It was during this vivid Paris experience that he learned to admire Napoleon the First, to have faith in his star, to believe in his mission as that of political regeneration, and to glory in his genius, — a feeling so prevalent and pervasive, that when his hero's fortunes waned Hazlitt suffered in health and spirits, as from a personal calamity.

Reverting, after the life of a painter was denied him, to his original proclivity, he finished and published, in 1804, his essay on the "Principles of Human Action," which, while it gained him the high opinion of a few thinkers, was profitless both to author and publisher. His next venture was a kind of digest, with comments, of a series of articles which Coleridge had contributed to the *Morning Post*, and which excited Hazlitt's political vein; the pamphlet entitled "Free Thoughts on Public Affairs" had but a limited sale; it was followed by a select compilation from the speeches of British statesmen, with notes, — a desirable and useful work, but one which did not add to his means; a more congenial and elaborate literary task was an abridgment of "Tucker's Light of Nature"; and one which elicited his logical acuteness and was the first to impress the critics of the day with his acumen and scope as a thinker, chiefly because it related to a subject of immediate interest, is his "Reply to Malthus." Thus far authorship, as a resource, had proved no more satisfactory than painting; and for some time Hazlitt appears to have reposed, not upon his laurels, which were yet to be won, but upon his sensations and ideas, wherein he found no inadequate compensation for the want of a successful career. Indeed, with a cer-

tain competence, he would have been content, as he declared, "to live to think," though it soon became apparent that he must "think to live." Meantime, however, he enjoyed his immunity from stated employment; like all genuine literary men, as distinguished from scholars and the professional tribe, he had the instinct of freedom and vagabondage, delighted in yielding to moods instead of rules, and fancies instead of formulas; he could walk about Wey in spring and autumn, he could see first-rate acting, he could observe "the harmless comedy of life," he could solve metaphysical problems, follow, in imagination, the campaigns of the great Corsican, chat with an artist or poet, lie in bed in the morning, sup with original characters at the coffee-house, and, in short, be William Hazlitt.

A peculiar and valuable social resource had also intervened which must have insensibly attuned his mind to a more genial species of literary work, as well as given scope and impulse to his expressive faculty. He had become intimate with Charles Lamb; with him and his few but choice friends he discussed the merits of old authors, speculated on subjects connected with the mysteries of life, and the humors of character, and the singularities of taste; the drama was a favorite recreation, conversation an unfailing pastime. "Charles and Hazlitt are going to Sadler's Wells," writes Mary Lamb, in the summer of 1806; and the former was Elia's companion on the memorable occasion he has so quaintly described, when his play was damned. The same correspondence lets us into the secret that a certain liking had developed between Hazlitt and Sarah Stoddart, an intimate companion of the Lambs, who seems to have vibrated, for some time, between three or four "followers," — lovers they can hardly be called, as, judging from the tone of her friend's letters, the young lady, if not exactly a coquette, was somewhat undecided and variable as to her conjugal views. It appears that she finally came

back to Hazlitt, but whether the hesitation was owing to her or him is not clear. That the union was brought about by circumstances rather than passion is evident from the one half-playful and wholly tranquil letter from her future husband which has been preserved. Miss Stoddart appears to have been better read than the average of Englishwomen of her class; she was remarkably candid and independent, wherein we imagine lay her chief attraction for Hazlitt, who was impatient of conventionalities and a lover of truth. She had an income of a hundred and fifty pounds, and owned a little house at Winterslow; her brother was ceremonious and exacting, and perhaps his fastidiousness had interfered with her previous settlement. The pair were ill assorted, for she was not expert in household duties, and he did not find the sympathy he needed; but things went smoothly enough at first, for he liked the domestic retirement of the country, and had time enough there to cogitate and ramble. "I was at Hazlitt's marriage," Lamb writes to Southey, August 9, 1815, "and had liked to have been turned out several times. Anything awful makes me laugh," — a reference to the event more characteristic than satisfactory. Mrs. Hazlitt, we afterwards discover, was of the "free-and-easy" style of woman, hated etiquette, and had no taste in dress. Evidently the withdrawal of the pair to their rural home was a privation to Lamb. He missed the companionship of Hazlitt. The delightful "Wednesday evenings" of which we have so many pleasant glimpses lost not a little of their charm. "Phillips makes his jokes," says Mary Lamb, writing to Mrs. Hazlitt, "and there is no one to applaud him; Rickman argues, and there is no one to oppose him. The worst miss of all is that, when we are in the dismals, there is no hope of relief in any quarter. Hazlitt was most brilliant, most ornamental as a Wednesday man; but he was a more useful one on common days, when he dropped in after a quarrel or a

fit of the glooms." After many delays and frequent disappointments, Lamb and his sister paid a visit to the Hazlitts, which was not only a rare pleasure, but became a fond reminiscence; they walked over the country around Winterslow, when Nature was in her fairest array; renewed their old free, fanciful, and argumentative intercourse, and gained health and spirits by the change of air, the "mutton-feasts," and agreeable exercise. It was during this visit that Lamb explored "Oxford in Vacation," of which experience he afterwards wrote so winsome an account. Soon after their return a letter from their hostess mentioned what promised to be a lucrative discovery on Hazlitt's premises, — that of a well, where wells were much needed and seldom found; the anticipation proved fallacious; but while the delusion lasted, Hazlitt used to hide near the precious spring to overhear the talk of his neighbors on the subject, and "it happened occasionally," we are told, "that the eavesdropping metaphysician found the germ of some subtle chain of thought in the unsophisticated chit-chat of these Arcadians." He also read Hobbes, Berkeley, Priestley, Locke, Paley, and other philosophic writers, with deliberate zeal, and wrote the outline of an English Grammar subsequently published by Godwin. The birth of a son made it indispensable for him to increase his wife's little income, and he went up to London to live by his pen. His equipment for this career was unique; he had thought much, read little, and his only practice in writing had been of a kind the reverse of popular. His first place of residence was in York Street, Westminster; the house, according to tradition, had once been occupied by Milton, and was owned by, and overlooked the garden of, Jeremy Bentham. Hazlitt soon began to turn to account his favorite studies. He procured an engagement to deliver before the Russell Institution a course of lectures on the English Philosophers and Metaphysicians. He next undertook the parliamentary reports for the Morning

Chronicle, and soon after was engaged in the more congenial work of theatrical critic of the *Courier*. Thus in 1814 he had fairly embarked in the precarious career of a writer for the London journals.

Thenceforth, as long as he lived, we find him engaged, with occasional recreative intervals and episodes of travel or illness, in contributing to reviews, weekly literary journals, and monthly magazines, and, from time to time, gathering these critical, reminiscent, and æsthetic papers into volumes. It is a method having singular advantages for a mind like his, discursive, fluctuating in glow with mood and health, active in relation to vital questions of social and civic reform, and at the same time prone to bask in the mellow light of the past and to concentrate upon themes of recondite speculation. From a prolonged and continuous task a man so constituted often shrinks; his inspiration is not to be controlled by will; he must write as he feels; and in a brief but keen effort is more efficient than in prolonged labor. Gradually the animation of town-life and the encouragement of candid discussion diversified his scope and enriched his vocabulary. The habit of frequent and familiar communication with the public made his style incisive and colloquial; he emerged betimes from the abstract into humane generalizations; as reporter of debates and stage critic he learned to express himself with force and facility; and when the "Round-Table" department of the *Examiner* was dedicated to essays on life, manners, and books, he and his friends Lamb and Hunt revived with fresh and individual grace and insight the kind of writing so congenial to British taste, which had been memorably initiated by Steele and Addison. He wrote on art in the "*Champion*," and was soon enlisted by Jeffrey as an *Edinburgh Reviewer*; his first article was a kind of critical digest of the British novelists, *à propos* of a review of Dunlap's "*History of Fiction*," and Madame D'Arblay's "*Wanderer*"; then came papers on

Sismondi's "*Literature of the South of Europe*," and Schegel's "*Lectures on Shakespeare*." The *Examiner* made him acquainted with the Hunts, for whose short-lived serial, the "*Yellow Dwarf*," he wrote fifteen articles. These labors of the pen alternated with courses of lectures delivered before the Surrey Institution, at Glasgow and elsewhere, on such subjects as the "*Comic Writers*," "*The English Poets*," etc.

And now ensued, or rather there had long accompanied, his literary career that base system of persecution whereby the government organs of Great Britain so disgracefully sought to baffle and mortify writers of genius in the realm whose political creed was obnoxious. If ever the history of opinion is written by a philosophical annalist, the details of this brutal interference with the natural development of free thought and honest conviction will be recorded as one of the most shameful anomalies of modern civilization. Hazlitt experienced all the reckless abuse incident then and there to an author who ventured to combine literary with political disquisition, unawed by power and unmoved by scorn. When his "*Characters of Shakespeare*," collected from the *Chronicle*, were published, the work was hailed by readers of critical taste and national pride with delight; the first edition was sold in a few weeks, republished in America, and a new one printed, when the book was attacked by the *Quarterly Review*—a periodical "set up by the ministers," as Southey acknowledged, established by the agents of the government for the express purpose of putting down liberal writers—in terms so unjust and malignant that the sycophantic herd ignored it, with genuine English obtuseness, as the work of a Bonapartist, a radical, an incendiary, and cockney scribbler. Hazlitt wrote an indignant letter to Gifford, "the government tool," exposing the shameless mendacity of the statements to his discredit. His crime consisted in the fact, not that he had written one of the

best critical estimates of Shakespeare that had appeared in Britain, but that he had also published a volume of Political Essays, gleaned from his contributions to the Examiner and other journals, in which he had exposed the abuses and advocated the reform of the British government, on the same principles which Bright, Mill, Goldwin Smith, and other enlightened publicists advocate progress and freedom to-day. Meantime, of the five poets who had at the beginning of the century melodiously sounded the tocsin of democracy, Byron and Shelley had become exiles, and died abroad in their youth; and Southey and Wordsworth lapsed from their youthful ardor as reformers, and became conservative philosophers; while William Hazlitt, who "wanted the accomplishment of verse," continued to fight the battle in the heart of the enemy's camp. How far the injustice he suffered embittered his soul and tainted the "calm air of delightful studies," wherein he was so sequestered in appearance, and yet so exposed in reality to the shafts of detraction, we may infer from many a burst of indignation and stroke of irony. He met an old fellow-student on the Continent, some years later, and says of their interview: "I had some difficulty in making him realize the full length of the malice, the lying, the hypocrisy, the sleek adulation, the meanness, and the equivocation of the Quarterly Review, the blackguardism of the Blackwood, and the obtuse drivelling prolificacy of the John Bull. Of the various periodicals for which Hazlitt wrote, none was so auspicious as the London Magazine; he was ill-treated by the managers of the dailies; his articles in the Edinburgh were manipulated by Jeffrey, and several of the other vehicles he adopted were, on the score of remuneration or duration, unsatisfactory. But the first editor of the London Magazine was an appreciative and sympathetic purveyor in the field of letters; his contributors were his friends, and accordingly they were mutually efficient; there the most exquisite papers of Elia

first saw the light, and Hazlitt's "Table-Talk" grew into the delectable and suggestive volume it became. During all these years, when his pen was so busy, he migrated from one lodging to another, made frequent rural excursions, stole away to the "Hut" at Winterslow to elaborate some favorite theme, was a regular attendant on Lamb's Wednesday evenings, took his mutton occasionally with Haydon, was welcomed to Basil Montagu's fireside, visited the picture-galleries of the kingdom, associated with Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, kept a sharp eye on politics and a fond one on the stage, and was an *habitué* of the Southampton Coffee-House, where he had a special seat, as did Dryden of old at Wills, a favorite waiter, and a knot of originals of various callings, whose talk entertained or whose characters interested him. The "Liberal," started by Byron and Shelley for Hunt's benefit, elicited something characteristic from Hazlitt during its short career; and the Academy exhibitions, as well as the drama and its representatives, continued to afford him salient topics of discussion. He was present on the memorable night of Kean's first success, when he played Shylock at Drury Lane, and Mrs. Siddons, Kitty Stephens, and other eminent histrionic contemporaries found critical appreciation at his hands. In the midst of this vagrant work and pastime his domestic affairs reached a climax. The only tie that bound him and Mrs. Hazlitt in mutual feeling was love for their boy. Hazlitt, in these later quarters of his, lived apart from her. And then occurred the most remarkable of the moral vicissitudes of his life. He had such a love of beauty united to a craving for truth, that women were a delicious torment to him, and at times he must have felt for them the kind of fear poor Leopardi so vividly describes. There are traces all through his life of attachments, or perhaps we should say admirations, sometimes what the Germans would call "affinities"; he often eloquently alludes to faces, forms, and places associated

with the tender passion; Lamb joked about a rustic idol Hazlitt met while an itinerant portrait-painter, for which love-dream the swains threatened to duck him. We have references to a Liverpool fair one, to a high-born lady, whose beauty was rather enhanced than marred, in his imagination, by the ravages of small-pox; and even the calm, virgin figure of Miss Wordsworth has been evoked from its maidenly sequestration as a supposed "intended" of Hazlitt. One who inherits his name and reveres his memory says: "I believe he was physically incapable of fixing his affections upon a single object." There is, however, no more common fallacy than that which regards youth as the only or the chief period when the tender passion takes the deepest hold: nothing can exceed the possible intensity of feeling in a mature man who has seen the world without becoming hardened or perverted thereby, and who has escaped strong attractions, if he encounters one thus, as it were, with "the strong necessity of loving" full upon him, and especially if, like Hazlitt, he combines passion with insight, an acute, vigilant observation with an eager heart. Therefore when Hazlitt fell in with Sarah Walker, the daughter of his tailor landlord, with her Madonna face, and to him fascinating figure, form, and "ways," and found her an "exquisite witch," he was enamored to a degree and in a manner perfectly accountable, when we consider his temperament, nature, and circumstances. His fevered wooing, his fitful distrust, his "hopes and fears that kindle hope," his tenderness, curiosity, and despair, as recorded in the "*Liber Amoris*," are a genuine psychological revelation,—"the outpourings of an imagination always supernaturally vivid and now morbidly so." His agony is too well described not to have originated in the most terrible conflict between perceptions singularly keen and an attraction irresistible. The writing and printing of this baffled lover record seems most indelicate and imprudent, until we remember

that the retrospect of an "honest hallucination" has for a psychologist a curious interest as a study of consciousness and observation, and accept De Quincey's explanation,—"it was an explosion of frenzy; the sole remedy was to empty his overburdened heart." To add to the "curiosities of literature" and "the infirmities of genius" involved in this matter, Hazlitt carried a copy of "*Liber Amoris*" to Italy, bound in velvet, on a bridal tour with his second wife; and the first literary job he undertook after his love-sorrow was to describe a prize-fight, and that with no small zest and minuteness.

It is always difficult to distribute justly the blame in cases of divorce by mutual consent. When Hazlitt and his wife went to Scotland, and, after many delays and the usual technical forms, succeeded in effecting a legal separation, there appeared no bitterness of feeling on either side; he was miserable from an unreciprocated attachment and harassed for want of money. Mrs. Hazlitt, sharing the latter difficulty, was singularly practical, self-possessed, and business-like in her conduct; both were solicitous about the immediate comfort and future prospects of their son. We often hear expressions of surprise, and not infrequently of indignation, when the widow of a gifted and renowned man forms a second alliance. But in the case of artistic or literary fame, we are apt to forget that the endowments this distinction implies, so far from being auspicious, are often detrimental to conjugal sympathy. There are, indeed, memorable exceptions, beautiful instances, where women are so constituted as to feel a deep sympathy with such pursuits, and to love as well as honor their worthy votaries; but, on the other hand, the egotism these pursuits are apt to breed and the self-absorption they exact leave no adequate scope for the affections; the conjugal are secondary to the professional claims; and in such cases, however conscientious a man's life-companion may be in wifely duty and devotion, she may,



if of rich womanly instincts, find greater happiness in her more complete and less interrupted relations with a man whose vocation is comparatively incidental and whose heart is wholly hers. "Women," writes Hazlitt in a letter of counsel to his son, "care nothing about poets, philosophers, or politicians; they go by a man's looks or manners." He told his wife she never appreciated him; and there is an objective way of alluding to his eccentricities in her diary and letters, which shows how little affinity there was between them. Having obtained his divorce and failed to secure the "exquisite witch" for a wife, he seems to have overcome the immediate effects of his disappointment with marvellous celerity; and we hear of him ere long as married to a widow named Bridgewater, who had some property as well as attractions, and with whom and his son he at once started on a Continental tour, the record of which he sent to a leading journal, and afterwards published in a volume under the title of "Notes of a Tour to France and Italy." This memorial of travel is eloquent of enjoyment, observation, and thought. He revelled again over what remained of his favorite pictures in the Louvre; he lingered fondly in the Tribune and the Vatican; hailed the scene of the Decameron and the sublimity of Chamouni; criticised the viands by the way, and "drank the empyrean" amid the Alps. He had glimpses of Lucien Bonaparte and Mezzofanti, and talks with Landor; passed a delightful summer at Vevay, loitered in the garden of the Tuileries, and felt when the air of an Italian spring fanned his worn and weary brow as if his life had begun anew. The picture-galleries were his favorite resource; in the midst of the grandest scenery he writes, "I swear that St. Peter Martyr is finer." His conversation, said one who fell in with him on the journey, "I thought better than any book on the art pictorial I had ever read." His moods and independence are alike evident in his written impressions; strange to say, Rome and the

Correggios at Parma disappointed him; he recognized in the Northern Italians a race that only required "to be let alone," to prosper and progress; he liked the manners of the priesthood and relished the church ceremonies. "I am," he writes, "no admirer of pontificals, but I am slave to the picturesque." Curiously enough, he was taken with Ferrara, then a desolate old city. "Of all places I have seen in Italy," he remarks, "it is the one which I should by far most care to live in." The reformer, however, is never lost in the art-lover. The sight of captive doves fluttering he compares to nations trying to fly from despotic sway; and he turned aside from the highway "to lose in the roar of Velino tumbling from its rocky height, and the wild freedom of nature, his hatred of tyranny and tyrants." He came home through Holland, which country he graphically describes, bringing his son, but leaving his wife with her relatives abroad, and she never rejoined him; so that his second matrimonial venture does not appear to have succeeded any better than the first. He was soon at work again in London lodgings; engaged upon his "Conversations with Northcote," contributions to the Weekly Review, and the "Life of Napoleon,"—to him a labor of love, but unsuccessful as a literary enterprise. The paternal sentiment was strong in Hazlitt, and intellectual society continued to be his chosen pastime to the last. Never robust, although an expert cricket-player, and a good pedestrian, the gastric ailment to which he was liable increased with the inroads of study and disappointment, so that his health gradually failed, and on the 18th of September, 1830, he calmly expired at his lodgings in Frith Street, with his son and his old friend Lamb beside him. "Well, I have had a happy life," is the last audible phrase from his lips. It strikes one familiar with the vicissitudes of his career, and the sources of irritation inherent in his organization, with surprise, until the compensatory nature of intellectual re-



sources, the relish of a keen mind and voluptuous temperament, even amid privations and baffled feeling, is remembered; to appreciate what life was to William Hazlitt, we must understand the man, and not dwell exclusively on his outward experiences.

Seldom have the idiosyncrasies and inmost experience of an author been more completely revealed; it has been truly remarked of Hazlitt that there are "few salient points and startling passages in his life that he has omitted to look upon or glance at" in his essays. The processes and impression of his own mind had such an interest for him, that it was a delight to record and speculate on them. In treating of a work of art or a favorite author, he brought to bear on their interpretation the sympathetic insight born of experience. We know his tastes and antipathies, his prejudices and passions, not only as a whole, but in detail. Authorship was to him a kind of confessional; incidentally he lets us into many of the secrets of his consciousness. As to the outward man and the habits of his life, carelessness, want of method, and caprice were stamped thereon. His personal appearance, it is certain, was often neglected, notwithstanding Haydon's sarcasm at finding him absorbed on one occasion before a mirror, and the effective figure he is said to have made when in full dress he went to dine with Curran. When fairly warmed by conversation, his manner was earnest and unconscious; but among strangers he was shy, and his way of shaking hands and taking one's arm was the reverse of cordial. He admitted that he had little claim to be thought a good-natured man. His landladies were annoyed because he scribbled notes for his essays on the mantel-piece. He was a wretched correspondent; variable in his moods, partly from ill-health and more from a nervous temperament; he was yet remarkably industrious, as the amount of his writings prove; but it required the stimulus of necessity or the attraction of a subject to enlist his attention.

His mind was naturally clear, fervid, and sensitive. "In his natural and healthy state," says Lamb, "one of the wisest and finest spirits I ever knew." "Without the imagination of Coleridge," says Procter, "he had almost as much subtlety and far more steadfastness of mind." Apparently an idler until thirty, he was, at the same time, a desultory but devoted reader and a constant thinker. He was a notable illustration of "imperfect sympathy." Lamb, with whom he was most consistently intimate, failed to satisfy him, because he was no partisan,—an æsthetic rather than a reformer; he was disgusted with Moore's aristocratic proclivities; his admiration of Scott was modified by hatred of his toryism; he almost alienated Hunt by abusing Shelley, and never forgave Southey and Coleridge for their defection from the political faith of their youth; he recoiled from friendly Montagu, because he imagined he put on airs, and Haydon's egotism offended as much as his art displeased him; he took De Quincey to task for repeating his anti-Malthusian argument without credit: thus, at some point, he always diverged even from minds whose endowments were such as to command his respect and attract his sympathy; and this distinct line of affinity and repulsion is equally manifest in his estimate of old authors and historical characters. As a writer he is often paradoxical and exaggerated, but usually so either to emphasize a truth, press home a conviction, or give play to a humor, and not from any indifference to truth or levity of feeling. "I think what I please," he used to say, "and say what I think; it has been my business all my life to get at the truth as well as I could, to satisfy my own mind." It has been noted that even in his analysis of Shakespeare characters,—profoundly as he admired their human consistency and authentic traits,—there is a cool discrimination which indicates shortcomings or incongruities. In such essays as those on "A Portrait by Vandyke," "Knowledge of One's Self,"

"The Feeling of Immortality in Youth," and "People we should wish to have seen," the sincerity and refinement of his intellectual sympathy and moral sentiment are evident. His ideal was well defined and high, and he was too much in earnest not to deeply feel his own failure. What he says in reference to the disappointment of his artistic aspirations illustrates this: "If a French artist fails, he is not discouraged; there is something else he excels in; if he cannot paint he can dance. If an Englishman fails in anything he thinks he can do, enraged at the mention of his ability to do anything else, and at any consolation offered him, he banishes all thought but of his disappointment, and, discarding hope from his breast, neither eats nor sleeps,—it is well if he does not cut his throat,—will not attend to anything in which he before took an interest, and is in despair till he recovers his good opinion of himself in the point in which he has been disgraced." Although this is exactly the difference between self-esteem and vanity, and so far nationally characteristic, it is especially true of the individual Englishman who wrote it. Nor should we lose sight of the fact that Hazlitt, while a votary of art and literature, was also an enthusiastic and baffled reformer. "He went down to the dust," says one of his gifted contemporaries, "without having won the crown for which he had so bravely struggled." When thought and feeling were enlisted strongly in his work, his style is vigorous and vivid; sometimes from the inevitable "job"—the will instead of the mood—it lapsed into what is called "mechanical description." Judged by his legitimate utterance, his writings are what he called them,—the thoughts of a metaphysician uttered by a painter. "As for my style," he says, "I thought little about it. I only used the word which seemed to me to signify the ideas wanted to convey, and I did not rest till I had got it; in seeking for truth I sometimes found beauty." George Daniel, in 1817, portrayed him, and John Hunt testified to the authen-

ticity of the portrait: "Wan and worn, with a melancholy expression, but an eager look and a dissecting eye." His rejoinder to the savage attacks of his opponents was: "I am no politician, and still less can I be said to be a party man; but I have a hatred for tyranny and a contempt for its tools, and this feeling I have expressed as often and as strongly as I could. The success of the great cause to which I had vowed myself was to me more than all the world."

Hazlitt's life has been described as a "conflict between a magnificent intellect and morbid, miserly, physical influences"; and one of the warmest admirers of his talents accuses him of "an amazing amount of wilful extravagance" in the expression of his thoughts. How far his social defects were owing to material causes it is impossible to determine; but that temperament had quite as much to do with his isolation as temper there is no doubt. Indeed, he admits, towards the close of his life, that he had quarrelled with almost all his friends; and, although in an exigency like that which obliged him to write to Patmore "off Scarborough," when writhing under his unfortunate love affair, "what have I suffered since I parted from you; a raging fire in my heart and brain; the steamboat seems a prison-house," yet his ideal of friendship was chiefly intellectual; he says, for instance, of Northcote: "His hand is closed, but what of that? His eye is ever open and reflects the universe. I never ate or drank in his house, but I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember." When engaged as a reporter, and obliged to remain late at night in the gallery of the House of Commons, he formed the baneful habit of resorting to stimulants to counteract the effects of exposure and exhaustion upon a frame naturally sensitive; but, before this practice had made any serious inroads upon his constitution, warned by illness and medical advice, he abandoned it and maintained this voluntary abstinence heroically to the end of his

life. There are several anecdotes which indicate his nervous dread of burglars and fire. Intended for a Unitarian preacher, by nature a metaphysician, and by choice a painter, he became "a writer under protest"; and he explains what seems paradoxical in his essays thus: "I have to bring out some obscure distinction, or to combat some strong prejudice, and in doing this, with all my might, I have overshot the mark." It is remarkable how soon the art of expression came, even when first resorted to, at an age when the habits are usually formed. "I had not," he writes in 1812, "until then been in the habit of writing at all, or had been a long time about it, but I perceived that with the necessity the fluency came." One of the earliest cheering circumstances of his literary career was the appearance of an American edition of his "Character of Shakespeare," a few weeks after it was published in England, with the Boston imprint. It was for him "a genuine triumph." His idea of pastime was "a little comfortable cheer and careless indolent chat"; he shrank from the formal routine of society, and thought that to have his own way, and do what he pleased when he pleased, even at the cost of some lack of luxury and show, was infinitely preferable to the most successful official or commercial life. A cup of strong tea and to go to the play afterwards was better to him than all the solemn magnificence of London society; and yet no one better appreciated the freedom and opportunities of metropolitan intercourse. "London," he writes, "is the only place where each individual in company is treated according to his value in company and for nothing else." He was, however, keenly alive to the indifference of the crowd as regards intellectual claims and the estimate of an author: "They read his books, but have no clew to penetrate into the last recesses of his mind, and attribute the height of abstraction to a more than ordinary share of stupidity." He deemed it comparatively easy to be amiable if not in earnest. "Coleridge,"

he observes, "used to complain of my irascibility, though if he had possessed a little of my tenaciousness and jealousy of temper, the cause of liberty would have gained thereby." By nature, indeed, Hazlitt loved the tranquil pleasures of thought; hence partly his appreciation of art; the sight of a noble, calm head made him resolve to be in future self-possessed and allow nothing to disturb him; to be, in a word, the character thus delineated. "I want," he declared, "to see my vague notions float, like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briers of controversy." What such a man and mind could be to intimate and congenial associates we can easily imagine. The death of Hazlitt was to Lamb not only a bereavement in the ordinary sense, but his relish of life was thenceforth greatly diminished; an element of sympathetic and acute appreciation through and with which he had enjoyed and analyzed its phenomena was taken away. A poem, a play, a story, or a character needs for its complete zest a *bon convive*, quite as much as feasts of a material kind. It is, indeed, the redeeming charm of the literary life, where an honest and superior capacity therefor exists, that we are made as in no other way to feel how great are the native resources and how insignificant comparatively the material luxuries of life. All this world of enjoyment, this fervent communion with the genius of the past, this curious investigation of the mysteries of humanity, this benign and refreshing "division of the records of the mind," this noble pursuit of truth and appreciation of knowledge and love of beauty and sympathy with what is magnanimous, original, and glorious, — these charming Wednesday evenings at Lamb's, and exhilarating walks with Coleridge, and poetic readings with Wordsworth, and critical commentaries, brilliant repartees, ingenuous humors, have no dependence on or relation to the costly and artificial routine and arrangements which, to the unaspiring and the vain, consti-

tute life; often and chiefly, rather, are they associated with frugal households, with humble homes, limited prospects, ay, with drudgery and self-denial.

The most pleasant and perhaps the most profitable influence derived from Hazlitt is intellectual zest, the keen appreciation and magnetic enjoyment of truth and beauty in literature, character, and life. He was an epicurean in this regard, delighting to renew the vivid experience of the past by the glow of deliberate reminiscence, and to associate his best moods for work and his most genial studies with natural scenery and physical comfort: no writer ever more delicately fused sensation and sentiment; drew from sunshine, fireside, landscape, air, viands, and vagabondage more delectable adjuncts of reflection. He delighted to let his mind "lie fallow" and hated "a lie, and the formal crust of circumstances, and the mechanism of society"; and, moreover, had a rare facility in escaping both. "What a walk was that!" he exclaims in allusion to a favorite road at Winterslow; "I had no need of book or companion; the days, the hours, the thoughts of my youth are at my side and bleed with the air that fans my cheek; the future was barred to my progress, and I turned for consolation and encouragement to the past. I lived in a world of contemplation, not of action. This sort of dreamy existence is the best." He went on a pilgrimage to Wisbeach in Cambridge-shire, to see the town where his mother was born, and the poor farm-house where she was reared, and the "gate where she told him she used to stand, when a child of ten, to look at the setting sun." The sight of a row of cabbage-plants or beans made him, through life, think of the happy hours passed in the humble parsonage-garden at Wem, which he tended with delight when a boy; and he never saw a kite in the air without feeling the twinge at the elbow and the flutter at the heart with which he used to let go the string of his own when a child. Every aspect of nature during his memorable first

walk with Coleridge is remembered: "As we passed along between Wem and Salisbury, and I eyed the blue tops of the Welsh mountains seen through the wintry branches, or the red leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the roadside, a sound was in my ears as of a siren's song." And again, returning from the town where he had heard him preach: "The sun, still laboring pale and wan through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the good cause, and the cold, dank drops of dew that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle had something genial and refreshing in them, for there was a spirit of youth and hope in all nature." Never, perhaps, had Madame de Staël's maxim — "when we are much attached to our ideas we endeavor to attach everything to them" — a more striking illustration than Hazlitt's idiosyncrasy. After parting with Coleridge and in anticipation of a visit to him, he tells us: "I went to Llangollen vale by way of initiating myself in the mysteries of natural scenery; that valley was to me the cradle of a new existence; in the river that winds through it my spirit was baptized in the waters of Helicon." And again, speaking of the folios in his father's library, and the impression the sight of them made on his childhood, "there was not," he writes, "one striking reflection, one sally of wit; yet we can never forget the feeling with which not only their appearance, but the names of their authors on the outside, inspired us; we would rather have this feeling again for one half-hour, than to be possessed of all the acuteness of Boyle or the wit of Voltaire." It is easy to imagine from such inklings of experience how completely he must have fraternized with Rousseau and why the *Nouvelle Héloïse* was the favorite of his youth. "I was wet through, and stopped at an inn," he says, describing an excursion, "and sat up all night reading Paul and Virginia. Sweet were the showers that drenched my body and sweet the drops of pity that fell upon the book I read"; and what a zest is implied in this statement; "I recollect walking

out while reading the 'Simple Story,' to escape from one of the tenderest parts, in order to return to it again with double relish. An old crazy hand-organ was playing Robin Adair, and a summer shower dropt manna on my head and slaked my feverish thirst of happiness." Pondering a catalogue of the Louvre before he crossed the Channel, he says: "The pictures, the names of the painters, seemed to relish in the mouth." A march of ten miles in fine weather, with a pleasant retreat and dinner in prospect at the end, was his ideal of enjoyment, and none of the genial company of English authors ever better knew the "luxury of an inn." "Tired out," he writes, "between Farnham and Alton, I was shown to a room in a wayside inn, a hundred years old, overlooking an old-fashioned garden with beds of larkspur and a leaden Mercury. It was wainscoted, and had a dark-colored portrait of Charles the Second over a tiled chimney-piece. I had 'Love for Love' in my pocket and began to read; coffee was brought in a silver coffee-pot; the cream, bread, and butter were excellent, and the flavor of Congreve's style prevailed over all." When traveling in Switzerland, he came upon a place that won his preference at once, and for these reasons: "It was a kind of retreat where there is nothing to surprise, nothing to disgust, nothing to draw the attention out of itself, uniting the advantages of society and solitude, of simplicity and elegance and self-centred satisfaction." One more illustration of this rare capacity for enjoyment

derivable from personal endowment and instinct, acting on circumstances of the humblest and most familiar kind must suffice. It is a reminiscence of his provincial tour as an artist: "I once lived on coffee for a fortnight, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer who died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was of a reddish-brown, of a formal cut, to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes; and, while they were getting ready and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of Gil Blas containing the account of the fair Aurora. Gentle reader, do not smile! neither Monsieur de Nevy nor Louis XVIII. over an oyster *paté*, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury* better than I did at that moment." It was this zestful spirit, this association of ideas, that enabled him through intense sympathy to enter intelligently into the characters of Shakespeare, and to analyze the poets, actors, and comic writers; while it also placed him wisely in relation with "The Spirit of the Age," which he so eloquently illustrated, gave him that thorough appreciation of the benignity of freedom, which nerved him to battle for her triumph, identified him with the feeling of the old masters in art, and equipped and inspired him to write acutely and with the charm of independent thought of the laws, phenomena, and mysteries of human life and character.

## IN JUNE.

SO sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,  
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see ;  
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going  
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,  
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere ;  
So sweet the water's song through reeds and rushes,  
The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover,  
The west-wind blowing, blowing up the hill ;  
So sweet, so sweet with news of some one's lover,  
Fleet footsteps, ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes ;  
Now plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear ;  
And water, hush your song through reeds and rushes,  
That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,  
Plover or blackbird never heeding me ;  
So loud the mill-stream too kept fretting, falling,  
O'er bar and bank, in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud, so loud ; yet blackbird, thrush, nor plover,  
Nor noisy mill-stream, in its fret and fall,  
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,  
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down, come down !" he called, and straight the thrushes  
From mate to mate sang all at once, "Come down !"  
And while the water laughed through reeds and rushes,  
The blackbird chirped, the plover piped, "Come down !"

Then down and off, and through the fields of clover,  
I followed, followed, at my lover's call ;  
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush, or plover,  
The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and fall.



## FRENCH AND ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

AN illustrated popular literature is the creation of our century and of the English people. The English have made the largest use of wood engraving as an adjunct of the art of book-making. The pictured page of the magazine, made for a great reading public, charms and instructs the eye and stimulates the curiosity; and it would be difficult to say whether children or grown people enjoy it more.

Wood engraving is the modest art of our home life; and from the old Dutch Bible, with its curious cuts of literal art, to the last Christmas Almanac, what a simple and attractive service it has rendered to literature! Discovered at nearly the same time as printing, it has always marched hand in hand with it, illustrating and popularizing the thoughts and imaginations of poets and artists, and enlarging the experience of the eye. None of the later arts, like lithography or photography, have succeeded in displacing it, and in England it holds the first place.

Since the making of the first book the desire to adorn the most precious has always found an art of illustration close to our need. In the *Bibliothèque Impériale* at Paris, one may see, under glass and screened from light, the gemmed covers and painted pages of mediæval missals. The heavy binding crusted with rich profusion of rare stones, and curious with work in silver and gold, the parchment sheets adorned with delicate and complicated designs in vivid colors, fanciful and grotesque and *naïve*, attest the beautiful office of an abandoned art,—a costly art naturally practised when books were few and in the hands only of princes and priests.

When printing rendered the multiplication of books an easy matter, the grave and simple design drawn and cut upon the wood was made to adorn

the printed page with much of the skill, but none of the glittering glory and splendor, of the monk's vellum sheet. Now instead of a few costly volumes, we have cheap and beautiful books from a press productive like time. Our modern art is not to illuminate a few books, but to illustrate thousands of them; yet the chromolithograph would enable us to duplicate the most costly examples of mediæval color. At present, however, the use of the chromolithograph for magazines is not as satisfactory as the engraving upon wood.

In the art of book illustration the French and English are our masters. It is to the credit of English book-makers that they first secularized the art of book illustration, and first placed the woodcut at the service of the people. The English originated the Penny Magazine, which determined the character and publication of the more artistic *Magasin Pittoresque* for the French public. But the English make the largest use of the illustrated magazine for the pleasure of home-life and the instruction of the people. The French have no publications corresponding to such illustrated magazines as *The Cornhill*, *London Society*, *Good Words*, *The Sunday Magazine*, and *Once a Week*, magazines which minister through art and literature to domestic life, and express the conservatism of the English character.

The Englishman thinks of ministering to his purely private life, and in his illustrated magazine he shares with his countrymen, by his own fireside, the pleasure meant for the home circle. This is one of those significant facts which tell us that the centre of the Englishman's life is *home*. For Frenchmen public life has the dominating attraction. But it would be a misrepresentation to say the French make an

inadequate provision for the home life simply because they have not a batch of illustrated magazines like the English.

French social life is full of beautiful exceptions, and the popular literature of the French is admirably illustrated in such unequalled publications as the *Magasin Pittoresque* and *La Vie à la Campagne*.

The custom of the English publishers, which is to give the text of a story into the hands of the designer to illustrate, somewhat exclusively practised in England, seems to me not so good because not so instructive and varied as the plan of the French publishers, who give the principal place to woodcuts or etchings after celebrated contemporary paintings and of picturesque or historical places. The illustrations in *La Vie à la Campagne* and *Magasin Pittoresque* afford me greater pleasure and instruction, certainly stimulate my curiosity more, than the designs in English magazines by Walker, Millais, Leighton, or Du Maurier, illustrative of stories of contemporary life. The French illustrated magazine seems to elicit more variety, and requires a greater versatility of talent in its designers.

A volume of *La Vie à la Campagne*, which I have before me, gives upon the first page an admirable engraving of one of Rosa Bonheur's most celebrated and perfect paintings, — the *Rendezvous de Chasse*, — which represents in a frosty morning a group of French hunters and dogs; it is certainly more instructive and pleasing than any bit of English character, sentiment, or society, drawn upon the block by Walker, Millais, or Keene, yet the talent of the English artist is not less capable of producing work equally instructive and pleasing. The groove into which the English system sooner or later throws all of their famous draughtsmen for magazines places the English illustrated publication below the French in point of interest and art. The designs by Leech were an exception, for he always derived the *motif* of his

sketches from nature, not from stories or poems. Many of Leech's and Keene's drawings for Punch have all the freshness and force of work from the life; they are not "made up."

The French magazine to which I have referred is illustrated with landscapes by Daubigny; charming, crisp, and brilliant sketches by Andrieux; with full-page engravings after carefully studied pictures, illustrative of life in the country, by Horace Vernet, Courbet, Thiollet, Yan' Dargent, Lalanne, Jacques, and Laurens. Many of the vignettes are evidently bits from nature, and gratify the artistic sense by their style, which is always free and often brilliant.

The *Magasin Pittoresque* gives beautiful engravings upon wood of parts of famous cathedrals, chateaux, and bridges, — of celebrated or recently discovered fragments of antique or mediæval art; of anything and everything interesting and instructive or beautiful; and it generally avoids vulgar and ephemeral subjects. It contained a marvellous rendering of Decamp's "Oriental Butcher Shop," and a superb portrait of the artist, which is a most vigorous piece of wood engraving. In fact, most of what is finest in art or nature, sooner or later, is drawn and engraved for the *Magasin Pittoresque*, which at the same time does not fall exclusively under the classification of an art magazine, but remains fully at the service of the general and varied subjects of social and civilized life.

I must think that our own illustrated magazines would be much improved and do an excellent work in giving full-page drawings after the most remarkable contemporary American pictures, — the three or four best pictures of the annual exhibition of our Academy of Design, for example. Good wood engravings or etchings, after the pictures of Johnson, Gifford, Kensett, McEntee, Griswold, Wyant, Martin, Homer, Vedder, Lafarge, and Hennessey would be a great help to all people who are interested in art, but are not able to visit its great centre in this

country. But I have to consider our masters, and I must invite attention to famous English and French designers.

Tony Johannot, Doré, and Morin in France; Gilbert, Millais, Walker, Bennett, Du Maurier, and Pinwell in England, are the masters of the art of illustrating books and magazines, while Darley, Homer, Sheppard, Hows, Eytinge, Vedder, Cary, Fenn, Lafarge, Parsons, and Hennessy have done the best work for American publications.

John Gilbert is conventional in his drawing, but always picturesque, rich, and often splendid in his effects; he is a greater master of grouping figures, and can represent a crowd better than any other English artist. But Gilbert's work is now almost wholly set aside by what may be called the new school of English designers upon the block, beginning with Rossetti and Millais, and reaching a more liberal expression in Walker and Du Maurier.

Gilbert and Birket Foster are not comparable to Walker, Du Maurier, and Millais; and the French landscape draughtsman Lalanne surpasses Foster. Gilbert and Foster are mannered and general; they have a tricky style, — a style that lowers one's sense of nature and places the imitator wholly in subjection to the pictorial element.

Walker's drawings for the Cornhill Magazine, Du Maurier's book illustrations, and Millais's work for *Once a Week* and *Good Words*, are the best things that have been done in England. Millais is first in delicacy of sentiment and refined perception; Du Maurier, in invention, variety, and brilliant and suggestive execution; Walker, in positive and frank style. The last has a natural and poetical sense of his subject, and his work seems to be the most thorough, while it is delightfully free. Some of his drawings, in beautiful and flowing lines, firm and sure, cannot be excelled. Du Maurier is lighter, more artistic, has a certain sparkling and rapid touch, which makes his work the most attractive of any of the contemporary draughtsmen upon the wood, save the daring and admira-

ble work of Morin, the French illustrator.

Very charming and childlike and admirably engraved by Swain, is Millais's sketch of a curly-headed child repeating the immortal child's prayer taught under English and American roofs. I remember another drawing by Millais that recalls the work of Velasquez. It indicates the same qualities as the painting of the illustrious Spanish master, — it is delicate, sympathetic, natural, vivid.

The women and girls and children of Millais are unrivalled as expressions of the most cherished and appropriate qualities of grace, refinement, simplicity, and purity, which properly belong to them. But Millais always draws civilized and well-dressed children. Barbarian boys have no place in his world; not one so sturdy and hearty as Whit-tier's Barefoot Boy or Hawthorne's Little Cannibal and Glutton, who swallowed two Jim Crows, several camels and elephants, and sundry other gingerbread figures between sunrise and dinner, and threatened to demolish the whole gingerbread menagerie in good Hepzibah's shop.

It should give pleasure to consider the most noticeable of the illustrations of the English draughtsmen. Frederick Walker's drawings for Thackeray's *Phillip*, and for Miss Thackeray's *Village on the Cliff*, are excellent pictures, and I may venture to say no other English artist would have done the work so well. A little drawing called "The Meeting," another called "The Vagrants," another delineating Miss Thackeray's "René," and still another representing two boys of the last century over an old chest, examining a pistol, are admirable examples of drawing upon the wood, and by their character and form mark the culmination of Walker's delightful and honest style. The drawing entitled "The Vagrants" is full of undefinable sentiment and poetry. The standing figure of the gypsy girl is comparable to the work of the finest of the French painters, Jules Breton, whose *genre* of subject it re-

calls. Pinwell has made some very artistic and many careful drawings. One specimen of his work now before me, slightly and spiritedly pencilled, seems to me a model of masterly drawing upon the wood. The best drawings upon the block are either very black or very gray, and the very gray are oftenest the most unsatisfactory. If an artist does not see any force, or emphasis of shadow, or effect, in nature, he would do best in using the pure line to express his subject.

It is to be remarked that the style of French draughtsmen upon wood is larger and bolder and simpler than the English; the style of the English is more detailed; they are more scrupulous about accessories than the French. The English are not so successful as the French in composition, in groups of figures, or in rendering *action*; but, on the other hand, they are superior to the French in expressing character, and their work has a higher value as a rendering of the minor sacred or domestic sentiments of life. The French artist is satisfied with the drawing of a type of character; the Englishman always seeks to render the individual, and is contented only with a positive and particular personality. Bennet was one of the most English of English draughtsmen; he had no sense of beauty, but he was an intense and uncommon physiognomist, and was as literal as Holbein. Doyle was an unerring satirist, very clever and very comic, but not much of an artist. Small's illustrations of "Griffith Gaunt" are creditable and careful; he is one of the most indefatigable of English draughtsmen for the illustrated magazines, and he is also one of the most tiresome. He maintains his work at a good level, but is without a touch of genius. The only two English illustrators, — after Gilbert, — who have genius, are Du Maurier and Millais; they are never commonplace; when they are bad they are very bad; when they are at their best they are individual and unrivalled. Houghton's Eastern subjects are sprawling and unsatisfactory. Tenniel is the

most formal and academic in his style of any English draughtsman. He may be said to know the academy model well. His full-page drawings for Punch are positive and excellent works. Their hard and thorough style of drawing is in marked contrast with the slovenly and slight lithographic caricatures for *Charivari*. Keene, the successor of Leech, is an excellent draughtsman upon the block, close to nature, and master of a better style than the lamented Leech. But of all living English draughtsmen upon the wood, Du Maurier — who is claimed as a Frenchman in Paris, and the claim is sustained by Du Maurier's name and style — seems to me entitled to the first place. For variety of character, great invention, unflinching sense of beauty, and brilliant, rapid, effective style, he is unrivalled in England. He has the quick hand, the rapid intellect, the active fancy, and lively sympathy with all forms of life, characteristic of the artistic nature. My high appreciation of Du Maurier is based upon his illustrations of Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather."

There are many clever women illustrators of books and magazines in England. Miss E. Edwards seems to be the best. But not one of them is capable of putting upon the block such a spirited and well-drawn picture as that made for the Paris Guide by Rosa Bonheur, representing a drove of cattle, on the high road, in full movement.

The French book and magazine illustrators introduce us to a more varied and entertaining world than the English. They take us outside of the narrow circle of home life, so dear to Englishmen, and through an exquisite pictorial art make us acquainted with the whole of our inheritance in time.

Morin, Doré, Brown, Grevin, Marcelin, Lalanne, Preault, Daubigny, Yan' Dargent, Francais, Chevignard, Celestin Nanteuil, Brion, and Bida are the most celebrated living French illustrators. Lalanne's drawings of Paris are full of the most admired French qualities, — suggestiveness, precision, and

force of style. Morin—spotty, blotchy, swift, and elegant and delicate in his drawings—has the most remarkable style of any of the French draughtsmen. Nothing could apparently be slighter than his drawing; nothing more broken and lost, and rapidly caught again, than his fine pencil strokes; yet his work is full of nature. I believe him to be the man of most genius for drawing upon the block, the man most brilliant, natural, effective, among the living book illustrators. He deals with contemporary nature, as all the best men do,—Paris, its people, streets, squares, parks, palaces, bridges, and balls. His sketches in the Paris Guide—"Coming out of the Ball of the Opera," "Café Concert," "The Gallery of Goupil & Co.," "The Flower Market," "The Rowing Club on the Seine"—are inimitable and admirable. The *Sortie du Bal de l'Opéra* is surprisingly effective; it renders the flickering, flaring lights, the dazzle and movement, and general aspect of the street in front of the Opera, on a stormy night of winter, as every Parisian has seen it. The design is full of color, and in absolute contrast with the work of English draughtsmen. Morin is the type of the Parisian artist, the model of a dozen draughtsmen upon the block, but still an inimitable master, showing the most ungraspable qualities. He is daring, suggestive, rapid, spirited, in his work; he is an intelligent and incessant observer of nature, an elegant mind, never mannered or conventional, and he has an astonishing facility of execution; he is beyond all others the artist of *fêtes*, of the brilliant, seductive, and varied life of the world of elegance in Paris; the representative artist upon wood of the gay capital of France, the centre of art and science. His designs are scattered through the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*, *Paris Caprice*, *Semaine des Enfants*, and the Paris Guide.

It is not necessary to characterize Doré's drawings, for they are well known. He is French rather than Parisian. The illustrations of Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques* are Doré's best

work, and hold the proper relation to the letter-press. In his Dante and Don Quixote the illustrations override the printed page, and subordinate the story to its pictorial element. In illustrated magazines or books, a few full-page pictures and numerous vignettes and fanciful head-letters make the most delightful work. This is the plan of two model French magazines for the people.

In examining the illustrated art magazines of England and France, we see at once that the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* is a finer publication than the London Art Journal. The steel-plate engraving, the most inartistic means to render a picture, is used as the leading illustration in the London Art Journal. The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* gives the preference to etching for its leading picture; all its beautiful minor illustrations are woodcuts. The English public did not sustain their best illustrated art publication,—the Fine Arts Quarterly Review.

Illustrated magazines are very costly publications, but they are a means of education for the people second only to art galleries and museums.

French illustrated literature is more varied, instructive, and interesting than English, not only because the French have a greater aptitude for the illustrative and ornamental arts, but because of the vast museums and galleries of France which instruct and enrich the French artist. The *Cabinet des Estampes* is almost as much felt in French illustrated work as the *Louvre* in French painting.

In contemporary subjects, such as we find in *illustrated papers*, the English, with their practical and energetic spirit, have produced the best. The Graphic, the London Illustrated News, and Punch reach a higher point of merit in their illustrations than *Le Monde Illustré* and *Charivari*.

It remains for me briefly to consider modern engravers upon the wood. The fathers of wood engraving, who had the simplest method, did not aim to reach the results of the modern engraver.

They did not dream of any of the subtle effects of atmosphere and fine gradation of surface which are now produced by French and English engravers. They were laconic and elementary, but precise, vigorous, and always intelligible, and I think they illustrated the distinctive character of the art of engraving upon wood. Holbein's designs are rude and vigorous, but sure and expressive in line. Albert Dürer's are vigorous and simple. None of the old draughtsmen upon wood made so much use of black or color as the modern designers. They seemed to think the line a sufficient means of expression. They aimed to be literal and natural, and did not trouble themselves about "imitation" or the textures of objects. They sought for strength and correctness of line; and strength and correctness of line are the fundamental essentials of drawing and engraving.

It is said of Albert Dürer, whose style is so grand upon the block, that his work teaches the concise and "male manner," which should always be expressed in wood engraving; that when he designed for the wood engraver, he renounced all demi-tints and fine transitions; he drew grandly, aimed to be vigorous and imposing, and to make a work that should impress itself upon the memory.

The draughtsman gives the law to the engraver in tracing the design, which the engraver is scrupulously to follow; and he follows it just so far as his temperament will permit him: for it is to be remarked that if he be dry and cold, his work will be dry and cold, which is fatal to a drawing made by the hand of a man of fervid and rich nature, like Delacroix, for example. It is because of this positive but subtle action of the sentiment of the engraver upon his work, this play of his own nature modifying his rendering of another's work, that it is best to let the artist or draughtsman select his own engraver.

The French engravers seem more varied in style than the English. Pi-

san has produced some very beautiful work; Boetzel is called the most artistic, that is, free, accurate, and fine; and his sister, Mlle. Boetzel, is entitled to high consideration as an artist. Boetzel, Marias, Moller, Pisan, Soltain, Delduc, Coste, Sargent, Lefevre, Johet, Gerard, Gillot, Gillaumont, Peulot, and Anseau hold the first place in France.

In spite of the great cost of wood engraving, which threatens to make it give place to the various "processes" derived from photography, it is the most democratic of illustrative arts, and lends itself to every subject. It is the intelligible and pleasant accompaniment of our most charming literature, the literature of the affections, — and it may be said to be consecrated by its place in the service of home and the family. As a means of education for vast populations compelled to forego the liberating experience of travel, and out of the reach of museums and art galleries, it is invaluable. The illustrated magazine and the illustrated paper, which are scattered over our country, are positive and rapidly civilizing influences. When not vulgar or brutal, they are elevating, refining, and stimulating to the mind, beyond any other habitual and general influence in our village or provincial life.

It would be a sufficient work, meriting the gratitude of a nation, to make a popular and artistic illustrated magazine for children and grown people. What is truly interesting to the former should interest the latter. It is said that the venerable editor and director of the *Magasin Pittoresque*, Edouard Charton, — the ancient representative of the people, secretary of the Minister of Public Instruction in France in 1849, — cherishes no part of his public services so much as his gift of the *Magasin Pittoresque* to the French people. The plan and execution of that work could come only from a liberal head and a corps of useful writers and intelligent artists. As an illustrated magazine for young and old, it is the model publication of our century.

I must conclude that the *Gazette des*



*Beaux Arts* and the *Magasin Pittoresque* — the last for the general public, old and young, the first for a cultivated and particular public — are the most perfect examples of illustrated magazine literature, and offer us the best examples of artistic taste. That they are sustained by the art-wealth of the Continent, and especially of Paris, is the sufficient reason for their superiority. The habit of French artists is to sketch from nature, and study the great examples of art which are happily accessible to them.

For unthinking persons and simple minds, knowledge — and, in fact, all the charm of a beautiful narrative — remains dull without the help of such objective and concrete proofs of travel, character, and distant events as we may look upon in a picture. The illustration may be said to give body and reality to the written story; and words, to a mind conversant only with things, gain an additional interest, and force the sluggish attention, when they are accompanied with pictures. Of all our modern illustrative arts, save etching, wood engraving seems the best adapted to all subjects. I prefer an etching of Notre Dame, or of a fishing village on the French coast, to a photograph of either subject; and if not an etching, a wood engraving is the next best artistic means of illustration.

Whoever has succeeded in giving a good illustrated literature to children and grown people has accomplished a delightful work, the enjoyment of which grows with its most intelligent development. Such a work as Hetzel and Charton have done for the French public. Can it be done for us?

The illustrated magazine in the family may be compared to the presence of a liberal and cultivated friend, rich in souvenirs of travel, at times eloquent, and always discreet, illuminating the minds about him, and giving a zest to knowledge. In the home circle, by the light of the evening lamp, through the winter nights, what pleasure and what profit to the indoor life are his simple communications, which, while enriching us, do not impoverish him. A home circle without an illustrated magazine is torpid and poor in its sources of pleasure. It has neither eyes for art or nature, nor a liberal interest in anything but its routine and mechanical existence. I consider the illustrated magazine one of the essentials of a beautiful home life; while we sit by the fireside, the pictured page lets us see the art and science, the habits and customs, of all the great historic ages, and at the same time represents to us the remarkable or beautiful things scattered over our contemporary world.

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#### SONG.

THE clover-blossoms kiss her feet,  
 She is so sweet,  
 While I, who may not kiss her hand,  
 Bless all the wild-flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,  
 She is so blest.  
 I'm jealous of its arms of gold:  
 O that her form these arms might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,  
 She is so fair.  
 Let flowers and sun and breeze go by;  
 O dearest! love me, or I die.

## OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

## THE GHOST IN THE MILL.

"COME, Sam, tell us a story," said I, as Harry and I crept to his knees, in the glow of the bright evening firelight, while Aunt Lois was busily rattling the tea-things, and grandmamma was quietly setting the heel of a blue-mixed yarn stocking at the other end of the fireplace.

In those days we had no magazines and daily papers, each reeling off a serial story. Once a week the "Columbian Sentinel" came from Boston with its slender stock of news and editorial; but all the multiform devices, pictorial, narrative, and poetical, which keep the mind of the present generation ablaze with excitement, had not then even an existence. There was no theatre, no opera; there were in Oldtown no parties or balls, except perhaps the annual election or Thanksgiving festival; and when winter came, and the sun went down at half past four o'clock and left the long dark hours of evening to be provided for, the necessity of amusement became urgent. Hence in those days chimney-corner story-telling became an art and accomplishment. Society then was full of traditions and narratives which had all the uncertain glow and shifting mystery of the firelit hearth upon them. They were told to sympathetic audiences, by the rising and falling light of the solemn embers, with the hearth crickets filling up every pause. Then the aged told their stories to the young, — tales of early life, tales of war and adventure, of forest days, of Indian captivities and escapes, of bears and wild-cats and panthers, of rattlesnakes, of witches and wizards, and strange and wonderful dreams and appearances and providences.

In those days of early Massachusetts, faith and credence were in the very air. Two thirds of New England was then dark, unbroken forest, through whose

tangled paths the mysterious winter wind groaned and shrieked and howled with weird noises and unaccountable clamors. Along the iron-bound shore the stormful Atlantic raved and thundered and dashed its moaning waters, as if to deaden and deafen any voice that might tell of the settled life of the old civilized world, and shut us forever into the wilderness. A good storyteller in those days was always sure of a warm seat at the hearth-stone, and the delighted homage of children; and in all Oldtown there was no better storyteller than Sam Lawson.

"Do, do tell us a story," said Harry, pressing upon him and opening very wide blue eyes, in which undoubting faith shone as in a mirror; "and let it be something strange, and different from common."

"Wal, I know lots o' strange things," said Sam, looking mysteriously into the fire. "Why, I know things that ef I should tell, why people might say they wa'n't so; but then they *is* so, for all that."

"O *do*, do tell us."

"Why, I should scare ye to death, mebbe," said Sam, doubtingly.

"O pooh! no you would n't," we both burst out at once.

But Sam was possessed by a reticent spirit, and loved dearly to be wooed and importuned; and so he only took up the great kitchen tongs and smote on the hickory forestick, when it flew apart in the middle and scattered a shower of clear, bright coals all over the hearth.

"Mercy on us, Sam Lawson!" said Aunt Lois, in an indignant voice, spinning round from her dish-washing.

"Don't you worry a grain, Miss Lois," said Sam, composedly. "I see that are stick was e'en a'most in two, and I thought I'd jest settle it. I'll sweep up the coals now," he added,

vigorously applying a turkey-wing to the purpose, as he knelt on the hearth, his spare, lean figure glowing in the blaze of the firelight, and getting quite flushed with exertion.

"There, now," he said, when he had brushed over and under and between the fire-irons, and pursued the retreating ashes so far into the red, fiery citadel that his finger-ends were burning and tingling, "that are's done now as well as Hepsy herself could 'a' done it. I allers sweeps up the haarth; I think it's part o' the man's bisness when he makes the fire. But Hepsy's so used to seein' me a doin' on't that she don't see now kind o' merit in 't. It's just as Parson Lothrop said in his sermon, — folks allers overlook their common marcies —"

"But come, Sam, that story," said Harry and I, coaxingly, pressing upon him and pulling him down into his seat in the corner.

"Lordy massy, these 'ere young uns!" said Sam, "there's never no contentin' on 'em; ye tell 'em one story, and they jest swallows it as a dog does a gob o' meat, and they're all ready for another. What do ye want to hear now?"

Now the fact was that Sam's stories had been told us so often that they were all arranged and ticketed in our minds. We knew every word in them and could set him right if he varied a hair from the usual track, and still the interest in them was unabated. Still we shivered and clung to his knee at the mysterious parts, and felt gentle, cold chills run down our spines at appropriate places. We were always in the most receptive and sympathetic condition. To-night, in particular, was one of those thundering stormy ones when the winds appeared to be holding a perfect mad carnival over my grandfather's house. They yelled and squealed round the corners. They collected in troops and came tumbling and roaring down chimney. They shook and rattled the buttery door and the sink-room door and the cellar door and the chamber door, with a constant

undertone of squeak and clatter, as if at every door were a cold, discontented spirit, tired of the chill outside, and longing for the warmth and comfort within.

"Wal, boys," said Sam, confidentially, "what 'll ye have?"

"Tell us 'Come down, come down,'" we both shouted with one voice. This was in our mind a No. 1 among Sam's stories.

"Ye mus' n't be frightened, now," said Sam, paternally.

"O no, we ar' n't frightened *ever*," said we both in one breath.

"Not when ye go down the cellar arter cider?" said Sam, with severe scrutiny. "Ef ye should be down cellar and the candle should go out now?"

"I ain't," said I; "I ain't afraid of anything; I never knew what it was to be afraid in my life."

"Wal, then," said Sam, "I 'll tell ye. This 'ere 's what Cap'n Eb Sawin told me, when I was a boy about your bigness, I reckon.

"Cap'n Eb Sawin was a most respectable man; your gran'ther knew him very well, and he was a deacon in the church in Dedham afore he died. He was at Lexington when the fust gun was fired agin the British. He was a drefle smart man, Cap'n Eb was, and driv team a good many years atween here and Boston. He married Lois Peabody that was cousin to your gran'ther then. Lois was a rael sensible woman, and I've heard her tell the story as he told her, and it was jest as he told it to me, jest exactly; and I shall never forget it if I live to be nine hundred years old, like Mathusaleh.

"Ye see, along back in them times, there used to be a fellow come round these 'ere parts spring and fall a peddlin' goods, with his pack on his back, and his name was Jehiel Lommedieu. Nobody rightly knew where he come from. He was n't much of a talker, but the women rather liked him, and kind o' liked to have him round; women will like some fellows, when men can't see no sort o' reason why they

should, and they liked this 'ere Lommedieu, though he was kind o' mournful and thin and shad-bellied, and had n't nothin' to say for himself. But it got to be so that the women would count and calculate, so many weeks afore 't was time for Lommedieu to be along, and they'd make up ginger-snaps and preserves and pies, and make him stay to tea at the houses, and feed him up on the best there was; and the story went round that he was a courtin' Phebe Ann Parker, or Phebe Ann was a courtin' him,—folks did n't rightly know which. Wal, all of a sudden Lommedieu stopped comin' round, and nobody knew why, only jest he did n't come. It turned out that Phebe Ann Parker had got a letter from him sayin' he'd be along afore Thanksgiving, but he did n't come, neither afore nor at Thanksgiving time, nor arter, nor next spring; and finally the women they gin up lookin' for him. Some said he was dead, some said he was gone to Canada, and some said he hed gone over to the old country. As to Phebe Ann, she acted like a gal o' sense, and married 'Bijah Moss and thought no more 'bout it. She said she was sartin that all things was ordered out for the best, and it was jest as well folks could n't always have their own way; and so in time Lommedieu was gone out o' folks' minds, much as a last year's apple-blossom. It's relly affectin' to think how little these 'ere folks is missed that's so much sot by! There ain't nobody, ef they's ever so important, but what the world gets to goin' on without 'em pretty much as it did with 'em, though there's some little flurry at fust. Wal, the last thing that was in anybody's mind was that they ever should hear from Lommedieu ag'in. But there ain't nothin' but what has its time o' turnin' up, and it seems his turn was to come.

"Wal, ye see 't was the nineteenth o' March when Cap'n Eb Sawin started with a team for Boston. That day there come on about the biggest snow-storm that there'd been in them parts sence the oldest man could remember.

'T was this 'ere fine sifin' snow that drives in your face like needles, with a wind to cut your nose off: it made teamin' pretty tedious work. Cap'n Eb was about the toughest man in them parts. He'd spent days in the woods a loggin', and he'd been up to the deestrick o' Maine a lumberin', and was about up to any sort o' thing a man gen'ally could be up to; but these 'ere March winds sometimes does set on a fellow so that neither natur' nor grace can stan' 'em. The Cap'n used to say he could stan' any wind that blew one way 't time for five minutes, but come to winds that blew all four p'int at the same minit, why they flustered him.

"Wal, that was the sort o' weather it was all day, and by sundown Cap'n Eb he got clean bewildered, so that he lost his road, and when night came on he did n't know nothin' where he was. Ye see the country was all under drift, and the air so thick with snow that he could n't see a foot afore him, and the fact was he got off the Boston road without knowin' it and came out at a pair o' bars nigh upon Sherburn, where old Cack Sparrock's mill is. Your gran'ther used to know old Cack, boys. He was a drefful drinkin' old crittur that lived there all alone in the woods by himself, a tendin' saw and grist mill. He wan't allers jest what he was then. Time was that Cack was a pretty consid'ably likely young man, and his wife was a very respectable woman,—Deacon Amos Petengall's dater, from Sherburn. But ye see, the year arter his wife died Cack he gin up goin' to meetin' Sundays, and all the tithingmen and selectmen could do they could n't get him out to meetin'; and when a man neglects means o' grace and sanctuary privileges there ain't no sayin' *what* he'll do next. Why, boys, jist think on 't! an immortal crittur lyin' round loose all day Sunday, and not puttin' on so much as a clean shirt, when all 'spectable folks has on their best close and is to meetin' worshippin the Lord! What can you spect to come of it when he lies

idlin' round in his old week-day close, fishing or some sich, but what the Devil should be arter him at last, as he was arter old Cack?"

Here Sam winked impressively to my grandfather in the opposite corner, to call his attention to the moral which he was interweaving with his narrative.

"Wal, ye see, Cap'n Eb he told me that when he come to them bars and looked up and saw the dark a comin' down and the storm a thickenin' up, he felt that things was gettin' pretty consid'able serious. There was a dark piece o' woods on ahead of him inside the bars, and he knew come to get in there the light would give out clean. So he jest thought he'd take the hoss out o' the team and go ahead a little, and see where he was. So he driv his oxen up ag'in the fence and took out the hoss and got on him, and pushed along through the woods, not rightly knowin' where he was goin'.

"Wal, afore long he see a light through the trees, and sure enough he come out to Cack Sparrock's old mill.

"It was a pretty consid'able gloomy sort of a place, that are old mill was. There was a great fall of water that come rushin' down the rocks and fell in a deep pool, and it sounded sort o' wild and lonesome, but Cap'n Eb he knocked on the door with his whip-handle and got in.

"There, to be sure, sot old Cack beside a great blazin' fire, with his rum-jug at his elbow; he was a drefful fellow to drink, Cack was; for all that, there was some good in him, for he was pleasant spoken and 'bliging, and he made the Cap'n welcome.

"'Ye see, Cack,' said Cap'n Eb, 'I'm off my road, and got snowed up down by your bars,' says he.

"'Want ter know!' says Cack; 'calculate you 'll jest have to camp down here till mornin',' says he.

"Wal, so old Cack he got out his tin lantern, and went with Cap'n Eb back to the bars to help him fetch along his critturs; he told him he could put 'em under the mill-shed. So they got the critturs up to the shed and got the

cart under, and by that time the storm was awful.

"But Cack he made a great roaring fire, 'cause ye see Cack allers had slab-wood a plenty from his mill, and a roarin' fire is jest so much company. It sort o' keeps a fellow's spirits up, a good fire does. So Cack, he sot on his old teakettle and made a swingin' lot o' toddy, and he and Cap'n Eb were havin' a tol'able comfortable time there. Cack was a pretty good hand to tell stories, and Cap'n Eb warnt no ways backward in that line, and kep' up his end pretty well, and pretty soon they was a roarin' and haw-hawin' inside about as loud as the storm outside, when all of a sudden, 'bout midnight, there come a loud rap on the door.

"'Lordy massy! what's that?' says Cack. Folks is rather startled allers to be checked up sudden when they are a carryin' on and laughin', and it was such an awful blowy night, it was a little scary to have a rap on the door.

"Wal, they waited a minit, and did n't hear nothin' but the wind a screechin' round the chimney; and old Cack was jest goin' on with his story, when the rap come ag'in, harder 'n ever, as if it'd shook the door open.

"'Wal,' says old Cack, 'if 'tis the Devil, we'd jest as good 's open and have it out with him to onst,' says he; and so he got up and opened the door, and sure enough there was old Ketury there. Expect you've heard your grandma tell about old Ketury. She used to come to meetin's sometimes, and her husband was one o' the praying Indians, but Ketury was one of the rael wild sort, and you could n't no more convert *her* than you could convert a wild-cat or a painter (panther). Lordy massy, Ketury used to come to meetin' and sit there on them Indian benches, and when the second bell was a tollin', and when Parson Lothrop and his wife was comin' up the broad aisle, and everybody in the house ris' up and stood, Ketury would sit there and look at 'em out o' the corner o' her eyes, and folks used to say she rattled them necklaces o' rattlesnakes'

tails and wild-cat teeth and sich like heathen trumpery, and looked for all the world as if the spirit of the old Serpent himself was in her. I've seen her sit and look at Lady Lothrop out o' the corner o' her eyes, and her old brown baggy neck would kind o' twist and work, and her eyes they looked so, that 't was enough to scare a body. For all the world she looked jest as if she was a workin' up to spring at her. Lady Lothrop was jest as kind to Ketury as she always was to every poor crittur. She'd bow and smile as gracious to her when meetin' was over, and she come down the aisle, passin' out o' meetin'; but Ketury never took no notice. Ye see Ketury's father was one o' those great powows of Martha's Vineyard, and people used to say she was set apart when she was a child to the service o' the Devil; in any way, she never could be made nothin' of in a Christian way. She come down to Parson Lothrop's study once or twice to be catechised, but he could n't get a word out o' her, and she kind o' seemed to sit scornful while he was a talkin'. Folks said if it was in old times Ketury would n't have been allowed to go on so, but Parson Lothrop's so sort o' mild, he let her take pretty much her own way. Everybody thought that Ketury was a witch; at least she knew consid'able more 'n she ought to know, and so they was kind o' fraid on her. Cap'n Eb says he never see a fellow seem scarader than Cack did when he see Ketury a standin' there!

"Why ye see, boys, she was as withered and wrinkled and brown as an old frosted punkin-vine, and her little snaky eyes sparkled and snapped, and it made yer head kind o' dizzy to look at 'em, and folks used to say that anybody that Ketury got mad at was sure to get the worst of it, fust or last; and so no matter what day or hour Ketury had a mind to rap at anybody's door, folks gen'lly thought it was best to let her in; but then, they never thought her coming was for any good, for she was just like the wind, — she came when the fit was on her, she stayed jest so long

as it pleased her, and went when she got ready, and not before. Ketury understood English, and could talk it well enough, but always seemed to scorn it, and was allers mowin' and mutterin' to herself in Indian, and winkin' and blinkin' as if she saw more folks round than you did, so that she wa'n't no ways pleasant company, and yet everybody took good care to be polite to her.

"So old Cack asked her to come in, and did n't make no question where she come from or what she come on; but he knew it was twelve good miles from where she lived to his hut, and the snow was drifted above her middle, and Cap'n Eb declared that there wa'n't no track nor sign o' a track of anybody's coming through that snow next morning."

"How did she get there, then?" said I.

"Did n't ye never see brown leaves a ridin' on the wind? Well, Cap'n Eb, he says, 'she came on the wind,' and I'm sure it was strong enough to fetch her. But Cack he got her down into the warm corner, and he poured her out a mug o' hot toddy and give her; but ye see her bein' there sort o' stopped the conversation, for she sot there a rockin' back'rds and for'ards a sippin' her toddy, and a mutterin' and looking up chimbley.

"Cap'n Eb says in all his born days he never hearn such screeches and yells as the wind give over that chimbley, and old Cack got so frightened you could fairly hear his teeth chatter.

"But Cap'n Eb he was a putty brave man, and he wa'n't goin' to have conversation stopped by no woman, witch or no witch; and so when he see her mutterin' and looking up chimbley, he spoke up, and says he, 'Well, Ketury, what do you see,' says he? 'Come, out with it, don't keep it to yourself.' Ye see Cap'n Eb was a hearty fellow, and then he was a leetle warmed up with the toddy.

"Then he said he see an evil kind o' smile on Ketury's face, and she rattled her necklace o' bones and snakes' tails, and her eyes seemed to snap, and



she looked up the chimbley and called out, 'Come down, come down, let's see who ye be.'

"Then there was a scratching and a rumblin' and a groan, and a pair of feet come down the chimbley, and stood right in the middle of the haarth, the toes pi'ntin' out'rds, with shoes and silver buckles a shining in the firelight. Cap'n Eb says he never come so near bein' scared in his life, and as to old Cack he jest wilted right down in his chair.

"Then old Ketury got up and reached her stick up chimbley, and called out louder, 'Come down, come down, let's see who ye be'; and sure enough down came a pair o' legs and j'ined right on to the feet; good fair legs they was, with ribbed stockings and leather breeches.

"Wal, we're in for it now,' says Cap'n Eb; 'go it, Ketury, and let's have the rest on him.'

"Ketury did n't seem to mind him; she stood there as stiff as a stake and kep' callin' out, 'Come down, come down, let's see who ye be'; and then come down the body of a man with a brown coat and yellow vest, and j'ined right on to the legs, but there wa'n't no arms to it. Then Ketury shook her stick up chimbley, and called, '*Come down, come down*'; and there came down a pair o' arms and went on each side o' the body, and there stood a man all finished, only there wa'n't no head on him.

"Wal, Ketury,' says Cap'n Eb, 'this 'ere's getting serious. I 'spec you must finish him up, and let's see what he wants of us.'

"Then Ketury called out once more louder 'n ever, 'Come down, come down, let's see who ye be'; and sure enough down comes a man's head and settled on the shoulders straight enough, and Cap'n Eb, the minit he sot eyes on him knew he was Jehiel Lommedieu.

"Old Cack knew him too, and he fell flat on his face, and prayed the Lord to have mercy on his soul; but Cap'n Eb he was for gettin' to the bottom of matters, and not have his scare for nothin',

so he says to him, 'What do you want, now you have come?'

"The man he did n't speak, he only sort o' moaned and p'inted to the chimbley; he seemed to try to speak but could n't, for ye see it is n't often that his sort o' folks is permitted to speak; but just then there came a screechin' blast o' wind, and blowed the door open, and blowed the smoke and fire all out into the room, and there seemed to be a whirlwind and darkness and moans and screeches; and when it all cleared up, Ketury and the man was both gone, and only old Cack lay on the ground rolling and moaning as if he'd die.

"Wal, Cap'n Eb he picked him up, and built up the fire, and sort o' comforted him up, 'cause the crittur was in distress o' mind that was drefful. The awful Providence ye see had awakened him, and his sin had been sent home to his soul, and he was under such conviction that it all had to come out,—how old Cack's father had murdered poor Lommedieu for his money, and Cack had been privy to it, and helped his father build the body up in that very chimbley; and he said that he had n't had neither peace nor rest since then, and that was what had driv' him away from ordinances, for ye know sin'nin' will always make a man leave prayin'. Wal, Cack did n't live but a day or two. Cap'n Eb he got the minister o' Sherburn and one o' the selectmen down to see him, and they took his deposition. He seemed railly quite penitent, and Parson Carryl he prayed with him, and was faithful in settin' home the providence to his soul, and so at the eleventh hour poor old Cack might have got in,—at least it looks a leetle like it. He was distressed to think he could n't live to be hung. He sort o' seemed to think that if he was fairly tried and hung it would make it all square. He made Parson Carryl promise to have the old mill pulled down and bury the body, and after he was dead they did it.

"Cap'n Eb he was one of a party o' eight that pulled down the chimbley,

and there sure enough was the skeleton of poor Lommedieu.

"So there you see, boys, there can't be no iniquity so hid but what it'll come out. The wild Indians of the forest and the stormy winds and tempests j'ined together to bring out this 'ere."

"For my part," said Aunt Lois, sharply, "I never believed that story."

"Why, Lois," said my grandmother, "Captain Eb Sawin was a regular church-member and a most respectable man."

"Law, mother, I don't doubt he thought so. I suppose he and Cack got drinking toddy together till he got asleep and dreamed it. I would n't believe such a thing if it did happen

right before my face and eyes. I should only think I was crazy, that's all."

"Come, Lois, if I was you I would n't talk so like a Sadducee," said my grandmother. "What would become of all the accounts in Dr. Cotton Mather's Magnilly if folks were like you?"

"Wal," said Sam Lawson, drooping contemplatively over the coals, and gazing into the fire, "there's a putty consid'able sight o' things in this world that's true; and then ag'in there's a sight o' things that ain't true. Now my old gran'ther used to say 'Boys,' says he, 'if ye want to lead a pleasant and prosperous life, ye must contrive allers to keep jest the *happy medium* between truth and falsehood.' Now that are 's my doctrine."

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#### LET US BE CHEERFUL.

THE world has not yet got beyond the old philosophies, so far as philosophy goes. Science, of course, is another thing; but if man has gone ahead in the knowledge of matter, he has not made much progress in the knowledge of mind, and philosophy and abstract speculations remain pretty much where they were centuries ago. And among the various dualities into which mankind can be divided, Democritus who laughed, and Heraclitus who wept, may be taken as the types of one very large system of classification. There are still those who make the best of everything, even when things are bad, who see the silver lining to the cloud, and hold on to the hope of the lane turning at last; and there are those who make the worst of what is good, who growl about the sun having spots and the morning light its vapors, and persist in their belief that night has never a day to follow, and even more, that noon is very much like night upon the whole; and they don't see much difference between

dusk and dawn, whatever you may see. There are still those who hold that love and fame are but vanity, when all is told, and those who can see a certain gracious little use in vanity itself; those who give in to the worship of sorrow, and those who subscribe to the creed of cheerfulness; those who live always in mephitic vapors valley-born, and those who dwell on mountain-tops, and breast the broad breezes rejoicing.

Cheerfulness is not entirely, as it pleases some sour-blooded folks to say, a mere matter of good digestion, or the result of a well-set electric current: a thing, therefore, as little under one's own control as an attack of neuralgia or a fit of the gout, and deserving no more commendation than these deserve censure; it is much more a matter of mental power, though also, let it be granted honestly, somewhat traceable to physical condition; that is, it is a frame of mind that can be induced by a determined will; and, above all, it is the product of an unselfish nature. That

peevish despair which some people call tenderness of mind is nine times out of ten simple selfishness ; and lowness of spirits is euphemistic for mental indolence, — that kind of indolence which will not take the trouble to be cheerful ; which lets itself drift into foreboding and the enduring fear of disaster, because foreboding and fear, being passive states, are less difficult to compass than the active energy of hope and cheerfulness. Let no one pride himself on his faculty of gloom ; he might as well pride himself on the possession of a squint or a hump.

Neither is cheerfulness want of sympathy with others in their troubles. On the contrary, no one knows so well as a cheerful person what are the difficulties to be overcome, and the amount of temptation to despair to be resisted. It is so much easier to keep down in the low levels, and to make one's final abode in the Slough of Despond, than to struggle upward for the high lands, or to strike out for the dry places, that cheerfulness is literally a step in advance, giving a wider horizon and an additional experience ; but a step made only by effort and at great cost. And I presume there is no possible question as to which knows most, the person who has gone forward, or the one who has lagged behind ; the person who has learnt an extra lesson, or the one who has doubled down the page for finis, and shut the book between its clasps. Moping and gloom are want of sympathy of the will ; and despairing views are by no means the best coin wherewith to redeem your own or another's disaster. What is the good to be had from a person who comes to your house when you are in trouble, and makes your burden heavier by the weight of his own forebodings ? Say, your child is ill, and you are in cruel anxiety ; does it help you to tell you that poor Mrs. A——'s sweet boy was not half so bad as yours, and yet it died, though the doctors all said it was recovering ? or is it better for you to hear, Yes, your child is dangerously ill, certainly, and there is cause for grave

anxiety and the need of the most watchful care ; but even worse cases have been known to recover, given that care ; and while there is life there is hope : a trite proverb, granted, but sometimes forgotten in the pressure of a great dread ! Which would you rather have, vinegar and red pepper rubbed into your bleeding wounds, or wine and oil poured over them ? Neither the vinegar nor the oil will heal, but between irritating and soothing what must be borne either way, surely the soothing is the best ! Again, if you are in that situation where you want all your energies to fight yourself as clear as may be of the ruin that must fall with greater or less force on all concerned, is it to the strengthening of your hands to be told that nothing is of any good, that you might just as well let all go by the board quietly as make a stand against the wreck ; that you can save nothing out of the fire, and will only burn your fingers by thrusting them into the flames ? Who is the more likely to do you good service, a narrow-chested Heraclitus, who prophesies of evil things and assures your defeat by unbuckling your armor, or a robust and brave-hearted Democritus, who says, fight to the last and remember that never a battle is lost till it is won ; who points out to you this undefended corner in the enemy's ramparts, and that weak point in his lines, and who gives you the stimulus of hope and manly energy to go on with ?

For my own part, I think giving up, because you are afraid you can do no good by fighting, one of the most craven things in the whole world ; and never to know when one is beaten has made the Anglo-Saxon race what it is. I grant you, peevishness with some people is so ingrained and of the very fibre of their being, that they do not want to be heartened up, and indeed will not bear it ; calling you cruel, coarse, unfeeling, if you speak to them cheerfully of their concerns and hopefully of their troubles, — their animosity being in exact ratio with their peev-

ishness. They are of those who will be drowned and nobody shall help them; who like to stick knives into their own flesh, and rub red pepper into the gaping wounds afterwards. But I am not speaking of these, who may well be left in the living tomb of their own building, but of the general run of folk who are influenced by their society, and either heartened or depressed according to the tone of their companions, — of those souls of wax which take the shape of any mould in which they may be run by chance or circumstance, and who are therefore pressed into the abject form of fear, or who come out with the nobler bearing of courage, according to the temper of the last mind which has manipulated them. Those who are strong can afford to despise extraneous influences; but we are not all strong, and one is bound to consider one's weaker brethren.

The greatest difficulty that besets the path of the cheerful is in the close companionship of the gloomy. Any one who can undergo this ordeal and come out of it still cheerful is a hero, or, still more, a heroine, — "still more," because of the greater impressibility of women. Ah! there are many such small, unseen dramas of heroism enacted at this moment in quiet families and subordinate positions, which does not make it less a matter of heroism, demanding our admiration and best sympathy, when we find a heart that is strong enough, not only to bear its own burden with dignity, but also to endure cheerfully that far heavier burden of a comrade's gloom. This is not so difficult a task for a period, perhaps; but it is almost impossible for a lifetime. I do not say quite, but almost; for some people have a large and beautiful power of sustainment, and can nourish their souls, not only by the power of self-support, but in the very teeth of enforced starvation. But what a life it is, if you are of a brave and cheerful nature, to be closely associated with depressed and sour and gloomy folk! You come down in the

morning serene, happy, gay. The air is sweet, the birds are singing in the flowery bushes, the sun glints pleasantly on the shining laurel leaves, the flowers send out their fresh sweet morning scents, and you take joy in your existence, and are glad to be one of the great multitude of the living; but your gloom-haunted companion can see no gladness in all this. Like the princess in the fairy-tale, or the time-honored Sybarite of tradition, a bean is under the seven feather-beds, a rose-leaf is crumpled on the flowery couch; there is no rest or joy where such misfortunes exist, and the glory of Ichabod has departed. You say something bright and pleasant; it may be something very futile, perhaps a trifle silly, but it is at least a fresh and honest little bubble out of the wellspring of happiness in your own cheerful heart: you are met by a growl, by a sarcasm, or by a chilling silence, with an air of life being far too grave a matter for such levity as yours to be admitted. Then you fall back upon yourself again; and it all depends on the depth of that wellspring within whether you are substantially saddened or only temporarily depressed for want of leave wherein to expand; whether you lose of the sum of your moral vitality, or merely suffer by the barrenness of another. You must be exceptionally brave and happy-hearted if you can bear with this kind of thing for any length of time uninjured: and no one in his right mind would bear it at all if he could escape from it. Only those who have tried it know the extent of the anguish of soul that results from perpetual companionship with a gloomy temper, and how far worse than all the inevitable ills of life is that self-made evil of moroseness, which will neither be cheerful for its own part nor suffer the cheerfulness of others. A man of this temper once brought it as a serious accusation against the moral nature of his wife, who was a bright and enjoying woman, that she "looked for happiness from life." To look for happiness was to his mind an evidence of shallowness, of levity, of

sensuality, a hungering after the grosser fleshpots not to be tolerated by those who fed on more ethereal manna. He did not think that any one had the right to look for happiness in this valley of the shadow. Dwelling among the tombs as he did, by preference, and carrying the pall with which he draped all life, he imposed on others the gloomy worship of sorrow which he found profitable for his own sad soul: and those who disputed his gaunt, grim theology were worse than pagans to his mind, and below the dignity of grown men.

Your morose people are always accusing their cheerful friends of levity. Unjustly enough; for hope and courage are surely not incompatible with any amount of deep feeling and serious thought; as neither are these necessarily connected with gloom. It is simply a question of inclination of the balance, and whether the scale is more heavily weighted for good or for ill. The mystery of all the sin and misery lying in life remains the same mystery still, whether we accept it in cheerful faith as to its ultimate and hidden good, or whether we mourn over its hopeless and irremediable sadness. The cloud is there, but so is the sun above it. Which, then, shall it be, the shadow only, or the remembrance of the hidden sun? The gloomy say the first, the cheerful hold to the last; and of the two the cheerful are the wiser, the truer, and the more substantially religious. The worship of sorrow is not religion; it is superstition, and a fierce fanatic fetishism; but religion, as the best thoughts of the best men have formulated it for us, — no! it is not that!

Of all the religions which man has yet made for himself, the ancient Greek was undoubtedly the most cheerful and heartsome. Very little of the purely tragic, and still less of the grim Manichean element entered therein. It had no imps or demons, no afreet, djinns, or ghouls, as in the Persian mythology; the theory of a huge master-devil roaming through the world, seeking to-day the souls of men and

making use of their very affections and virtues for that purpose, the basic idea of which came also from Persia, while the perfected and hideous superstructure was Judaic, was as foreign to its cheerful spirit as the bloody rites of Moloch or the doctrine of an offended deity living in enduring enmity with and estrangement from his creatures. The nearest approach to the Christian idea of devils which it made for itself was in its fauns and older satyrs: but these were but weak archetypes of our grim Satan, Miltonic, or of the more familiar and degraded popular idea, and scarcely to be classed as of his clan at all. The central idea of the faith was light, not gloom; and to this day the world is the better and more beautiful for the cheerful creed of Hellas! The monstrous fiends and horrible pictures of hell's mouth, by which mediæval priests and preachers sought to terrify their rude hearers from evil into good, are already forgotten; but the happy fancies of that sweet elder time when the gods and goddesses dwelt among men, and the forces of nature were depicted as beautiful and benign individualities, remain still in the hearts of those who, though they have learnt to consider them as just so many allegories, have continued also to love them as allegories expressive of enduring truth; perhaps truth as great and as noble as is to be found in the legends of saints and the asceticism of devotees.

Almost all great poets, that is, the greatest, have been men of cheerful nature; while, singularly enough, almost all half-great men, second-class poets, have been moony and mopy. No one will venture to say that the healthy cheerfulness which shines out like the sunlight from Homer, from Shakespeare, from Virgil, and even from Milton, though in this last tempered with so much stateliness and dignity as to appear almost sad, is due to shallowness of perception or to frivolity of feeling. To be sure, Dante, as great a man as any, was weighed down with gloom and sadness, living in the world as in a charnel-house, and seeing cor-

ruption and decay everywhere. But no other man, as great as he, was so sad; though the crowd of minor poets and poetasters in all ages have been lachrymose and uncomfortable fellows enough, and have taken broken-hearted views of everything within the range of their vision at all. Granting that this sorrowful appreciation of the difficulties of life is a point beyond the careless levity of the shallow-pated, or the fool's paradise of the lotus-eater, still there is a point beyond that again, where depth and cheerfulness can unite, and where the highest philosophy would express itself in the serenest faith.

If only in the way of help over bad passes, cheerfulness is such an invaluable stirrup-companion through life! Nothing puts one over those same bad passes so well when they are fairly come at and inevitable, as the cheery belief that they are temporary and conquerable. To shut one's eyes, and go doggedly at one's fences, is certainly one way of clearing them; but a better way is to be able to look quietly at one's dangers and calculate calmly one's difficulties as they stand full in view; to brace one's self to bear bravely and endure cheerfully, or to break through the quickest hedge at any cost of rent flesh, if bearing and enduring do not answer, or are incompatible with dignity. But peevish people neither break boldly nor bear cheerfully. They sit down under their troubles, and they mope or growl according to their temperament; of the magnanimity of cheerfulness they know nothing. In fact, continual gloominess so enervates the nature, that men and women given to this vice become at last incapable of energetic action, and could as soon square the circle as make themselves happy with what they have: they are always wrong in their circumstances somehow, and always suffering because of external things, not because of internal feelings. If only such and such things were different!—if only some one would go or some one would come, if this wall was thrown down or that fence built up,—they

would be quite happy. Foolish people! they never think that state is being, and that happiness or unhappiness comes from within rather than from without, and that those who wish to be happy may be happy, outside absolute ruin and desolation of circumstance and soul; still those who wish to be miserable have only so to will in order to be gratified, the world being too busy to give its time to smoothing down the hairy backs of blue devils. Besides, what use is there in gloom? In this phantasmagoric life of ours, "where nothing is, but all things seem," where we are what we believe ourselves to be, and have in proportion to our faith, what good or use is there in fancying everything worse than it is, and filling one's moral paint-pot with lampblack instead of rose-color and azurine? The mind is as a haunted chamber, where the will can summon what shapes it pleases,—angels or demons, good genii or bad,—as it chooses for its own account; and while the cheerful live in the midst of smiling spirits, bright-eyed and golden-haired, with brave words and happy issues to help in times of difficulty, the gloomy call about them an array of moping, mowing imps, with lank, lean jaws, and bleary, cast-down eyes, pointing with skinny fingers to the altar of eternal sorrow, the altar at which Death stands as the high-priest, offering up the sacrifice of human souls and human joys. But angels or imps, they are essentially born of the mind alone, and are products of the will; and he who wishes to change his company has only to remember that matchless motto, *Velle est agere*, to find the thing done. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," sang the brave old cavalier. And no poet's lyre ever gave forth a truer note.

No doctrine is more important to impress on people than this of cheerfulness being able to make its own joy; the finding of life being in accordance with the spirit of the seeker, far more than with any possible run of circumstances. Even sorrow can be better



borne if there is a cheerful nature for the melancholy portage,—melancholy at the best!—while a peevish temper turns happiness itself to gloom, and spoils the harmony of the sweetest music. The only case in which the collapse of cheerfulness is excusable is when a bright, enjoying, and energetic nature is chained up in the same yoke with a gloomy, sour, and narrow soul; when the blither and braver is under the harrow drawn by the meagre and

the melancholy; when a free, full, frank nature is stunted, clipped, pressed back, imprisoned, and denied the happiness which is the God-given right of all men by the tyranny and perverseness of a comrade. Then if the chain cannot be broken, no one can wonder if the wounded spirit sinks exhausted from its many blows, and if what was once bright and smiling cheerfulness puts on the grave aspect of strong-hearted endurance only.

### MASTER TREADWELL.

WHIST still has its lovers and chess its admirers, but does anybody play backgammon now, I wonder? or has that fine aristocratic old game, like ombre and quadrille, become a thing of the past, played only by the shades of our grandfathers and grandmothers? In my time,—in the days of candles, comfort, and woodfires,—backgammon was very fashionable, and was thought by fine ladies and fine gentlemen to be a more elegant as well as a more pleasant kill-time than checkers or draughts. The nabobs of Richport even preferred it to whist itself. These “nabobs” were a number of mahogany-faced shipmasters of much wealth and prodigious self-importance. They lived in big houses in the polite and genteel world of “India Square.” They drank the best old port, and dined on the fattest beef and the juiciest mutton. They went bravely garbed in the finest broadcloth, and their wives and daughters rustled in the richest silks. Aboard ship these grim and grizzled monarchs of the quarter-deck were as brisk as the breeze and as restless as the sea; but on shore they were the idlest and most useless men outside of an almshouse or a custom-house. Had it not been for backgammon, they would have died of the spleen or ennui ere their ships were ready for new voyages. Doctor Johnson said that a tavern chair

was preferable to a throne. Addison liked Button’s humble coffee-house better than magnificent Holland House. And the nabobs of “India Square” preferred Plummer Wedgwood’s shop to their own handsome parlors and comfortable sitting-rooms; and when at home from sea they passed most of their time in that favorite loafing-place, enveloped in tobacco-smoke, telling Munchausen-like stories, and playing backgammon.

Plummer Wedgwood, although he stood behind a counter, and weighed out sugar, tea, and spices, was a gentleman. He never insulted his customers—as the little-souled, twopenny grocer of the present day does—by hanging up in his store such foolish and offensive placards as these: “NO SMOKING,” “TERMS CASH,” “NO ROOM FOR LOAFERS.” Though not a smoker himself, he was no enemy of the “great plant.” In fact, he rather liked the smell of burning tobacco, and loved to see his friends enjoying their cigars. As for giving credit,—that was his weakness. He trusted everybody. He was proud of having the names of so many of his townspeople in his books. And although he dealt mostly with those who could pay and who did pay, he had quite a fortune owing him when he gave up business. During the last month or two of his life, when you will

say he had better have been reading his Bible and weaning himself from the world, Plummer Wedgwood whiled away many an hour in looking over his old day-books and ledgers. The pages which he examined with the most pleasure and satisfaction were not those whereon were written in his beautiful business hand the aristocratic names of Hough and Dale and Trask, but those which contained the unsettled accounts of the widows, superannuated sailors, etc., whom he had supplied with many of the necessities of life, knowing at the time that there was not the least probability of his ever being paid. The amount of those unsettled accounts, O noble Wedgwood! let us hope was placed upon the credit side of thy page in the great ledger above.

And loafers! Plummer Wedgwood loved them, and gave up his back shop to them. This back shop had two large sunny windows that looked upon the busy wharves and the beautiful harbor. Its walls were covered with faded, quaint old house-paper, on which were depicted beasts and birds unknown to natural history. In truth, it was a pleasant, comfortable, good-sized room, once the kitchen of Madam Whittemore; there was the very oven in which madam's bread and beans were baked a half-century ago, and the deep, roomy closet in which she kept her

"Pies, puddings, and tarts.

Even after Captain Ben Northwood (who used to play backgammon at sea with his cabin-boys) lost his sight, he made his accustomed visits to Wedgwood's grocery-store. If he could not play backgammon, he could listen to the congenial conversation which was always carried on there, and gladden his heart by the dear familiar sound of the shaking dice. It was both a pitiful and a pleasant sight to see cherry-lipped Fanny Adams escorting her blind, blithe old grandfather to Plummer Wedgwood's door. How fondly the little maid clung to grandpapa's arm, and

how merrily she chattered all the way! Fanny prospered in life, let me parenthetically inform the reader, and is now a comely elderly lady, with I know not how many loving grandsons and granddaughters.

Rich and grouty Captain Edward Currier (vulgarly called Ned Kyer), who married the beautiful West-Indian heiress, used to ride in his coach to this resort of the backgammon-players of Richport. At about ten of the clock in the forenoon during the summer solstice (the Captain passed his winters in Havana), his elegant plain carriage, drawn by two fine coal-black steeds, would drive grandly up in front of Wedgwood's shop. The bowing, smiling, white-aproned grocer would help the purse-proud loafer to alight, and then conduct him very politely to the back shop, where he was warmly welcomed by the backgammon-players.

These mighty men of the sea pretended that anybody, rich or poor, captain of a fine ship or skipper of a little contemptible fishing-smack, who could tell a good story, laugh at a good joke, and play backgammon, was welcome to a seat in Plummer Wedgwood's back shop. There was, however, great commotion among the frequenters of Madam Whittemore's ancient kitchen, when, one winterly night, rusty little Mr. Crafts, the fishmonger, walked into the room and took a seat at the table. He was an excellent backgammon-player, and had long desired to try his skill with the great players of Richport, and so informed one of his aristocratic customers, who jestingly said he had better go to Wedgwood's, and let them see what he could do. At this intrusion of the commonality in the person of Mr. Crafts the dice ceased to rattle and the noisy tongues were silent. For a moment or two the company were paralyzed with amazement, and did nothing but stare at the bold intruder, who was evidently considerably surprised at the sensation he had made. He soon took a very unceremonious leave, and whenever thereafter he had occasion to pass Plummer

Wedgwood's shop, he went upon the opposite side of the street.

If these proud and haughty loafers would have nothing to say to the poor fishmonger, they petted and made much of Harbord, the sexton. But Harbord wore a broadcloth coat and had a fashionable wife. He was a politer man than the parson, and could bow nearly as elegantly as the dancing-master himself. Madam Currier said she had no doubt of his being a gentleman in heaven,—he was almost one on earth. With what an air he would usher a fine lady up the aisle to her pew! and how gracefully he would trip up the pulpit stairs to hand a note to the clergyman! He was a favorite with the ladies, and always had a bit of fresh gossip or a welcome compliment for them. And—perhaps this was the crowning merit of the man—he dug such beautiful, genteel-looking graves that, as Miss Nancy Pearson once observed, one would never want to leave them to go wandering idly about at night, frightening good people and setting the dogs a howling. Harbord had a deal of leisure time, especially during the healthy season of the year, and passed most of it at Plummer Wedgwood's. He was an admirable listener, and had a very appreciative smile. With the exception of Master Treadwell, the sexton was perhaps the best backgammon-player in Richport.

This Treadwell was a character, and deserves to be painted in brighter and fresher colors than I have upon my palette. He was the only son of a poor clergyman, who obscurely but contentedly passed the best and ripest years of his life in preaching to a few farmers and mechanics in a little town among the hills of New Hampshire. Besides the consolations of the Gospel and the pious pleasures of his holy calling, this good priest had one worldly delight, one earthly solace,—backgammon,—which he sometimes played with the lawyer and sometimes with one of his own deacons. Do you object to a

divine playing backgammon? It is true that in France the clergy were once forbidden to play chess; and it is equally true that in England they were not permitted to partake of the dessert at dinner. But do you believe it sinful or improper for your pastor to eat a slice of plum-pudding or a piece of mince-pie? Swift called backgammon an ecclesiastical game, and said that a clergyman could play it conscientiously. The great and good Luther used to pass an hour or two after dinner at the backgammon-table. But Parson Treadwell soon had a new player to cope with,—his own son, his darling Jotham, who at the age of nine years (the precocious youth!) actually gammoned his father. From that day forth great things were expected of thee, Jotham Treadwell. It was said—by the envious parents of dull and loutish sons, no doubt—that the minister was so constantly engaged in playing backgammon with his boy, that he found no time to write his sermons, and had to stand up in the pulpit on Sunday and preach old well-remembered discourses. O poor little congregation of Christian worshippers, longing for new truth, hungry for the fresh bread of life, did your good shepherd weary you with stale morality? Did he feed you with old musty crumbs of theology, the fragments and remains of former repasts?

When young Treadwell got appointed teacher of the winter term of the district school, his delighted parents believed that the days of their son's greatness and glory were rapidly approaching, if they had not actually arrived. Undoubtedly Jotham might, like his predecessor, have taught this school till old age had compelled him to lay down the pedagogue's potent sceptre, the ferrule, had not the middlesome new committee discovered that he preferred giving his scholars lessons in backgammon to teaching them reading, writing, and arithmetic. And as these men thought that their sons and daughters could better dispense with a knowledge of the art and practice of back-

gammon-playing than remain ignorant of the multiplication-table and the rule of three, Master Treadwell soon had a successor.

One morning, a few days after the loss of his pedagogic honors and emoluments, Jotham astonished his parents by saying that he was going out into the world to seek his fortune.

"Fortune," said his father, "is an arrant coquette, who oftentimes confers her favors upon those who follow not in her train."

"Why go among strangers?" pleaded the good mother. "Why leave home and friends? Be patient, and abide the Lord's time; we all shall be rich when the French claims are paid."

Ah! how many indigent gentlefolks, the sons, daughters, and widows of ruined sea-captains and bankrupt merchants, lived on from day to day, from year to year, in happy expectation of the immediate settlement of the French claims!

Notwithstanding his parents' gentle protestations, Jotham left the place of his "kindly engendure," and set out upon his expedition in search of that glittering bawble, wealth. At his departure his mother gave him her blessing and a bottle of opodeldoc. His father enriched him with temporal and spiritual advice, and, as a solace for his lonely, idle hours, presented him with six of his longest doctrinal sermons. But silver and gold he had none to give him. Jotham, however, was not an impecunious traveller. He was one of those "close hunks," who, when they get hold of a dollar, keep it till death or dire necessity compels them to part with it. He had stowed away in some safe and secret pocket every cent of his school-keeping money, and nearly all of the money he had earned by surveying.

From pleasant, breezy little Pippinville (his native town) Treadwell went to Portsmouth and opened a writing-school; but not meeting with much success, he withdrew his specimens of calligraphy from the gaze of an unappreciative public, and voyaged to Ban-

gor in the schooner Susan Jane. There he taught school successfully for several years, and introduced backgammon among the lumbermen of Maine. From Bangor he embarked in the packet for Boston, and narrowly escaped being wrecked upon Norman's Woe. He said that this rough passage killed in him what little of the sailor he had inherited from his maternal grandfather, who was a famous navigator in his day, and commanded one of Obadiah Chadwell's ships. In Boston Master Treadwell "clerked it" for three or four years in a flour and grain store on Long Wharf. He boarded in his employer's family, and played backgammon almost every evening with his employer's daughter, whom he loved and would have married if she had not died during their courtship. Soon after the loss of his sweetheart, Treadwell left the grain-dealer's employ and went to Newbury and took a five years' lease of the mill on the Artichoke. Here, when the grist was all ground, or the water was low, Master Treadwell, now a dusty "meal-cap miller," played backgammon with his hired man, or with any passing acquaintance whom he could coax to stop and have a game with him. At the expiration of his lease Treadwell returned to Boston prepared to act a new part in the tragi-comedy of life. There he made the acquaintance of Captain John Godbold, a Richport shipmaster, who was peddling out a cargo of molasses among the grocers and distillers. The Captain was so delighted with Master Treadwell that he took him home with him to Richport, and played backgammon with him day and night for a week. And Treadwell was so pleased with Richport and the backgammon-loving shipmasters and ship-owners to whom Godbold introduced him, that he resolved to remain there for the rest of his life, if he could get anything to do. Richport has a wonderful predilection for strangers, and generally prefers them to her own citizens, whom she too often neglects, giving her business to unknown newcomers, who pocket her money and

laugh at her primitive manners and old-fashioned ways. Through the influence of Captain Godbold, Treadwell was appointed teacher of the *Somes School*; but the pupils were so wild and unruly he could do nothing with them, and he begged the committee to choose his successor. Almost immediately after giving up the school Master Treadwell was elected tax-collector, in place of superannuated Mr. Pew. Nowadays, except in little obscure country towns, the collector sits in his office and takes the people's money. But in Master Treadwell's time your tax-collector went from house to house after the taxes, and at many of them he had to call again and again and yet again before he got the cash. Of all knocks at the door, from the bang of the well-remembered beggar to the loud, impatient thump of the Yankee *Autolycus*, the too-well-known rap of the tax-collector was the most unpleasant. From rich and from poor did these "ink-horn varlets" receive an uncourteous greeting. Peter Pounce groaned and growled and swore while he reluctantly counted out the amount of his tax; and Hodge grudgingly and grumblingly paid the trifle (no trifle to him) which the collector demanded. Poor Mr. Pew! they say he was a well-fleshed man ere the unkind fates made him a tax-collector; when he resigned the office he was a mere bundle of skin and bones. For years he bore bravely the scoffs and rebuffs of the fierce and fiery Captain John Godbold, who swore he was always outrageously overtaxed. But the stout-hearted collector quailed and covered before the terrible tongue-batteries of Madam Vinson. Mrs. Vinson was a proud, handsome, high-tempered old woman, the wealthy widow of a Richport shipmaster. She was a mammon-worshipper, and counted her gold (of which she kept a goodly supply in the house) as devoutly as a good Catholic tells her beads. Most people love the spring, and hail its return with delight. But Madam Vinson hated this vernal season of the year, and grew cross and uneasy when she saw the

grass growing green in her sunny front yard. For with the birds and flowers of spring came the assessors. They and the tax-collector were the torments of her life. All the winter through she dreaded the advent of the assessors in the spring; and after their unwelcome visit was over, she began to hoard up her anger against the arrival of the tax-collector in the autumn.

For Madam Vinson the sea had an irresistible fascination. Many a nipping winter's day, when the blazing wood-fire hardly took the chill out of the room, she would sit at the window, unmindful of the cold, unmindful of the friends that sat by her fire and "chatted the hours away," and gaze upon the illimitable ocean. Many a summer morning, ere the robins had breakfasted, she was at the window, watching some distant sail or listening to the melancholy song of the sea. When Master Treadwell called to collect madam's tax, he found her sitting in her comfortable easy-chair, looking eagerly seaward. He, with a Yankee's observing eye, glanced round the neat and pleasant apartment, and noticed with pleasure the quaint old pictures upon the walls, the tall, loudly ticking Willard clock in the corner, and the handsome mahogany backgammon-board under the antique work-table. All people, it is said, have their "blind sides," their assailable points. Backgammon was Madam Vinson's weakness, and Treadwell knew it, and hoped to profit by it.

"What! are you the new tax-collector?" exclaimed Mrs. Vinson, rising from her chair, and snatching the tax-bill from the Master's hand. "You look as if you were too much of a gentleman for such contemptible business as this."

"Madam," replied Treadwell, bowing in a manner that would have done honor to Daniel Webster himself, "no one can be too much of a gentleman to do his duty."

"Duty!" she screamed. "Don't try to humbug me with that cant! When men would do the Devil's dirty work they talk of duty!"

Madam Vinson was determined to show Master Treadwell no mercy. She scolded him. She laughed at him. She called him all the ugly names in her copious vocabulary of abuse. After pouring all the vials of her wrath upon the bland and unruined collector, Mrs. Vinson fumbled awhile in her capacious pocket, and at last fished up from the depths of that wonderful receptacle of conveniences a key, with which she mysteriously unlocked a little closet in the front entry. She soon returned to the sitting-room with an apronful of money, — glittering golden eagles, bright silver dollars, and crisp new bank-bills. After carefully counting this money, she carried it all back to the closet, saying, as she coolly returned the key to her pocket, "I can't pay your bill to-day, Mr. What's-your-name." Then pointing to the door, bade the collector good morning.

"But before I go," said Treadwell, "I should like to play a game of backgammon with you, madam."

"What! you a backgammon-player?"

"Yes, madam. I was brought up on theology and backgammon."

"Then you are not quite so big a fool as I took you to be."

"O, no indeed."

"Well, Mr. Collector," said the lady, as Treadwell was placing the men upon the board, "if you gammon me, you shall have the tax to-day."

They played six games, and Treadwell gammoned Madam Vinson four times.

"There's your money," said madam, handing the collector a roll of bills; "but don't you dare to tell Sam Tarbox that I paid my tax the first time you called."

But Treadwell did inform Sam Tarbox, the town treasurer, of his success in collecting Madam Vinson's tax, and that worthy sung the Master's praise in the ears of all his friends. And Treadwell became the hero of the hour, and for a day his masterly achievement in tax-collecting was the theme of conversation at half the tea-tables in Richport. At Plummer Wedgwood's

shop he was overwhelmed with admiration. The nabobs of "India Square" forgot their greatness in his presence, and considered it an honor to be gammoned by Master Treadwell. The ladies were interested in him; and when they learned that he was a bachelor, there was, believe me, no slight flutter and commotion among the widows and elderly spinsters. Wherever he went to dine or to take tea — and he was now a welcome guest in a score of the first families of Richport — he made himself a prodigious favorite with the women, from miss in her teens to grandmamma in her dotage. Dr. Calkin's two daughters, who had long been in the matrimonial market, were madly in love with Treadwell, and tried to captivate him with their faded beauty and old-fashioned coquetry. Miss Amelia, the schoolmistress, bought with her hard-earned money a splendid blue silk dress with which to dazzle Master Treadwell into admiration; and Miss Pamela, the female Papanti, who had inducted two or three generations of children into "the shapely and salutary art of dancing," gave up whist, and devoted the time she formerly gave to cards to backgammon, — and all to obtain the smiling approbation of the backgammon-playing tax-collector. In brief, these ancient maidens did all they well could to win this man's love, but they had neither youth nor wealth, and he passed them by.

The fact was that at the very time when the Misses Calkin were trying so hard to "catch" Master Treadwell, he was courting Mrs. Prindall, the widow of Solomon Prindall, master and owner of the good brig Amazon. Treadwell liked the manners and appearance of Mrs. Prindall, and was greatly in love with her comfortable convenient house and snug little fortune. But he had a rival, — Captain John Godbold. Captain Godbold "roamed the blue deep" in the brig Minerva (the ugly old craft! how he loved her), and made in the Surinam trade what was called in his time a handsome fortune. He was a surly, narrow-minded, fiery-



tempered man. Even in his most genial moments his conversation was spiced with profanity and bristled with ill-nature. When angry — and he was angered at anything or at nothing — how he swore! This human bulldog, — this seafaring Squire Weston, had a marvellously handsome daughter. She was one of those black-eyed girls that, as Quevedo says, carry fire in their eyes. She made many a heart ache in her day. Poor thing! her triumphs were many, but her reign was short. Some day, perhaps, I may tell the story of Edith Godbold's life.

Mrs. Prindall was an old flame of Godbold's, and would, it was said, have married him in preference to Captain Prindall, had not the turbulent wooer frightened and disgusted her with his profanity. Through all the years of his wedded life Captain Godbold had never forgotten his comely youthful love; and when informed that Captain Prindall was lost at sea he clapped his hands for joy, and told poor Mrs. Godbold, who was then in the last stages of consumption, that Kate Prindall should be his second wife. Had he dared he would have made love to Mrs. Prindall at his wife's funeral. After waiting impatiently nearly three weeks for decorum's sake, — for even this hasty suitor admitted that it would not look well for a gentleman to go a-court-ing till his wife had been dead a proper time, — he determined to defer the business no longer, but to propose to the widow at once, "Else," as he said to his housekeeper, "some d—d fellow or other will snap her up." Accordingly the Captain dressed himself in his best, and went and offered himself to Mrs. Prindall. She refused him, and declared that she had no intention of ever marrying again. Captain John believed, with Mr. Collins, in one of Miss Austen's novels, that it is usual with ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, and therefore he was not at all discouraged by the widow's "*No*." He gave her a good many chances of becoming Mrs. Godbold. For the next

eight or ten years he called upon Mrs. Prindall as often as once in every six months, and renewed his offer. He became such a tremendous bore at last, and offended her so much with his violent and profane protestations of love, that Mrs. Prindall resolved to put an end to his visits by espousing Treadwell. The Captain, in his numerous calls upon the widow, had frequently found Treadwell at her house, playing backgammon; but he never seriously thought that the tax-collector was making love to the lady. When told that Mrs. Prindall was going to marry Master Treadwell, Godbold was a dreadfully angry man, and said to his informant: "You lie, sir! She will never have the d—d beggar!" The Captain then took his hat, and left the house. In a few minutes after there was a portentous knock at Mrs. Prindall's door, and Dorcas, the ancient serving-woman, ushered Captain John Godbold into the parlor.

"Madam," said he to the widow, as he entered the room, "do you know what devilish lies folks are telling about you? They say you are going to wed that vagabond of a tax-collector!" The widow, flushing with anger, replied: "If you have been told that I am going to marry Jotham Treadwell, you had better believe it, for 't is the truth!" For a few moments passion rendered Godbold speechless, and he went spinning round the room like a humming-top. He spun himself out of the parlor into the entry, and out of the entry into the yard, where, partly recovering his speech, he sputtered out a number of oaths and curses. At the tea-table that afternoon Captain John raved profanely about the fickleness and perfidy of woman, and told the story of his wrongs to his housekeeper, Miss Polly Younger. Polly sympathized with the Captain, and unhesitatingly declared that the Widow Prindall was a fool.

"D—n it, Polly," said Godbold, clasping her in his arms, and kissing her, "you are a sensible girl, and by —, I'll marry you!" And marry her

he did, and a good and loving wife she made him.

Godbold and Treadwell were married in the same week, though not on the same day. Godbold and his "blooming, blushing bride" made a wedding tour to Boston, and lived in luxury and grandeur at the Elm Street Hotel for three whole days. Treadwell thought wedding tours a humbug, and passed his honeymoon at home, happily and industriously employed in examining his wife's papers and carefully ascertaining the value of his matrimonial prize. Indeed, so busy was he for a while with plans for the economical management of Mrs. Treadwell's property, that he only had time to devote a single brief hour each day to backgammon. He was a believer in the old miserly maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned." Mrs. Treadwell, he discovered, had, considerably to the detriment of her health and wealth, lived too extravagantly hitherto. But now all luxuries and superfluities must be dispensed with, he said. The grocer's bill should be reduced, and the butcher need not call oftener than twice or thrice a month.

Master Cabra, in the true and diverting history of Paul the Sharper, pretended to prefer turnips to partridges, and Master Treadwell professed to like fish better than poultry or butcher's meat.

"Surely, my dear," argued Treadwell with his wife, who dearly loved her beefsteak and mutton-chop; "it is a shameful extravagance to have meat three or four times a week. Now, fish is good and nutritious and *cheap*, and, in the opinion of a great French philosopher and epicure, its taste is more delicate than that of the flesh of animals." Therefore, save when fish were scarce and dear, Treadwell and his spouse luxuriated on cod and haddock and mackerel. The tattling neighbors said it was Friday every day in the week in the tax-collector's family. But they knew better, those meddlesome, calumniating neighbors. The Treadwell family did not dine upon fish more than four

days out of the seven, except when the Master, who was "a brother of the angle," caught a mess of "cunners" on some non-fish day.

Mrs. Treadwell used "loaf sugar" in her tea, whereat her economical husband shook his head disapprovingly. "Brown sugar is good enough for me, and I trust, my dear, that what's good enough for me will do for you." But Mrs. Treadwell, who was a great lover of the "China luxury," and thought that brown sugar would destroy the delicate flavor of her choice Hyson, declared, with no little warmth, that she could afford to have "loaf sugar," and should not give it up to please anybody. She did give it up, however, and was even induced to drink an inferior quality of tea in place of her favorite Hyson.

Mrs. Treadwell was likewise fond of fine clothes, and loved to appear at church on Sunday in handsome, fashionable attire. One day, a few months after her marriage, she took a number of patterns of dress stuff from her workbasket, and spreading them out upon the table, asked her husband which of them would make her the most becoming garment.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Treadwell, with surprise, "that you are thinking of buying another new dress? Why! you have dresses enough to last you your lifetime."

"'Tis no such thing, Mr. Treadwell," rejoined his wife. "I've hardly a decent gown to my back, and must have a dress off this beautiful green silk. Will you give me the money to pay for it or shall I have it charged?"

The Master, you must know, collected his wife's rents and dividends, and kept the key of her cash-box in his pocket, and whenever she wanted any money she had to apply to him. In this particular instance, knowing that Mrs. Treadwell's wardrobe was rich in silks that "stood on end," he refused to give her a cent, and forbade her to run in debt at the mercer's. She was indignant, and talked, as Pepys would say, "huge high." She said

things had come to a fine pass indeed, if she, who was worth twenty thousand dollars, could not have a new gown when she pleased. Then she cried, saying between the sobs that her husband was a mean, contemptible man, and she a very fool for marrying such a curmudgeon. Then, wiping her eyes, and shaking her head angrily, she vowed she would cease to attend public worship on the Sabbath, unless she could make as good an appearance as her neighbors. To this last assertion Treadwell, who was amusing himself at the backgammon-table by seeing how many times he could throw doub-lets, replied by saying that if his wife was not going to church any more he would sell her pew and put the money at interest. And the pew would have been sold, had not Mrs. Treadwell continued to occupy it as heretofore, or rather a small part of it, for her husband had, much to her displeasure, let all the seats but two. Dorcas, the old servant, who, on stormy Sundays as well as on fine, had, for I know not how many years, modestly filled the little corner seat of the big, old-fashioned family pew, was driven to the gallery, among the poor and penniless Christians from the almshouse. If her new master could have had his way, she herself would have been sent to the workhouse, — that purgatory of the indigent and friendless. Like Scott's Jenny Dennison, like Mary Mitford's Mrs. Mosse, Dorcas was of the antique world,

"When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

Mrs. Treadwell appreciated her old domestic, and was tenderly attached to the faithful creature, and said that if Dorcas went to the poorhouse she went with her. Finding that his wife was really in earnest, and bethinking him that possibly Dorcas, though aged and infirm, was worth the pittance it cost to feed and clothe her, Treadwell thought it best to let his helpmate do as she liked in this matter. So, as long as her kind mistress lived, Dorcas went pottering round among the pans and kettles in Master Treadwell's kitchen.

Although Mrs. Treadwell did not appreciate her husband's economical management of her property, and grievously felt the loss of her accustomed liberty of spending her money as freely and foolishly as she pleased, she never complained of his parsimony to anybody save one or two of her bosom friends, who of course did not violate her confidence by talking of the matter with their compeers. Yet, somehow or other, the several reforms in the lady's household economy were known, not only to all the neighborhood, but to half the town. Indeed, Treadwell's name grew to be a synonyme for penuriousness; and it used to be said that many an extravagant young housekeeper was frightened almost into prudence and thrift by her husband threatening to adopt the tax-collector's system of frugality. The women of course pitied Mrs. Treadwell, and said she was a fool to submit so tamely to her husband's tyrannical usurpations. Madam Vinson, however, declared that Master Treadwell was doing a wise and commendable thing in repressing his wife's love of fashionable apparel and high living. Madam Vinson, to be sure, was a covetous person herself, and, like Shenstone's Abbess, added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. But even I myself, who hold with Burke that all parsimony is of a quality approaching to unkindness, believe that the tax-collector, notwithstanding his close-fisted prudence and Elwes-like frugality, was a better husband than most of his female censors drew in the lottery of marriage. Though he spoke many an unwelcome truth to his wife, and generally answered her applications for money with an emphatic "No," he never abused her with foul language, or even scolded her otherwise than in a gentlemanly manner. And when she was ill, how kind, how deferential, how attentive he was! He did not believe in doctors, however, and never willingly permitted one to enter his house. He disliked their drugs and their bills, and preferred to save his wife's money by doctoring her himself with a few simple

roots and herbs, which, if they did no good, certainly did no harm. And when she was convalescent, how careful he was that her diet should be light and spare! How learnedly he expatiated on the nutritive and sanative qualities of oat-meal! How eloquent he grew in praise of meal-porridge and water-gruel! How admirably he discoursed upon "shells," proving beyond a peradventure that they were better and wholesomer than chocolate, which Mrs. Treadwell was excessively fond of! But his masterpiece of learning, eloquence, and Jesuitical reasoning was his attempt to convince his wife, who was just recovering from a severe fit of indisposition, and was craving some appetizing morsel, some relishing tid-bit, that a smoked herring was superior to a broiled chicken. At the Master's panegyric on herring John Bachalen would have wept for joy, and Father Prout have laughed with delight. But her husband's rhetoric was lost upon Mrs. Treadwell, who at the conclusion, as at the beginning of his speech, clamored for chicken. I believe the matter was settled by a compromise in the form of a slice of not too tender beefsteak.

Although Mrs. Treadwell was a true and faithful wife, and loved her husband almost as much as she did her bank-stock and real estate, she was not one of those foolish fond women who think it necessary to their happiness to have their lord forever at their side. The truth was, both she and Dorcas were happier and more at their ease when Treadwell was away than when he was at home, kindly overlooking their labors and giving them an occasional word of instruction in the frugal management of their domestic concerns, as, for instance, how to heat the Dutch-oven with the least wood, and how to sweep the room in a way not to wear the broom out. And after putting his wife's pecuniary affairs in excellent condition, and reducing her personal and household expenditures to the smallest possible sum, he passed nearly all his time in circumambulating the streets in his official character, and

in playing backgammon at Plummer Wedgwood's grocery. Treadwell, after amusing himself with hunting up delinquent tax-payers, and dunning his wife's tenants for rent, would fall to work at backgammon with wonderful energy and industry. In truth, backgammon was to Master Treadwell what whist was to Mrs. Battle: it was "his business, his duty, the thing he came into the world to do." He played backgammon — as Cavanagh played "fives," or as Josie D. plays croquet — in its perfection. His lucky throws and masterly moves were the wonder and admiration of all bystanders. Except in the winter-time, when, in commiseration of his wood-pile, he indulged himself in a long morning nap, Treadwell was an early riser, and often went down to the store before breakfast and had a game or two of backgammon with Plummer Wedgwood's shop-boy. After playing busily all day — as he commonly did in those seasons of the year when he had little or nothing to do as a tax-collector — he always felt like playing all night, and dreaded to hear the nine-o'clock bell, for at its clamorous peal the stores in Richport were closed, and the backgammon-players were driven from their comfortable loafing-place. Treadwell occasionally invited some one or other of his friends to his house after the shop was shut; and there, by the dim light of a tallow candle, they played backgammon till midnight or later.

In politics Master Treadwell was a Whig, not because he believed in the principles and professions of that party, but for the good and sufficient reason that, as far as his observation went, the Whigs played backgammon and the Democrats played checkers. But the tax-collector was so little of a partisan that he lit his fire with loco-foco matches, and offended some of his Whig friends by voting now and then with the Democrats at March meeting. The fact was, Treadwell was indefatigable in his attempts to prevent the least increase of taxation, and therefore when

the Whigs of Richport advocated the making of new roads and the building of new school-houses, he, with the Democrats, who of course opposed everything their antagonists contended for, voted, to quote from one of his own town-meeting speeches, "against these shameful and outrageous projects for the depletion of the town treasury and the enlargement of the town debt." For a few years the Democrats, reinforced by the tax-collector and a few wealthy Whigs who cared more for their pockets than for their principles, were, in the language of Dr. Ellery Bray, "successful in their attempts to stop the march of improvement and stay the progress of civilization." At last, however, the people, without distinction of party, believing in the words of their champion Dr. Bray, "that the time had come for them to vindicate their rights and redress their wrongs," rose in their might and, in spite of Master Treadwell's influence and Master Treadwell's eloquence, voted to build two new roads and erect three new school-houses. "Well," said Treadwell to himself, as he left the hall after the adjournment of that memorable March meeting, "if these paltry poll-tax payers, who now outnumber and outvote the men of wealth and sense, are going to squander away other folks' money at this rate, I may as well get a little of it while 't is going myself."

At the next town meeting he said he could not afford to collect the taxes another year for the compensation he had hitherto received. His townsmen, however, practising in this instance the economy he had so often preached to them, refused to give him any additional remuneration. Whereat Master Treadwell, surprisingly angry for so mild-tempered a man, jumped up and gave the people a piece of his mind. To his hasty and unwise remarks Dr. Bray replied by nominating Zachariah Chard for tax-collector. And before Treadwell had fairly recovered his usual serenity, Chard was chosen as his successor.

Master Treadwell professed that he was glad to be rid of the toils and troubles of his ill-paying office, although at heart vexed that it had slipped from his grasp. He missed his official dignity and self-importance. He even missed the angry looks and unkind words of those who had as lief receive a call from the Devil as from the tax-gatherer. And he missed the money the most of all. It is true his emoluments were provokingly small, but they were much too large for any pocket save his own.

It was solely for the public good and the gratification of his natural, inborn love of frugality, that Master Treadwell had labored so strenuously hitherto to keep the town expenses down. Now, however, being a tax-payer himself, and having a pecuniary interest in the matter, he was more bitterly opposed than ever to all such costly superfluities as new roads and new school-houses. It was laughable, it was pitiable, and reminded one of Don Quixote's heroic encounter with the unchivalrous windmills, and Mrs. Partington's brave but unequal contest with the Atlantic Ocean, to see how vigorously and valiantly Treadwell and a few opulent graybeards fought, at each semi-annual town-meeting, against the liberal and progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. But the citizens of Richport, disregarding the ex-tax-collector's protestations and denunciations, continued to vote liberal appropriations of money for such idle and extravagant purposes as taking care of the poor, keeping the streets in a passable condition, and providing schools for the children.

Master Treadwell could not walk the streets without being annoyed at the sight of paupers whom the town had to support and of children whom the town had to educate. He never passed a school-house without shaking his head angrily, and muttering to himself something about the folly and presumption of a certain Mr. Horace Mann. Though married himself, he spoke disrespectfully of the institution of marriage, and said there should be a law to prevent so many young fools from

rushing into matrimony and swarming the world with children for the wealthy tax-payers to educate.

Richport was not now the place it was when Treadwell first knew the town. Its foreign commerce was decaying. Its old aristocratic society was dying out. Strangers were seen in the streets, and strange names were upon too many of the signs. Plummer Wedgwood's name was still over the grocery door, but Plummer Wedgwood himself no longer stood bowing and smiling behind the counter. And new faces were seen and old faces missed in Plummer Wedgwood's back shop. Democrats and checkers were tolerated now in Madam Whittemore's old kitchen. When Treadwell saw that veteran Whig and backgammon-player, Captain John Godbold, condescending to puzzle himself with checkers, he felt that the days of the great Whig party were numbered.

While Master Treadwell was fretting at Godbold's apostasy, Mrs. Treadwell was taken dangerously ill with her old hereditary disease, the erysipelas. The Master, nobly superior to his prejudices against the medical faculty, generously permitted the sick woman to have a physician. But as the doctor came out of the house death went in. Old Dorcas was dreadfully shocked by her mistress's death, and Treadwell, no doubt, painfully felt his loss. Yet with all his sorrow he kept a close watch upon Dorcas's strapping grand-niece (who came to help her venerable kinswoman make ready for the funeral), and made, it was said, a shrewd bargain with Harbord the sexton.

The late Mrs. Treadwell had a goodly number of friends and relatives, a crowd of whom came flocking to her funeral. I am afraid their sorrow for the dead lady was changed into anger against her living husband, when they found that there was not a carriage of any sort or description for the mourners. Master Treadwell disliked all funeral pomp and parade, and did not see the necessity nor the propriety of going to the expense of giving his

neighbors a free ride, on this melancholy occasion. And he had, perhaps, withal a curiosity to see how many of his late wife's dear friends cared enough for her to follow her remains to the grave on foot. The day was fine and the walking good, yet of all that household of people not quite a score walked with Treadwell and the clergyman to the burial-ground.

Miss Nancy Pearson, who did not turn her back upon the deceased Mrs. Treadwell till she saw her put to bed, and, as it were, comfortably tucked up for the long, last sleep, said that the master shed several quite large tears at his wife's grave. "Poor man!" continued Miss Nancy, "he had cause to weep, for at Mrs. Treadwell's death he lost all control of her property." But when her relatives examined the affairs of the departed lady, they found, to their grief and indignation, that all her wealth was in Treadwell's possession.

Dorcas, who never had any great love for the Master, declared to her grand-niece, as they were putting the house in order after the funeral, that, now her poor dear mistress was gone, she would rather go to the workhouse than have to thank Jotham Treadwell for a home. Whereupon the grand-niece, whose Christian name was Sally, and whose surname was Ober, and who was the wife of a Richport fisherman, kindly gave her ancient kinswoman an invitation to come and live with her. Dorcas gladly accepted the offer, and in a few days she was comfortably and contentedly established in Mrs. Ober's family.

As the backgammon-players were rapidly decreasing, and the rates of taxation rapidly increasing, in Richport, Master Treadwell, instead of seeking for a housekeeper, resolved to leave the place, and return to his native New Hampshire hills. And before the grass was growing on his wife's grave he was gone. He found that the breezy little village of his nativity was now a busy, bustling town, with free schools all the year round, and a weekly news-



paper, "The New Hampshire Universe." The next number of the Universe published after Treadwell's arrival in Pippinville contained a paragraph or two upon that gentleman, in which it was stated, with the remarkable accuracy of a first-class journal, that "Mr. Treadwell, having accumulated in the sister State of Massachusetts a large fortune in the fishing business, has returned to Pippinville, the place of his birth; and here, let us trust, he will pass the many remaining years of his honorable and useful life in promoting, not only his own comfort and happiness, but the welfare and prosperity of this town." So well known is the ingratitude of man, that no one will be surprised to learn that Master Treadwell did not thank the editor of the Universe for his complimentary remarks, nor even subscribe for his paper. And yet Treadwell must have known that to the article in the Universe he was indebted for the honor and attentions he re-

ceived from several of the citizens of Pippinville. He had not been in the place a week, before he was asked to head a subscription for a new church, to join three charitable societies, to contribute to the missionary fund, to give a new banner to the Pippinville Artillery, and a new bell to the Orthodox meeting-house. These "honors and distinctions" were so little appreciated by the Master that he packed his trunk, paid his hotel bill, and left Pippinville in dismay, and set out in search of some Utopia of conservatism, where public improvements were unknown, and free schools undreamed of, where taxes were fabulously low, and the cost of living fabulously small. Is Master Treadwell still travelling wearily from town to town in quest of his vanishing Utopia? or is he at rest in some quiet graveyard, where the tax-collector never comes with his bill, nor the beggars in broadcloth with their subscription-papers?

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### AN IDLER'S IDYL.

A BORROWED boat, a certain sky,  
A tide whereon to dream and drift,  
Delay that never seems delay,  
Are more to me than gain or gift.

\* A boat is broader than a hearth,  
To borrow better than to own,  
For Care is in a manner blind,  
And follows Thrift by touch alone.

The miller's heart is in his toll,  
The sower's thoughts plod to and fro,  
And who hath anything at sea  
Forebodeth winds that never blow.

Then, Life, for thee the idle oar,  
A drowsy tide to drift upon,  
An air that hints of hills new-mown,  
To lull thee when thy dreams come on.

## THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.\*

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI won many friends, and softened the animosity of some enemies, by a sentence in the Preface to his edition of his father's writings: "My father was wont to say, that the best monument to an author was a good edition of his works; it is my purpose that he should possess this memorial." The pious intention was worthily executed, and the edition will remain, as long as men care for curious odds and ends of knowledge, a monument both to father and son.

The Bonapartes owed such a tribute to the memory of the head of their family; for, however the account may finally stand between Napoleon Bonaparte and mankind, no one can deny that to him his relations owe the whole of their importance in the world. He was ever mindful of what is due to kindred; he was fatally generous to his family; and it was not for them to regard his fame merely as part of *their* inheritance, to be expended or husbanded according to their convenience or caprice. Moreover, a good and complete edition of the writings of Napoleon Bonaparte—who was at least the consummate specimen of his kind of man, and as such worthy of attentive study—would have been a boon so precious and interesting, that it would have atoned for much which his present representatives have done amiss. The work would have been dearly purchased, but it would have remained a solid addition to our means of knowing one another.

In the issue of costly works there is usually, in these times, a publisher and an editor; and few literary workmen have been so blessed in their career as not to know what it is to have, in the back office, veiled from the general view, a timid or an embarrassed publisher,

who shrinks from liberal expenditure and trembles when one subscriber writes a fault-finding letter. The editor of this collection is Prince Jerome, who was aided by a corps of assistants. These gentlemen appear to have done their work with fidelity, giving the text with exactness, and avoiding all elucidation except such as they alone possessed the means of affording. The copy before us, which was sent for in the ordinary way, contains a large number of minute corrections with the pen, and there are many other indications, too trifling for mention, tending to show that the editors have done their duty as well as they were permitted to do it.

But they had a publisher, that "half-scared literary man," who is called Napoleon III. He appears to have both-ered the zealous but irresponsible editors extremely. *They* had no throne to lose, no necks in danger of the guillotine. The issue of the letters, which was begun in 1853, came to an abrupt conclusion in 1869, with the publication of volume twenty-eighth, which is only half as thick as the others. The twenty-seventh volume fell short a hundred and twenty pages, but the twenty-eighth is so thin as to destroy the uniformity of the set, and gives a rather ridiculous dwindling appearance to it, not without significance to the minds of the Irreconcilables. The last utterance of Napoleon given in this collection is the famous Protest, dated August 4, 1815, written on board the Bellerophon, against his detention as a captive by the British government. But we learn from a "Report to the Emperor," prefixed to volume twentieth, that as late as 1867 Prince Jerome expected and intended to include the letters and documents dictated at St. Helena. He had calculated that the productions of the Emperor in exile "would form only

\* *Correspondance de Napoléon 1<sup>er</sup>, publiée par Ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III. Paris. 1858-1869.*

three or four volumes," which would be given to the world by the end of the year 1869. But they did not appear. After a pause of some months, a New Series is announced, to consist only of the letters written in exile, and these volumes are now issuing. We shall not wait for them, however; for, besides the fact that we do not need more material for our purpose, there is no knowing what other change of plan may occur in the councils of a family now more than "half-scared."

The publisher has unmercifully scrippled the editors in point of expenditure; for not only is the paper cheap and fluff, but the publication has been continually retarded by want of money. "If," explains Prince Jerome, "our task has not proceeded more rapidly, it is because we believed it our duty to institute researches in the archives of Germany, England, Spain, Italy, Portugal. These researches, little as they have cost, have so lessened the fund at our disposal, that we have found it out of our power to bear the expense of printing a greater number of volumes without going beyond our allowance. . . . The time afforded us by the slenderness of our resources we have turned to account in examining documents beyond the period reached in the volumes given to the printer, thus diminishing our general expenditures." One toilet the less in a week for Eugénie would have relieved the editor's embarrassment.

In all these volumes, though they average more than six hundred pages each, and contain twenty-two thousand and sixty-seven letters and documents, there is revealed no fact so remarkable as the one intimated in the passage just quoted, namely, that the letters of Napoleon Bonaparte, published by his family half a century after his death, in twenty-eight volumes, sold at seven francs a volume, did not pay expenses! Little as our grandfathers, who saw him at the summit of his power, the terror of the world and the delirium of France, may have believed in the duration of his throne, few among them

would have hazarded the prediction that the mere curiosity of the world with regard to him would have so nearly died out in fifty years. These volumes, whatever their defects and omissions may be, do really admit the reader behind the scenes of the most startling, rapid, and tremendous melodrama ever played with real fire and real cannon, real kings and real emperors' daughters; and yet they do not sell, and we find the custodians of some of our most important libraries hesitating whether it is worth while to add them to their store. This is the more strange from the evident intention of the persons interested to publish the work on strict business principles. It is cheaply edited; it is sold at a fair booksellers' price; and the public are twice notified in each volume that the rights of translation and of republication are reserved, or that every one infringing will be prosecuted. Carlyle has lived to see his prediction of forty years ago fulfilled in good part: "The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute." This was a bold remark to utter in 1829, under the very nose of Wellington. How commonplace it seems in 1870! The prophecy would have been already fulfilled to the letter, if it had read thus: "The time may come when Napoleon himself will be more esteemed for his laws than for his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the founding of the first Workingmen's Protective Union."

There is, very naturally, a distrust of this publication in France. Frenchmen know very well who the publisher in the back office is; what he is; what his motive was in issuing the work; and whether he would be likely to give the world a sight of a document calculated to weaken the spell of Napoleon's name in France. People of our race, we think, need not share this distrust: for the family concerned in publishing the correspondence of Napoleon, much

as they might wish and intend to make his fame subservient to their interests, would not know how to present him in the most favorable light to the outside world. They would be as likely to suppress passages honorable to him as passages dishonorable. They would be likely to glory in some letters that would offend an American, English, or German reader. When a whole family have been eating garlic, they may gather after dinner about the head of the house, and the children may climb into his lap, and hug him close around the neck, and none of them will be able to discover anything wrong in his breath. To us these volumes exhibit the man, Napoleon Bonaparte. We may believe Prince Jerome when he says: "Let your Majesty be pleased to remark to what a proof we submit the memory of Napoleon I. We place in the clearest light all the acts of his government; we reveal the secret of his inmost thoughts. . . . We have faith in the public reason." Doubtless the editor felt himself justified in commending the work to "the judgment of enlightened men" as a "loyal publication."

Certainly there is enough of detail and minutiae to satisfy the most ravenous collector. Letter No. 8089, addressed to Berthier, is to this effect: "My cousin, the words of my writing which you cannot make out are *bataillon d'élite suisse*." No. 20093, to the Empress Marie-Louise, is: "Madame and dear Friend, I have received the letter in which you say that you received the Archchancellor in bed. It is my desire that, in no circumstances and under no pretext, you receive any one in bed, whosoever he may be. It is not permitted to a woman under thirty." No 21591, written at Elba, to an officer of the household: "I think it will be necessary for all the books asked for Leghorn to be rebound. Order that, if possible, an N shall be put upon each." There are hundreds of notes as brief and trivial as these, as well as a vast number of the answers scrawled upon the notes of ministers

submitting minor questions of administration to the master. Napoleon Bonaparte is within the covers of these volumes, and he can be extracted from them by those who will take the trouble.

Upon turning over the first volume, — which begins with the siege of Toulon and includes the conquest of Italy, — we are struck at once with the maturity of mind and character exhibited by the artillery officer of twenty-four. He seems to have been completely formed before he had held a command. He never equalled, as Emperor, the exploits of the young general. We see in his earliest letters every trait that distinguished him afterwards, and we see him also employing the methods and devices which marked his policy when he gave laws to a continent. These first letters give the impression that at twenty-four he could have fought Austerlitz as well as he did at thirty-five, and Waterloo better than at forty-six. The young man is betrayed, here and there, by a tendency to moralize, and a habit of uttering neat generalities, such as: "It is artillery that takes places, — infantry can only help"; or, "Three fourths of men occupy themselves with necessary things only when they feel the need of them"; or, "In artillery, the most difficult operation is the formation of a siege-train." But, generally speaking, the mature Napoleon is exhibited, and the whole of his career is foreshadowed in the few letters relating to his capture of Toulon in 1793. We see in them, what we see in all his military achievements, first, that the sure way of doing the thing was revealed to him at a glance; that that sure way was so simple that, when pointed out, every man not an absolute fool saw it as plainly as he did, and wondered why no one had thought of it before; that then he executed his plan with the precision of mathematics; and, finally, that he knew how to relate what he had done so as to intoxicate Frenchmen, and concentrate their admiration on himself. He had no sooner surveyed the situation

at Toulon, than he perceived a point from which a few pieces of cannon could force the English fleet from the roads. But there were no cannon at command. Then he writes clear, masterly letters to the government, begging cannon. After two months of letter-writing and intense effort in camp, the cannon are placed in position, and all falls out exactly as the young officer had predicted.

From that time, by the mere natural ascendancy of genius over ordinary mortals, Napoleon Bonaparte was the ruling mind of the French Republic. Sitting quietly at his desk in a government office in Paris, he evidently provided the Committee of Public Safety with whatever they had of continental policy and administrative skill. He suggested their plans; he wrote their important letters; he gave away some of their good places. Already he had acquired the habit of surveying the whole scene of European politics, and of seeking vulnerable points in the enemies' line at a great distance from the actual seat of war. Just as the Emperor fought England in Spain and Russia, so now the officer of artillery proposed to make a diversion in favor of beleaguered France by going to Constantinople and rousing Turkey to arms against allied Russia and Austria. Before he had suppressed the riots in Paris in 1795, before he had held an independent command of any kind; before his name was generally known in France, he could write to his brother Joseph: "I am attached at this moment to the Topographical Bureau of the Committee of Public Safety. . . . If I ask it, I shall be despatched to Turkey as General of Artillery, sent by the government to organize the artillery of the Grand Seigneur, with a handsome allowance and a very flattering title of envoy. I shall name you consul, and Villeneuve engineer, to go with me." And in the same note, he tells his brother that he is charged by the committee with the direction of the armies and the formation of plans of campaign. Who governs a country in time of war, if not

he who suggests its foreign policy and devises its plans of campaign?

These letters, written before his fame existed, show him to us in a light wholly amiable and admirable. He is in love with Josephine, and tells Joseph that it is not impossible "the folly may seize him to marry," and asks his brother's advice. The following passage, written to Joseph in September, 1795, a month before the "whiff of grape-shot" from General Bonaparte's field guns terminated the Revolution, is a pleasing specimen of his family epistles of the time. He is looking out for a good post for Joseph: "I shall remain in Paris specially for your affair. You ought not, whatever happens, to fear for me. I have for friends all the people of worth, of whatever party or opinion they may be. Mariette" (conservative member of the Committee of Safety) "is extremely zealous for me; you know his opinion. Doucet" (member of the convention of moderate politics) "I am closely allied with. You know my other friends of opposite views. . . . I am content with (brother) Louis. He fulfils my hope, and the expectation I had formed of him. He is a good fellow; but, at the same time, one after my own heart; warmth, intelligence, health, talent, straightforwardness, good-nature, — all are united in him. You know, my dear brother, that I live only by the pleasure I give my relations. If my hopes are seconded by that good fortune *which never abandons me in my enterprises*, I shall be able to make you happy, and fulfil your desires. . . . To-morrow I shall have three horses, which will permit me to ride a little in a cab, and enable me to attend to all my affairs. Adieu, my dear fellow; amuse yourself; all goes well; be gay. Think of my affair, for I long to have a house of my own."

All his letters to Joseph at this happy, hopeful time are in the same tone. He appears in them the virtuous young man, distinguished in his profession, honestly in love, and looking forward to the possession of a home, devoted to his brothers and sisters, and striving to

benefit them, writing to Joseph his oldest brother every day, the life, stay, and boast of his family. He was a good Republican, too, although of the more conservative wing. "The government," he writes to Joseph, September 12, 1795, "is to be organized at once; a tranquil day dawns upon the destinies of France. *There is a primary assembly which has asked for a king. That has provoked laughter.*" Doubtless he joined in the laughter; for, so far as we can judge from his letters, he heartily accepted the Revolution, and valued himself upon his political orthodoxy. "Passions are inflamed," he wrote a few days after; "the moment appears critical; but the genius of liberty never abandons its defenders. All our armies triumph."

When next he wrote to the head of the family, it was to announce to him the event which put him directly upon the road to his great fortune,—the dispersion of the mob at the Tuileries, October 6, 1795. "At length," he began, "all is finished; my first thought is to give you the news." The brief note ends: "We have disarmed the sections, and all is calm. As usual, I have not a scratch." Five months after, we find him on the same day announcing his marriage to the Directory, and, setting off to take command of the French army in the native land of his ancestors, Italy.

Persons who remain during long periods of time the idols of a multitude usually possess, along with other gifts, a keen eye for effect, a histrionic talent which enables them, in a pleasing and striking manner, to exhibit and exaggerate their own good qualities. This wonderful being was not a hypocrite; nor, at this part of his career, was he, in any vulgar sense, an actor; but he possessed naturally an acute sense of the decorous and the becoming; and now, on his way to Italy, he gave a proof of it. The earliest letter of his which we have seen in print is one written to his mother, when he was a boy of sixteen; and it is signed, "Napoleone di Buonaparte." Just before

leaving Paris for Italy he signed his marriage contract with Josephine, in the presence of a notary, thus: "Napoliene Buonaparte"; and his previous letters in this collection are all signed in the Italian form, "Buonaparte." But now, being at Toulon within a few miles of the beautiful land of his fathers, which he was about to overrun and pillage, he appears to have awakened to the impropriety of spoiling Italy while bearing an Italian name. At Toulon, for the first time in his public career, he spells his name "Bonaparte"; a form from which he never after departed. It is significant, that the very page which shows this new spelling contains the proclamation offering fair Italy to the hunger and rapacity of French troops: "Soldiers: You are naked, ill-fed. The government owes you much, it can give you nothing. The patience, the courage you have shown in the midst of these rocks are admirable; but they procure you no glory: no lustre from them is reflected upon you. I desire to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. Wealthy provinces, great cities, will be in your power. You will find in them honor, glory, riches. Soldiers of Italy, will you be wanting in courage or in constancy?" Certainly we must approve the taste of a man of Italian lineage in Frenchifying his name a little before issuing such a proclamation.

With regard to those Italian campaigns, to which the first three volumes of this work are chiefly devoted, the correspondence of the commanding general confirms what military men have often remarked, that they were Napoleon's greatest. The dash, the brilliancy, the rapidity of his operations are less apparent when the mind is detained by fifteen hundred pages of orders, letters, and documents; but we see more clearly than ever what a master of his art he was. In fifteen days after setting foot upon Italian soil he had given the world assurance of a general. There was then in Europe no general but himself, and nothing remained but for him to continue his



method until the continent was his own. A great artist is not apt to talk much about the processes by which he produces his great effects, and, accordingly, there are not many passages in these letters upon the art of winning victories. The reader can see Napoleon winning them; but it is only at long intervals that we meet a sentence that betrays the master's method. One such as this: "The enemy, in the Austrian manner, will make three attacks; by the Levante, by Novi, and by Montonotte: refuse two of those attacks, and direct all your forces upon the third." This is another: "In military operations, hours decide success and campaigns." This is another: "One bad general is better than two good ones. War, like government, is an affair of tact." And this another: "If the English attack you, and you experience vicissitudes, always bear in mind these three things: reunion of forces, activity, and firm resolution to perish with glory. These are the three great principles of the military art which have rendered fortune favorable to me in all my operations. Death is nothing; but to live vanquished and without glory is to die every day." In the spirit of this last passage his Italian campaigns were conducted; especially when, after a long series of triumphs, his lines were broken and his hold upon Italy endangered. The celerity with which his scattered forces were reunited and hurled upon the enemy, and the personal daring of the young general, restored his fortunes before the news of his disaster had crossed the Alps. For the benefit of young soldiers, however, who may think that victories can be won by following maxims, we must add one of Napoleon's own comments upon the general opposed to him in Italy: "He has the audacity of fury, not that of genius."

It was in Italy that General Bonaparte exhibited his talents and revealed his moral defects. We have seen that he roused his ragged and hungry soldiers by appealing to their vanity, appetite, and avarice. They took him at his

word. No sooner had he given them victory in the wealthy provinces of Italy, and possession of some of its rich towns, than they proceeded to do precisely what he had invited them to do. "The soldier without bread," he writes, a few days after entering Italy, "yields to such excesses of fury as make me blush to be a man. . . . I am going to make some terrible examples. I shall restore order, or I shall cease to command these brigands. . . . To-morrow we shoot some soldiers and a corporal who stole vases from a church." When next he addressed his soldiers, he began by recounting to them, that in fifteen days they had won six victories, taken twenty-one flags and fifty-five cannons, conquered the best part of Piedmont, captured fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men; but he ended by saying: "I shall not permit brigands to soil our laurels. . . . Pillagers shall be shot without mercy; several have been already." And he assured the people of Italy, in the same proclamation, that the French army had come only to break their chains; that the French were friends of every people; and that their *property*, their religion, and their usages should be respected. "We make war as generous enemies; hostile only to the tyrants who abase you."

All of which signified that General Bonaparte meant to have an army, instead of a horde of robbers, and that he reserved to himself the right to plunder.

Probably no revelation of these volumes will more surprise the general reader than the prodigious extent of his spoliation of the "property" of his countrymen in Italy; especially that portion of their property which the world regards as sacred, and which really was and is most *proper* to that beautiful land, — pictures, statuary, and other treasures of art. That the kingdoms, states, and cities of conquered Italy should be laid under contribution and compelled to disgorge, each its proportion of millions, was to have

been expected; at least, might have been forgiven. But the reader of the correspondence feels that in that wholesale picture-stealing Bonaparte fell far below the natural level of his character. It might have been pardoned in a Masséna, but it was infinitely beneath Napoleon Bonaparte,—the man of intellect and breeding, whose ancestors had contributed something to what constitutes the sole glory of modern Italy, its art and literature. He knew better; for at Milan the young conqueror had written to an astronomer of the university: "The sciences which honor the human mind, the arts that embellish life and transmit great deeds to posterity, ought to be especially honored by free governments. All men of genius, all those who have obtained an eminent rank in the republic of letters, are *Frenchmen*, in whatever country they may have been born." When these brave words were penned he had already sent to Paris for a corps of artists to come and select the works of art best worth stealing.

From the mass of letters relating to the systematic plunder of Italy we select a few sentences showing how General Bonaparte squeezed the Pope. We copy from the Armistice of June 6, 1796, only premising that the Pope fared no worse than his neighbors: "Art. 8. The Pope will deliver to the French Republic one hundred pictures, vases, or statues, to be chosen by the commissioners who will be sent to Rome; among which will be comprised, for certain, the bronze bust of Junius Brutus and the one in marble of Marcus Brutus, both from the Capitol; and five hundred manuscripts, at the choice of the commissioners. Art. 9. The Pope will pay to the French Republic twenty-one millions of francs, . . . independent of the contributions which will be raised in Bologna, Ferrara, and Faenza." This large sum was to be all paid in three months. Nor did the conqueror remain content with the hundred works of art demanded in the Armistice. We find at the end of volume third of the correspondence a

catalogue, drawn up in form and signed by the French commissioners, of the works of art selected by them at Rome, and sent to Paris "in the year VI. of the French Republic one and indivisible," which we style 1797. The list comprises about eight hundred objects; among which are six colossal statues and six groups of statuary. The rest are statues, busts, fragments, bronzes, medallions, and vases. The readers of this interesting catalogue may be excused for not comprehending what such spoliation of Roman churches and galleries had in common with delivering Italy from its tyrants. The tyrants were squeezed and left; it was the works of art from which Italy was delivered.

At a later period of the negotiations we observe that the insatiable conqueror demanded more of the precious manuscripts of the Vatican than the number named in the Article. In recounting to the Directory the treasures extracted from the Papal dominions he remarks: "The Papal commissioners yielded with a good grace everything except the manuscripts, which they were unwilling to give up; and we have had to reduce our demand from two or three thousand to five hundred." His letter to the Directory (No. 685, Vol. I. p. 431), in which he exults over the plunder of the Pope, is more bandit-like than any other in the collection. We learn from it that, besides the works of art already mentioned, and besides retaining some of the Pope's best provinces, he obtained from him in all thirty-four million seven hundred thousand francs. He also informs the Directory that he would have wrung from him a few millions more, if he had not been interfered with by *their* commissioners. "I am *consoled*," he adds, "by the fact that what we have got surpasses the terms of your instructions."

Was there ever such a godsend to an unpopular government as this young general was to the Directory of 1796? Victory alone would have sufficed; but here was a general, who, besides send-

ing home the most thrilling bulletins, kept consigning to a drained treasury whole wagon-trains of wealth. "Twenty-four wagon-loads," he wrote from Bologna in July, 1796, "of hemp and silk set out to-day for Nice. . . . I am getting together at Tortona all the silver plate and jewels, which I shall send to Paris by Chambéry. I hope that convoy alone will be worth five or six millions. I shall add as much in money." But what should he do with the plunder of Rome? "The statues can only be transported by sea, and it would be imprudent to trust them that way. We must box them up, then, and leave them at Rome."

The Pope, we repeat, fared no worse than the other princes of Italy. From Milan an amazing booty was sent to Paris; the first instalment being, as the General remarked, "twenty superb pictures, chief of which is the celebrated St. Jerome of Correggio, which has been sold, they tell me, for two hundred thousand francs." Another item — again to translate from the General's joyous despatch — was "two millions in jewelry and ingots, the proceeds of different contributions." Other letters announce to the Directory the coming of rare plants from the public gardens of Italy, of a fine collection of serpents from a museum, and other natural curiosities. He is so considerate as to send them "a hundred of the finest carriage horses of Lombardy," to replace "the ordinary horses that draw your carriages." But enough of larceny, grand and petit. Let us come to the volumes which show how kingdoms were stolen, and how poor France was kept reeling drunk while her life-blood was drained.

At St. Helena, in conversation with the companions of his exile, Napoleon designated the moment when he first felt the stirrings of lawless ambition. "It was not till after Lodi," he said, "that I was struck with the possibility of my becoming a decided actor on the scene of political events. Then was enkindled the first spark of a lofty ambition." Having a lively recollection of

this sentence, which we read long ago in Mr. Abbott's entertaining volume upon Napoleon at St. Helena, we had the curiosity to turn to the letters written by General Bonaparte at the time, to see if there was anything in them to confirm his statement. Yes: just after Lodi, for the first time he begins to protest and swear that his only ambition is to serve France in any capacity which the Directory may be pleased to assign him. Five days after his troops had given him, at the bridge of Lodi, that surprising proof of devotion, he writes to his patron, Carnot: "Whether I make war here or elsewhere is indifferent to me. To serve my country, to deserve from posterity one leaf of our history, to give the government proofs of my attachment and devotion, — this is all my ambition." It is a touch worthy of Shakespeare. Thus might the great dramatist have indicated the birth of an ambition.

It was after Lodi, too, that he showed his eager promptitude to reward those who served him, and his tact in adapting the reward to the nature of the case. The battle of Lodi was won by the column that rushed across the bridge in the face of thirty pieces of cannon and the fire of infantry. The General caused a printed list of the names of the men composing the column to be posted in every district of France where any one of them resided! Could any reward have been more thrilling to the men or more promotive of the next conscription? At a later day it became a custom with him to have such lists posted upon the parish churches of the soldiers whom he desired to honor. But when once a priest presumed to read the list to his parishioners *in* the church, the master wrote from Vienna to the minister of police to forbid the repetition of the act; because, said he, in substance, if priests may announce victories, they may comment upon them, and if bad news should arrive, they may comment upon that. "Priests must be used with civility, but not made too much of."

From Italy the young conqueror,

after a short interval of busy preparation at Paris, betakes himself to Egypt, in pursuance of his policy of striking England through her dependencies and allies. No one, with this correspondence before him, can say that he was *sent* to Egypt by the Directory, in order to get him out of the way. It was his own conception. He was master of France almost as much in 1798 as he was in 1805; and the tone of his letters in 1798 is as much the tone of the master as in 1805. The very order assigning him to the command of the army destined for Egypt was penned by himself; and in preparing the expedition, the Directory did nothing but sign what he dictated. His object was to dispossess the English of their Indian empire, using Egypt as a base of operations; and he spoke of the enterprise, in a confidential letter, as "the greatest ever executed among men." Only it was not "executed!" Nelson destroyed the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, and blockaded Egypt with such sleepless vigilance that General Bonaparte and his army were, in effect, prisoners of war. The General himself informed the Directory that, during the eighteen months of his residence in Egypt, he only heard from Paris once; and then he received part of his despatches, snatched by the courier from his grounded boat a moment before his English pursuers clutched it. It was an error to land a French army in Egypt while the English were masters of the sea; but it is evident from the correspondence that General Bonaparte really believed the French fleet a match for the English. He was not aware that in Horatio Nelson the English possessed an admiral who trebled the force of every fleet that he commanded.

The correspondence, reticent as it is concerning whatever tends to exhibit Napoleon vulnerable, shows plainly enough that it was Nelson who destroyed him. Nelson hit him two blows,—Nile and Trafalgar. By the battle of the Nile he penned him in Egypt, killed his Indian projects, and

reduced him to absolute paralysis for a year and a half. By Trafalgar he again destroyed the French naval power, made invasion of England impossible, and compelled Napoleon to continue his policy of fighting England upon the territories of her allies. In other words, he penned him in the continent of Europe. This led to that prodigious extension of his operations, until he had vast armies in Spain, Italy, Prussia, Russia, and France, and had so distended his "empire," that ten cold nights in Russia at the time when his power seemed greatest caused his ruin. This was Nelson's work, and well Napoleon knew it; for there is not in all these volumes one allusion to the battle of Trafalgar. It is a tell-tale silence. Amid the bulletins of Austerlitz, few except the master knew what had happened upon the ocean; and except himself perhaps no one comprehended its importance.

But to glean a trait or two from the Egyptian letters. The mighty man of war, it seems, was subject to sea-sickness. "Have a good bed prepared for me," he writes to Admiral Brueys before leaving Paris, "as for a man who will be sick during the whole passage." In Egypt, where he was absolute master, he had an opportunity to rehearse the drama of the French Empire, and he displayed all the devices of the emperor which the scene admitted. Despising all religions, he showed that he could flatter, use, and laugh at any religion that chanced to be available for his purpose. At Malta, on his way to Egypt, wishing to employ the bishop to conciliate the people of the island, he wrote to him: "I know of no character more respectable or more worthy of the veneration of men, than a priest who, full of the true spirit of the Gospel, is persuaded that it is his duty to obey the temporal power, and to maintain peace, tranquillity, and union in the midst of his diocese." A few days after he issued to his troops the proclamation in which he enjoined them to pay respect to "the Egyptian Muftis and Imams, as you have to rabbis and

bishops." He continued thus: "Show the same tolerance for the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran as you have for convents, for synagogues, for the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions." He went himself far beyond the letter of this order; for he celebrated the religious festivals of the Mohammedans with all the emphasis and splendor possible in the circumstances. From Cairo he wrote to one of his generals: "We celebrated here the feast of the Prophet with a pomp and fervor which have almost merited for me the title of Saint"; and he ordered commanders of ports and garrisons to do the same.

In Egypt as in Italy, he would permit no one to plunder but himself; and it was here that he put in practice the only device for preventing pillage which has ever answered its purpose. It consisted in holding each division of an army responsible for the misconduct of the individuals composing it. A theft or an act of violence having been committed, the perpetrators, if discovered, were to make good the damage, or pay the forfeit with their lives. If they were not discovered, then their company was assessed to make up the amount. If the company could not be ascertained, then the regiment, brigade, or division. This was a masterly device, and it has become part of the military code of nations. But the plunder of Egypt, on system, by the orders of the General commanding, was great and continuous; for the French army, severed from the world without, had no resource but to subsist upon the fertile province upon which it had descended. It will not exalt the world's opinion of the Commanding General to discover, in his correspondence, such notes as the following: "Citizen Poussielgue, General Dumas" (father of the novelist) "knows the house of a bey where there is a buried treasure. Arrange with him for the digging necessary to find it." Another engaging epistle begins thus: "You did well, citizen general, in having the five villagers shot who revolted. I

desire much to learn that you have mounted your cavalry. The shortest way, I believe, will be this: Order each village to furnish you two good horses. Do not accept any bad ones; and make the villages which do not furnish theirs in five days pay a fine of one thousand talari. This is an infallible means of having the six hundred horses you require. . . . Demand bridles and saddles as well."

He found leisure to establish an Institute in Egypt, on the model of that of France. At the first sitting the Commanding General proposed the following questions: Are our army bread-ovens susceptible of improvement? Is there any substitute in Egypt for the hop in making beer? How is the water of the Nile cleared and kept cool? Which is best for us at Cairo, to construct water-mills or wind-mills? Can gunpowder be made in Egypt? What is the condition in Egypt of jurisprudence, the judiciary, and education, and what improvements in either are possible, and desired by the people of the country? He was making himself very much at home in Egypt, evidently meant to stay there, had sent to Paris for a troop of comedians, and was meditating vast plans for the improvement of the country.

But in August, 1799, a package of English newspapers, of which the most recent was nine weeks old, fell into the General's hands, and gave him information that made him willing to risk capture in order to get to France: Italy lost! The French beaten in Germany in two pitched battles, and compelled to recross the Rhine! The Russians marching to join the coalition! The English blockading every port, and lording it on every sea! The Directory distrusted, inactive, imbecile! France beleaguered on every side, and threatened with dissolution! His mind was made up on the instant. In eleven days he was ready to go. His paper of secret instructions to Kleber, whom he left in command, betrays his perfect satisfaction with what he



had done in Egypt, his entire conviction of the *right* of the French to possess and hold the country. "Accustomed," he says, "to look for the reward of my pains and labors in the opinion of posterity, I abandon Egypt with the keenest regret." Another sentence is significant: "You will find subjoined a cipher for your correspondence with the government, and *another for your correspondence with me.*"

In three months General Bonaparte and the "government" were one and the same. The very company of comedians which he had written for as General Bonaparte he sent to Egypt as First Consul. He was absolute master of France, a fact which he announced to the people in the following neat and epigrammatic manner: "Citizens, the Revolution is fixed in the principles that began it. *IT IS FINISHED.*" Yes; it was finished, and it was General Bonaparte who gave it the finishing blow. Whether he could have *saved* it can never be known, because he did not try; and his talents were so prodigious that it is impossible to say what he might or might not have done, if he had had the "lofty ambition" to help the French govern themselves. There was so much that was large and generous in this man, that we cannot always resist the impression that he was capable of something much better than the tawdry role into which he lapsed. But human nature is so limited a thing, that there is not room in an individual for more than one decided talent; and that talent, when it is eminent, is apt to bewilder, mislead, and dominate the possessor of it. The successes of this sublime adventurer, besides being rapid and immense, were of the very kind that most dazzle and mislead. He found France impoverished, misgoverned, anarchic, without an ally, defeated, discouraged, with powerful foes on every side, on land and sea. In two years what a change! Internal tranquillity, universal joy and exultation, enemies signally beaten, territories enlarged, the treasury replenished, and peace restored! In

1799 he might have risen to the height of the great citizen; he might have fought in the service of France, and when he had delivered her from her enemies, he might have lent his great administrative abilities to the restoration of internal peace and prosperity, without despoiling her of that hope of liberty cherished through so many years of suffering and blood. This was possible in 1799, but not in 1801.

But how marvellously well he enacted the part of the ruler of a free people! How adroitly this foreigner flattered the amiable and generous people whom he had subjugated! In announcing the peace of 1801, he played upon their vanity and their patriotism with singular skill, throwing upon *them* all the glory of his achievements in the field: "Frenchmen, you enjoy at length that entire peace which you have merited by efforts so long continued and so generous. The world contains for you only friendly nations, and upon every sea hospitable ports are open to your ships. . . . Let us perfect, but, above all, let us teach the rising generation to cherish, our institutions and our laws. Let them grow up to promote civil equality, public liberty, national prosperity. Let us carry into the workshop, the farm, the studio, that ardor, that constancy, that patience, which have astonished Europe in all our difficulties. . . . Let us be the support and example of the peoples who surround us. Let the foreigner, whom curiosity draws into our midst, linger among us attached by the charm of our manners, the spectacle of our union, the attraction of our pleasures; let him return to his country more friendly to us than he came, a wiser and a better man." Soon after appeared the first of his annual messages, his "*Exposé de la Situation de la République,*" modelled closely (as to the form only) upon the messages of our Presidents, although longer than those of Washington, Adams, or Jefferson; — a message without a legislature which could act upon it! "It is with sweet satisfaction that the government offers



to the nation a view of public affairs during the year that has passed." The government was a general of the French army, and his message was ingenious, intoxicating flattery of the most susceptible people in the world.

Was all this mere coarse, conscious hypocrisy on the part of General Bonaparte? We think not. Great histrionic personages, like Napoleon Bonaparte, appear sometimes to dazzle and deceive themselves. Men familiar with Brigham Young tell us that that stupendous American Turk is one tenth sincere; and it is the fraction of sincerity which gives him his power over his followers. There are pages in these volumes that exhibit Napoleon to us in the threefold character of hero, actor, and spectator; as though David Garrick should play Richard III., be Richard III., and see Richard III., all on the same evening; himself lost in the marvels of the scene, deceived by his own acting, and dazzled by his own exploits. We cannot believe that this delirious *Exposé* was a thing contrived to deceive and captivate the French people. He had seen such striking things done at the word of command, that he seems to have supposed all things possible to a great soldier. He appears to have thought that national institutions, industries, lyceums, colleges, universities, durable alliances, and national welfare could be summoned into being at the tap of the drum. "Thirty lyceums," said he, "wisely distributed over the territory of the Republic, will embrace all its extent by their influence, will shed upon every part of it the lustre of their acquisitions and their triumphs, will strike foreigners with admiration, and will be for them what some celebrated schools of Germany and England once were for us, what some famous universities were which, seen from a distance, commanded the admiration and respect of Europe." The whole message is in this taste. Poor man! Poor France!

The great question of the reign of Napoleon is: Which was to blame for

breaking the peace of Amiens, the English government or the French? This correspondence confirms the constant assertion of French historians, that the responsibility is to be laid at England's door. Bonaparte wanted peace: that is plain. Peace was his interest: that is undeniable. England had agreed to evacuate Malta, and when the time came refused to give it up: that also is certain. England should have frankly accepted Napoleon as head of the French government, and forborne to give a pretext for breaking the peace to a man so exquisitely skilled in the use of deadly weapons. On the other hand, what absurdity more complete than for France to go to war with Great Britain for a little distant island in which neither of them had any rights? We cannot dwell upon this point, although there is no volume of the correspondence in which Napoleon's talents are more brilliantly exhibited than in the one which contains his letters and instructions previous to the declaration of war in 1802. He had the advantage of being technically in the right; and England labored under the disadvantage of putting forward a pretext, instead of the real grievance. Napoleon's matchless skill in the use of deadly weapons was the real grievance. The peace was broken, coalitions were formed and renewed, because four crowned persons in Europe felt that they were not safe while such a man controlled the resources and commanded the armies of France.

Behold him now at the summit of his power. The volumes devoted to this part of his career are precious to the French people at the present moment, when they are preparing to expel the Bonaparte intruders from their territory. If, on the one hand, they show him a very great general, on the other, they reveal so clearly the essential littleness of the man, and expose so fully the artifices by which he ruled, that the spell conjured up in France by his very bones twenty years ago can never be conjured up again. This publication kills Napoleonism past resur-

rection. It shows to an attentive reader that Napoleon's personal ambition was not "lofty," as he termed it, but personal, i. e. low and small; and that the means by which he gratified it were often base, often despicable, often ridiculous. The desire of this man's heart was to be admitted to the circle of European kings, and then to be the most powerful of them all. We could only make this clear to the reader by going carefully over the whole of his dealings with the reigning families of Europe, which would more than exhaust our space. The truth shines out in hundreds of passages, and it excludes him forever from the rank of the great, whose ambition is to become eminent by serving their kind. He was so little superior in moral discernment to the ordinary mortal, that he thought it grander to be the Frederick William of a country than its Bismarck; to be a George III. than a Nelson or a Chatham. So little had he reflected upon men and governments, that he did not know the proper place of a man of great talent; which is not at the head of a nation, but in a place subordinate.

The proper head of a nation is a sound average man, — one whom the average citizen can recognize as a man and a brother; one who will keep the brilliant minister, the great general, always in mind of the homely material with which governments have to deal; one who will embody and represent the *vis inertiae* of things. Bismarck, firmly astride of Prussia, would ride that great kingdom to the Devil; as Bonaparte did France; as Hamilton might the United States, if average human nature had not stood in his way, represented in the august person of George Washington. It is *mankind* whom the head of a government should represent. The exceptionally gifted individual who serves under him needs his restraining slowness and caution, as much as the chief needs the light and help of minds specially endowed.

Of all this Napoleon knew nothing. His poor ambition was to *reign*. "For

the Pope," said he, "I am Charlemagne, because I reunite the crown of France to that of the Lombards"; and he told his brother Joseph, when he put him up as king of Naples, that he wished his "blood" to reign in Naples as long as in France, for "the kingdom of Naples was necessary to him." It is at once ludicrous and affecting to see such a man so infatuated with the part he was playing, to read in his letters to kings, emperors, and popes such expressions as, "my house," "the princes of my house," "my capital" (meaning Paris), "my good city of Lyons," "my armies," "my fleet," "my peoples," "my empire," "my kingdom of Italy"; and to read elaborate papers rearranging states and nations in which everything was considered, except the will of the people inhabiting them.

Nothing will astound the reader of these volumes more than the bulletins, dictated by Napoleon on the field, and published in the *Moniteur* by his command. It was those bulletins that kept France in a state of delirium, and drew to distant fields of carnage the flower of her youth and the annual harvest of her educated talent. He was accustomed to send every day or two from the seat of war, when anything extraordinary had occurred, chatty, anecdotal bulletins, designed chiefly to keep up the martial frenzy of the French; but he inserted also many paragraphs intended to sow dissension among his enemies; knowing well that these documents would be closely scanned at every court, club, and headquarters in Europe. Those anecdotes of the devotion of the troops to the Emperor, which figure in so many biographies and histories, here they are, where they originated, in the bulletins dictated by Napoleon's mouth, corrected by his hand, and published by his command in the official newspaper of his empire, and now given to the world as part of his *correspondence* by the head of his family! The following are passages from the Austerlitz bulletins: —

"On the 10th" (the day before the battle), "the Emperor, from the height

of his bivouac, perceived, with joy unutterable the Russians beginning, at two cannon fires' distance from his advanced posts, a flank movement to turn his right. Then was it that he saw to what a point presumption and ignorance of the art of war had led astray the counsels of that brave army. Several times the Emperor said: 'Before to-morrow night that army is mine.'

"In the evening he wished to visit on foot and incognito all the bivouacs; but scarcely had he gone a few steps than he was recognized. It would be impossible to depict the enthusiasm of the soldiers when they saw him. In an instant bundles of straw were placed at the end of thousands of poles, and eighty thousand men presented themselves before the Emperor, saluting him with acclamations; some complimenting him on the anniversary of his coronation; others saying that the army would present its bouquet to the Emperor to-morrow."

To any one who ever saw an army of even ten thousand men in the field, the entire and absolute falsehood of all this will be apparent. The imperial reporter proceeds:—

"One of the oldest grenadiers approached him, and said: 'You will have no need to expose yourself. I promise you, in the name of the grenadiers of the army, that you will have to fight only with your eyes, and that we will bring you to-morrow the flags and artillery of the Russian army by way of celebrating the anniversary of your coronation.' The Emperor said, upon entering his bivouac, which consisted of a sorry straw cabin without a roof, which his grenadiers had made for him: 'This is the most beautiful evening of my life; but it saddens me to think that I shall lose a good number of those brave fellows. I become sensible, from the grief which this reflection causes me, that they are truly my children; and, indeed, I sometimes reproach myself for indulging this sentiment, fearing it will render me at last unskilful in making war.'

"At the moment of sunrise the or-

ders were given, and each marshal rejoined his command at full gallop. While passing along the front of several regiments, the Emperor said: 'Soldiers, we must end this campaign by a thunderbolt which will confound the pride of our enemies'; and immediately, hats at the end of bayonets and cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* were the veritable signal of battle!"

"This day will cost tears of blood at St. Petersburg. May it cause them to throw back with indignation the gold of England, and may that young prince, whom so many virtues call to be the father of his subjects, snatch himself from the influence of those thirty coxcombs whom England artfully seduces into her services, and whose impertinences obscure his good intentions, lose him the love of his soldiers, and throw him into operations the most erroneous. Nature, in endowing him with great qualities, called him to be the consoler of Europe. . . . Never was there a more horrible field of battle. . . . May so much bloodshed, may so many miseries, fall at length upon the perfidious islanders who are the cause of them! May the base oligarchs of London bear the anguish of so many calamities!"

"The Emperor of Germany" (in his interview with the Emperor) "did not conceal the contempt which the conduct of England had given both himself and the Emperor of Russia. 'They are shop-keepers,' he said more than once, 'who set the Continent in flames in order to secure for themselves the commerce of the world.' . . . Several times the Emperor of Germany repeated: 'There is no doubt that France is in the right in her quarrel with England.' . . . They say that the Emperor said to the Emperor of Germany, as he invited him to come nearer the fire of his bivouac: 'I receive you in the only palace I have inhabited these two months.' To this the Emperor of Germany replied, laughing: 'You turn habitations of this kind to such good account that they ought to please you.' *At least, this is what those pres-*

ent thought they overheard. The numerous suite of the two princes was not so far off that they could not hear several things!

"The corpses have been counted. The totals are, eighteen thousand Russians killed, six hundred Austrians, and nine hundred French. Seven thousand wounded Russians are on our hands. All told, we have three thousand French wounded. General Roger Valhubert is dead of his wounds. An hour before he breathed his last he wrote to the Emperor: 'I could have wished to do more for you. I die in an hour. The loss of my life I do not regret, since I have participated in a victory which assures you a happy reign. As often as you shall think of the brave men who were devoted to you, remember me. It is sufficient for me merely to tell you that I have a family; I need not recommend them to your care.'"

From the whole of the bulletins we could gather, perhaps, two hundred anecdotes similar in character and purpose to those we have given; and we do not believe that ten of them are the exact statements of fact. They were fictions coined to make France willing to bleed. Interspersed with the bulletins are quiet, business-like notes to the Minister of War and others, the burden of which is: *Conscripts, conscripts, conscripts; send me conscripts; armed or unarmed, in uniform or in peasants' rags, no matter; send forward conscripts!*

Appended to the bulletins are decrees giving pensions to the widows of every man who fell in the last battle, — six thousand francs to a general's widow, and two hundred to a private's. After Austerlitz, a decree was published which was as captivating to delirious France as it was unjust to the army in general: "We adopt all the children of the generals, officers, and soldiers who fell at the battle of Austerlitz. They will be maintained and reared at our expense, — the boys at our imperial palace of Rambouillet, and the girls at our imperial palace of Saint Germain.

The boys will be placed in situations, and the girls dowered, by us. To their baptismal and family names they will have the right to add that of Napoleon." No man ever displayed such art in rousing a nation to frenzy, and silencing its reason. If space allowed, we could give a catalogue of at least one hundred different devices of his fertile mind to reward and signalize soldiers who served him with conspicuous devotion. Many of these — such as orders, medals, flattering mention, and inscribing the names of fallen soldiers upon Pompey's pillar — were of a costless and sentimental nature. Others — such as gifts of money, pensions, promotion — were of a solid and practical character. Sometimes he would order a picture painted of a feat of arms, and decree that the uniform of the soldiers depicted should be that of the corps which performed the act. Nor was he lavish of rewards and honors; but in this, as in all things relating to war, he acted upon system, and preserved perfect coolness of judgment.

And while by these various arts this Corsican kept average France in delirium, the superior mind and judgment of France were denied all utterance. We have marked dozens of passages in the correspondence showing this. While he had writers in England in his pay for the purpose of embarrassing the Ministry and making friends for himself by their articles in English newspapers, he would not permit so much as a woman to live in France whom he suspected of having escaped the prevailing madness. Three times he orders back Madame de Staël, — "that bird of evil omen," as he styles her, — when he heard she had approached or crossed the frontiers. "It is the intention of the government," he wrote in 1803, "that this intriguing foreigner shall not remain in France, where her family has done harm enough." Again, in 1807, he speaks of her with contemptuous fury, as a "crow" whose approach foreboded mischief, and repeats his command that she be kept from the soil of France.

Nor was she the only lady whom he feared and exiled, because he saw her sane in the midst of lunatics. As to the press, not a paragraph was allowed to appear calculated to recall Frenchmen to themselves; and not a line escaped his vigilant distrust, if it provoked Frenchmen to ask why their countrymen should be slaughtered by thousands in Poland, in Spain, in Russia, in Austria, in Prussia, for a quarrel about Malta,—an island of no interest to France, except as the source of Maltese cats.

For military men we must find room for a curious order addressed to Marshal Berthier at Boulogne, in 1805, just as Napoleon was about to begin that swift, silent march across Europe which ended at Austerlitz. It shows how little magic there was in his proceedings, and by what homely, plodding labors the most brilliant results are produced. "My cousin" (he called all his marshals cousin), "I desire you to have two portable boxes made, with compartments; one for me and the other for yourself. The compartments will be arranged in such a way that, with the aid of written cards, we can know at a glance the movements of all the Austrian troops, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, even to detachments of any considerable magnitude. You will divide the compartments into as many divisions as there are Austrian armies, and you will reserve some pigeon-holes for the troops which the Emperor of Germany has in Hungary, in Bohemia, and in the interior of his states. Every fifteen days you will send me a statement of the changes that have taken place during the preceding fifteen days; availing yourself for this purpose, not only of the German and Italian newspapers, but of all the information which my minister for foreign affairs may send you; with whom you will correspond for this object. Employ the same individual to change the cards and to draw up the statement of the situation of the Austrian armies every fifteen days. P. S. you must intrust this business to a

man who will have nothing else to do, who knows German well, and who will take all the German and Italian papers, and make the changes which they indicate."

Before leaving the volumes, which exhibit him in the plenitude of his power and glory, we offer for the reader's amusement the most characteristic letter, perhaps, of the whole collection; one written in 1807, to that good Louis whom young General Bonaparte had so cordially praised a few years before as a lad after his own heart. Louis was now called King of Holland; and trouble enough he had between his own amiable dream of being a good to Holland and the determination of his brother to regard Holland only in the light of so much war material. Was ever a *monarch* so lectured, bullied, berated, and insulted as poor Louis was in this epistle?

"I have received your letter of the 24th of March. You say that you have twenty thousand men at the Grand Army. *You do not believe it yourself*; there are not ten thousand; and what men! It is not marshals, chevaliers, and counts that we want; we want soldiers. If you go on so, you will render me ridiculous in Holland.

"You govern that nation too much like a capuchin. The goodness of a king ought always to be majestic, and not that of a monk. Nothing is worse than that great number of journeys which you make to the Hague, unless it be the contribution made by your order in your kingdom. A king commands, and asks nothing of any one; he is deemed to be the source of all power, and to have no need to recur to the purse of others. These niceties, you feel them not.

"Some notions occur to me concerning the re-establishment of your nobility, upon which I wait to be enlightened. Have you lost your senses to that point, and would you forget to such a degree what you owe me? You speak always in your letters of respect and obedience; but it is deeds, not words, that I require. Respect and obedience



consist in not precipitating measures so important ; for Europe cannot imagine you to be so wanting in a sense of duty as to do certain things without my consent. I shall be obliged to disavow you. I have asked for the document relating to the re-establishment of the nobility. Prepare yourself for a public mark of my excessive dissatisfaction.

"Despatch no maritime expedition ; the season is passed. Raise national guards to defend your country. Pay my troops. Raise plenty of national conscripts. A prince-who, the first year of his reign, is thought to be so good, is a prince who will be ridiculed in the second. The love which kings inspire ought to be a masculine love, mingled with a respectful fear and a great opinion of their merit. When people say of a king that he is a good man, his reign is a failure. How can a merely good man, or a good father, if you please, sustain the charges of the throne, suppress the malevolent, and conduct affairs so that the passions of men shall be hushed, or march in the direction he wishes ? The first thing you ought to have done, and I advised you to do it, was to establish the conscription. What can be done without an army ? For, can one call a mass of deserters an army ? How could you avoid feeling (the condition of your army being what it is) that the creation of marshals was a thing unsuitable and ridiculous ? The king of Naples has none. I have none in my kingdom of Italy. Do you believe that if forty French vessels should be united to five or six Dutch barks, that Admiral Ver Huell, for example, in his quality of marshal, could command them ? There are no marshals in the minor kingdoms ; there are none in Bavaria, in Sweden. You overwhelm men with honors who have not merited them. You go too fast and without advice ; I have offered you mine ; you respond by fine compliments, and you continue to commit follies.

"Your quarrels with the queen reach the public ear. Have at home that paternal and effeminate character which

you exhibit in the government, and in public affairs practise that rigor which you show in domestic matters. You treat a young wife as one would lead a regiment. Distrust the persons who surround you ; you are only surrounded by nobles. The opinion of those people is always diametrically opposite to that of the public. Beware of them ; you begin to be no longer popular either at Rotterdam or Amsterdam. The Catholics begin to be afraid of you. Why do you employ none of them ? Ought you not to protect your religion ? All that shows little force of character. You pay court too much to a part of your nation : you offend the rest. What have the chevaliers done to whom you have given decorations ? Where are the wounds which they have received for their country, the distinguished talents which recommend them, I do not say of all, but of three fourths of them ? Many of them have done service to the English party, and are the cause of the misfortunes of their country. Was it necessary to ill treat them ? No, but to conciliate all. I also have some *émigrés* in office ; but I do not let them go too far, and when they think they are near carrying a point, they are further from it than when they were in a foreign country : because I govern by system, and not by weakness.

"You have the best and the most virtuous of wives, and you render her unhappy. Let her dance as much as she wishes ; it belongs to her time of life. I have a wife forty years old ; from the battle-field I write to her to go to balls ; and do you wish that a wife of twenty years, who sees her life passing, who has all of life's illusions, should live in a cloister ? should be like a nurse, always washing her baby ? You attend too much to your domestic affairs, and not enough to your administration. I should not say all this to you, but for the interest I take in your welfare, Make the mother of your children happy. You have only one means of doing so ; it is to show her much esteem and confidence. Unfortunately, you have



a too virtuous wife. If you had a coquette, she would lead you by the end of the nose. But you have a wife who respects herself, whom the mere idea that you could have a bad opinion of her revolts and afflicts. You should have had a wife like some I know of in Paris. She would have played you false, and kept you at her knees. It is not my fault, for I have often said as much to your wife.

"For the rest, you can commit follies in your own kingdom; very well; but I shall see to it that you commit none in mine. You offer your decorations to everybody; many persons have written to me who have no title to them. I am sorry that you did not feel that you were wanting in proper consideration towards me. I am resolved that no one shall wear those decorations near me, being determined not to wear them myself. If you ask me the reason, I shall reply, that you have as yet done nothing to merit that men should wear your portrait; that, besides, you have instituted the order without my permission; and that, finally, you give them away too lavishly. And what have all those people done who surround you to whom you give them?"

This it was to be one of Napoleon's kings! He lectures Joseph, Jerome, Lucien, his sisters, and even his uncle, Cardinal Fesch; not always with such severity, but always in the tone of the master. To Cardinal Fesch, his ambassador of Rome, he once wrote: "I find all your reflections upon Cardinal Ruffo small and puerile. You are in Rome like a woman. . . . Don't meddle in affairs you don't understand." This it was to be a cardinal of Napoleon's making.

The suddenness of the collapse of this showy mockery of an empire is exhibited in the correspondence in a manner truly affecting. It was the freezing to death of thirty thousand horses that destroyed the "Grand Army," and tumbled the empire into chaos. Burnt out of Moscow on the 14th of September, 1812, the Emperor was inconvenienced certainly, but felt

still so much at ease, that he sent a note, sixteen days after, to his librarian at Paris, scolding him for not keeping him better supplied with the new publications; and he continued for another month to direct even the police of Paris from the vicinity of the burnt capital. A bulletin written on the homeward march, October 23, is all glowing with victory, and recounts the burning of Moscow only as a disaster and shame to *Russia!* It ends thus: "The people of Russia do not remember such weather as we have had here during the last twenty days. We enjoy the sun of the beautiful days of our excursions to Fontainebleau. The army is in a country extremely rich, which can compare with the best provinces of France and Germany."

This was written on the 23d of October, and published in Paris November 16th. As late as November 3d, still the Emperor wrote to one of his ministers: "The weather continues to be very fine; a circumstance extremely favorable to us." Three days after, namely, November 6, 1812, the icy blast swept down from the North and chilled the army to the marrow. Ten nights of sudden, premature cold killed or disabled nearly all the horses; which compelled the abandonment or destruction of all the provisions that the men could not carry. Clouds of Cossacks hovered about the track of the gaunt and weary troops. Napoleon was twenty days without hearing from Paris. The Grand Army perished, and the empire was no more!

He died game. He was himself to the last. As soon as he had reached a point from which a courier could be safely despatched to Paris, he sent an aide-de-camp and a bulletin to break the news to Europe. He would not trust any one to write the paragraph which he ordered the aid to have inserted in German journals on his way to Paris, but gave it to him written by his own hand. On the 2d of December, from the midst of the wreck and ruin of his army, with ghastly pallor and rigid death on every side, this great histrionic

genius wrote the following orders to the aide-de-camp charged with his despatches:—

"He will announce everywhere the arrival of ten thousand Russian prisoners, and the victory won upon the Beresina in which we took six thousand Russian prisoners, eight flags, and twelve pieces of cannon. . . . He will cause to be inserted everywhere in the *Gazettes*: 'M. de Montesquiou, aide-de-camp, etc., has passed through, bearing the news of the victory of Beresina won by the Emperor over the united armies of Admiral Tchitchakof and General Wittgenstein. He carries to Paris eight flags taken in that battle, at which also six thousand prisoners were captured and twelve pieces of cannon. When this officer left, the Emperor's health was excellent.' M. de Montesquiou will see to it that this paragraph is published in the *Mayence journal*. The Duc de Bassano will cause it to be put into the *Vilna papers* and will write in the same strain to Vienna. M. de Montesquiou will travel with the utmost speed in order to contradict everywhere the false reports which may have been spread abroad. He will explain that those two (Russian) corps meant to cut our line in two, but that the army routed

them utterly, and has arrived at Vilna, where it finds numerous depots, which will at once end the sufferings which it has experienced."

This was for Prussia, Austria, England. But it would not do for France, which must instantly supply new armies. This same aide-de-camp carried a bulletin for the *Moniteur*,—long, detailed, artful,—which, with mitigations, acquainted the French people that "a frightful calamity" had befallen them. They rallied gallantly to the support of the man who had flattered them with such transcendent ability, and they fought for him with much of the old courage and devotion. It did not suffice. Elba, the Hundred Days, Waterloo, the Bellerophon, complete the story. The last line of his published correspondence charges England with having extended to a fallen foe a hospitable hand, and then, when he had given himself up in good faith, "she immolated him,"—*elle l'immola*! But in 1806, when he dethroned the king of Naples, he wrote thus to his brother Joseph: "The king of Naples will never ascend his throne again. You will explain that this is necessary to the repose of the Continent; since he has twice disturbed it."

## THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

### III.

OF Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, late supreme king of Siam, it may safely be said (for all his capricious provocations of temper and his snappish greed of power) that he was, in the best sense of the epithet, the most remarkable of the Oriental princes of the present century,— unquestionably the most distinguished of all the supreme rulers of Siam, of whom the native historians enumerate not less than forty, reckoning from the

founding of the ancient capital (Ayudia or Ayuo-deva, "the abode of gods") in A. D. 1350.

He was the legitimate son of the king Phra Chou-Phra Pooti-lootlah; and his mother, daughter of the youngest sister of the King Somdetch Phra Bouromah Rajah Phra Pooti Yout Fah, was one of the most admired princesses of her time, and is described as equally beautiful and virtuous. She devoted herself assiduously to the education of her

sons, of whom the second, the subject of these notes, was born in 1804; and the youngest, her best beloved, was the late second king of Siam.

One of the first public acts of the King Phra Pooti-lootlah was to elevate to the highest honors of the state his eldest son (the Chowfa Mongkut), and proclaim him heir-apparent to the throne. He then selected twelve noblemen, distinguished for their attainments, prudence, and virtue,—most conspicuous among them the venerable but energetic Duke Somdetch Ong Yai,—to be tutors and guardians to the lad. By these he was carefully taught in all the learning of his time; Sanskrit and Pali formed his chief study, and from the first he aspired to proficiency in Latin and English, for the pursuit of which he soon found opportunities among the missionaries. His translations from the Sanskrit, Pali, and Magadhi mark him as an authority among Oriental linguists; and his knowledge of English, though never perfect, became at least extensive and varied; so that he could correspond, with credit to himself, with Englishmen of distinction, such as the Earl of Clarendon and Lords Stanley and Russell.

In his eighteenth year he married a noble lady, descended from the Phya Tak Sinn, who bore him two sons.

Two years later the throne became vacant by the death of his father; but his elder half-brother, who, through the intrigues of his mother, had secured a footing in the favor of the Senabawdee, was inducted by that "Royal Council" into power, with the title of Prabat Somdetch Phra Nang Klou. Unequal to the exploit of unseating the usurper, and fearing his unscrupulous jealousy, the Chowfa Mongkut took refuge in a monastery, and entered the priesthood,\* leaving his wife and two sons to mourn him as one dead to them. In this self-imposed celibacy he lived throughout the long reign of his half-brother, which lasted twenty-seven years.

In the calm retreat of his Buddhist

\* See the first of these papers.

cloister the contemplative tastes of the royal scholar found fresh entertainment, his intellectual aspirations a new incitement.

He labored with enthusiasm for the diffusion of religion and enlightenment, and, above all, to promote a higher appreciation of the teachings of Buddha, to whose doctrines he devoted himself with exemplary zeal throughout his sacerdotal career. From the Buddhist scriptures he compiled with reverent care an impressive liturgy for his own use. His private charities amounted annually to ten thousand ticals. All the fortune he accumulated, from the time of his quitting the court until his return to it, to accept the diadem offered by the Senabawdee, he expended either in charitable distributions or in the purchase of books, sacred manuscripts, and relics for his monastery.\*

It was during his retirement that he wrote that notable treatise in defence of the divinity of the revelations of Buddha, in which he essays to prove that it was the single aim of the great reformer to deliver man from all selfish and carnal passions, and in which he uses these words: "These are the only obstacles in the search for Truth. The most solid wisdom is to know this, and to apply one's self to the conquest of one's self. This it is to become the *enlightened*—the Buddha!" And he concludes with the remark of Asoka, the Indian king: "That which has been delivered unto us by Buddha, that alone is *well* said, and worthy of our soul's profoundest homage."

In the pursuit of his appointed ends Maha Mongkut was active and pertinacious; no labors wearied him nor pains deterred him. Before the arrival of the Protestant missionaries, in 1820, he had acquired some knowledge of Latin and the sciences from the Jesuits;

\* "On the third reign he [himself] served his eldest royal half-brother, by superintending the construction and revision of royal sacred books in royal libraries; so he was appointed the principal superintendent of clergymen's acts and works of Buddhist religion, and selector of religious learned wise men in the country, during the third reign."—*From the pen of Maha Mongkut.*

but when the Protestants came he manifested a positive preference for their methods of instruction, inviting one or another of them daily to his temple, to aid him in the study of English. Finally he placed himself under the permanent tutorship of the Rev. Mr. Caswell, an American missionary; and in order to encourage his preceptor to visit him frequently, he fitted up a convenient resting-place for him on the route to the temple, where that excellent man might teach the poorer people who gathered to hear him. Under Mr. Caswell he made extraordinary progress in advanced and liberal ideas of government, commerce, even religion. He never hesitated to express his respect for the fundamental principles of Christianity; but once, when pressed too closely by his reverend moonshee with what he regarded as the more pretentious and apocryphal portions of the Bible, he checked that gentleman's advance with the remark that has ever been remembered against him, "*I hate the Bible mostly!*"

As High-Priest of Siam — the mystic and potential office to which he was in the end exalted — he became the head of a new school, professing strictly the pure philosophy inculcated by Buddha: "the law of Compensation, of Many Births, and of final Niphan,"\* — but not Nihilism, as the word and the idea are commonly defined. It is only to the idea of God as an *ever-active* Creator that the new school of Buddhists is opposed, — not to the Deity as a primal source, from whose thought and pleasure sprang all forms of matter; nor can they be brought to admit the need of miraculous intervention in the order of nature.

In this connection, it may not be out of place to mention a remark that the king (still speaking as a high-priest, having authority) once made to me, on the subject of the miracles recorded in the Bible: —

"You say that marriage is a holy institution; and I believe it is esteemed a sacrament by one of the principal

\* Attainment of beatitude.

branches of your sect. It is, of all the laws of the universe, the most wise and incontestable, pervading all forms of animal and vegetable life. Yet your God (meaning the Christian's God) has stigmatized it as unholy, in that he would not permit his Son to be born in the ordinary way; but must needs perform a miracle in order to give birth to one divinely inspired. Buddha was divinely inspired, but he was only *man*. Thus it seems to me he is the greater of the two, because out of his own heart he studied humanity, which is but another form of divinity; and, the carnal mind being by this contemplation subdued, he became the *Divinely Enlightened*."

When his teacher had begun to entertain hopes that he would one day become a Christian, he came out openly against the idea, declaring that he entertained no thought of such a change. He admonished the missionaries not to deceive themselves, saying: "You must not imagine that any of my party will ever become Christians. We cannot embrace what we consider a foolish religion."

In the beginning of the year 1851 his supreme majesty, Prabat Sombdetch Phra Nang Klou, fell ill, and gradually declined until the 3d of April, when he expired, and the throne was again vacant. The dying sovereign urged with all his influence that the succession should fall to his eldest son; but in the assembly of the Senabawdee, Sombdetch Ong Yai (father of the present Prime Minister of Siam), supported by Sombdetch Ong Noi, vehemently declared himself in favor of the high-priest Chowfa Mongkut.

This struck terror to the "illegitimates," and mainly availed to quell the rising storm of partisan conflict. Moreover, Ong Yai had taken the precaution to surround the persons of the princes with a formidable guard, and to distribute an overwhelming force of militia in all quarters of the city, ready for instant action at a signal from him.

On the morning of the 3d of April,

after being formally apprised of his election, the Chowfa was borne in state to a residence adjoining the Phra Sâat, to await the auspicious day of coronation, — the 15th of the following month, as fixed by the court astrologers; and when it came it was hailed by all classes of the people with immoderate demonstrations of joy; for to their priest king, more sacred than a conqueror, they were drawn by bonds of superstition as well as of pride and affection.

The ceremony of coronation is very peculiar.

In the centre of the Inner Hall of Audience of the royal palace, on a high platform, richly gilded and adorned, is placed a circular golden basin, called in the court language *Mangala Bhagavat thong*, — “the Golden Circlet of Power.” Within this basin is deposited the ancient *Phra-Bath*, or golden stool, the whole being surmounted by a quadrangular canopy, under a tapering, nine-storied umbrella in the form of a pagoda, from ten to twelve feet high, and profusely gilt. Directly over the centre of the canopy is deposited a vase containing consecrated waters, which have been prayed over nine times, and poured through nine different circular vessels in their passage to the sacred receptacle. These waters must be drawn from the very sources of the chief rivers of Siam; and reservoirs for their preservation are provided in the precincts of the temples at Bangkok.

In the mouth of this vessel is a tube representing the pericarp of a lotos after its petals have fallen off; and this, called *Sukla Utapala Atmano*, “the White Lotos of Life,” symbolizes the beauty of pure conduct.

The king elect, arrayed in a simple white robe, takes his seat on the golden stool. A Brahmin priest then presents to him some water in a small cup of gold, lotos-shaped. This water has previously been filtered through nine different forms of matter, commencing with earth, then ashes, wheaten flour, rice flour, powdered lotos and jessa-

mine, dust of iron, gold, and charcoal, and finally flame; each a symbol, not merely of the indestructibility of element, but also of its presence in all animate or inanimate matter. Into this water the king elect dips his right hand, and passes it over his head. Immediately the choir join in an inspiring chant, the signal for the inverting, by means of a pulley, of the vessel over the canopy; and the consecrated waters descend through another lotos flower, in a lively shower, on the head of the king. This shower represents celestial blessings.

A Buddhist priest then advances and pours a goblet of water over the royal person. He is imitated, first by the Brahmin priests, next by the princes and princesses royal. The vessels used for this purpose are of the chank or conch shell, richly ornamented. Then come the nobles of highest rank, bearing cups of gold, silver, earthenware, pinchbeck, samil, and tankwah (metallic compositions peculiar to Siam). The materials of which the vessels for this royal bath are composed must be of not less than seven kinds. Last of all, the Prime Minister of the realm advances with a cup of iron; and the sacred bath is finished.

Now the king descends into the golden basin, “*Mangala Bhagavat thong*,” where he is anointed with nine varieties of perfumed oil, and dipped in fine dust brought from the bed of the Ganges. He is then arrayed in regal robes.

On the throne, which is in the south end of the hall, and octagonal, having eight seats, corresponding to eight points of the compass, the king first seats himself facing the north, and so on, moving eastward, facing each point in its order. On the top step of each seat crouch two priests, Buddhist and Brahmin, who present to him another bowl of water, which he drinks and sprinkles on his face, each time repeating, by responses with the priests, the following prayer: —

*Priests.* Be thou learned in the laws of nature, and of the universe!

*King.* Inspire me, O Thou who wert a law unto thyself!

*P.* Be thou endowed with all wisdom, and all acts of industry!

*K.* Inspire me with all knowledge, O Thou the Enlightened!

*P.* Let Mercy and Truth be thy right and left arms of life!

*K.* Inspire me, O Thou who hast proved all Truth and all Mercy!

*P.* Let the Sun, Moon, and Stars bless thee!

*K.* All praise to Thee, through whom all forms are conquered!

*P.* Let the earth, air, and waters bless thee!

*K.* Through the merit of Thee, O thou conqueror of Death!\*

These prayers ended, the priests conduct the king to another throne, facing the east, and still more magnificent. Here the insignia of his sovereignty are presented to him;—first the sword, then the sceptre; two massive chains are suspended from his neck; and lastly the crown is set upon his head, when instantly he is saluted by roar of cannon without and music within.

Then he is presented with the golden slippers, the fan, the umbrella of royalty, rings set with huge diamonds for each of his forefingers, and the various Siamese weapons of war: these he merely accepts, and returns to his attendants.

The ceremony concludes with an address from the priests, exhorting him to be pure in his sovereign and sacred office; and a reply from himself, wherein he solemnly vows to be a just, upright, and faithful ruler of his people. Last of all, a golden tray is handed to him, from which, as he descends from his throne, he scatters gold and silver flowers among the audience.

The following day is devoted to a more public enthronement. His Majesty, attired more sumptuously than before, is presented to all his court

and to a more general audience. After the customary salutations by prostration, and salutes of cannon and music, the Premier and other principal ministers read short addresses, in delivering over to the king the control of their respective departments. His Majesty replies briefly; there is a general salute from all forts, war vessels, and merchant shipping; and the remainder of the day is devoted to feasting and various enjoyment.

Immediately after the crowning of Maha Mongkut, his Majesty repaired to the palace of the Second King, where the ceremony of subordinate coronation differed from that just described only in the circumstance that the consecrated waters were poured over the person of the second king, and the insignia presented to him, by the supreme sovereign.

Five days later a public procession made the circuit of the palace and city walls in a peculiar circumambulatory march of mystic significance, with feasting, dramatic entertainments, and fireworks. The concourse assembled to take part in those brilliant demonstrations has never since been equalled in any public display in Siam.

Thus the two royal brothers, with views more liberal, as to religion, education, foreign trade, and intercourse, than the most enlightened of their predecessors had entertained, were firmly seated on the throne; and every citizen, native or foreign, began to look with confidence for the dawn of better times.

Nor did the newly crowned sovereign forget his friends and teachers, the American missionaries. He sent for them, and thanked them cordially for all that they had taught him, assuring them that it was his earnest desire to administer his government after the model of the limited monarchy of England; and to introduce schools, where the Siamese youth might be well taught in the English language and literature, and the sciences of Europe.\*

\* For these translations I am indebted to his Majesty, Maha Mongkut; as well as for the interpretation of the several symbols used in this and other solemn rites of the Buddhists.

\* In this connection the Rev. Messrs. Bradley, Caswell, House, and Matoon are entitled to spe-



There can be no just doubt that, at the time, it was his sincere purpose to carry these generous impulses into practical effect; for certainly he was, in every moral and intellectual respect, nobly superior to his predecessor; and to his dying hour he was conspicuous for his attachment to a sound philosophy and the purest maxims of Buddha. Yet we find in him a deplorable example of the degrading influence on the human mind of the greed of possessions and power, and of the infelicities that attend it; for though he promptly set about the reforming of abuses in the several departments of his government, and invited the ladies of the American mission to teach in his new harem, nevertheless he soon began to indulge his avaricious and sensual propensities, and cast a jealous eye upon the influence of the prime minister, the son of his stanch old friend, the Duke Ong Yai, to whom he owed almost the crown itself, and of his younger brother, the second king, and of the neighboring princes of Chiengmai and Cochinchina. He presently offended those who, by their resolute display of loyalty in his hour of peril, had seated him safely on the throne of his ancestors.

From this time he was continually exposed to disappointment, mortification, slights from abroad, and conspiracy at home. Had it not been for the steadfast adherence of the second king and the prime minister, the sceptre would have been wrested from his grasp and bestowed upon his more popular brother.

Yet notwithstanding all this, he appeared, to those who observed him only on the public stage of affairs, to

rule with wisdom, to consult the welfare of his subjects, to be concerned for the integrity of justice and the purity of manners and conversation in his own court, and careful, by a prudent administration, to confirm his power at home and his prestige abroad. Considered apart from his domestic relations, he was, in many respects, an able and virtuous ruler. His foreign policy was liberal; he extended toleration to all religious sects; he expended a generous portion of his revenues in public improvements; monasteries, temples, bazaars, canals, bridges, arose at his bidding on every side; and though he fell short of his early promise, he did much to improve the condition of his subjects.

For example, at the instance of her Britannic Majesty's Consul, the Honorable Thomas George Knox, he removed the heavy boat-tax that had so oppressed the poorer masses of the Siamese, and constructed good roads, and improved the international chambers of judicature.

But, as husband and kinsman his character assumes a most revolting aspect. Envious, revengeful, subtle, he was as fickle and petulant as he was suspicious and cruel. His brother, even the offspring of his brother, became to him objects of jealousy, if not of hatred. Their friends must, he thought, be his enemies; and applause bestowed upon them was odious to his soul. There were many horrid tragedies in his harem, in which he enacted the part of a barbarian and a despot. Plainly, his conduct, as the head of a great family to whom his will was a law of terror, reflects abiding disgrace upon his name. Yet it had this redeeming feature, that he tenderly loved those of his children whose mothers had been agreeable to him. He never snubbed or slighted them; and for the little princess, Chowfa-Ying, whose mother had been to him a most gentle and devoted wife, his affection was very strong and enduring.

But to turn from the contemplation of his private traits, so contradictory

cial mention. To their united influence Siam unquestionably owes much, if not all, of her present advancement and prosperity. Nor would I be thought to detract from the high praise that is due to their fellow-laborers in the cause of Christianity, the Roman Catholic missionaries, who are, and ever have been, indefatigable in their exertions for the good of the country. Especially will the name of the excellent bishop, Monseigneur Pallegorit, be held in honor and affection by people of all creeds and tongues in Siam, as that of a pure and devoted follower of our common Redeemer.

and offensive, to the consideration of his public acts, so liberal and beneficent. Several commercial treaties of the first importance were concluded with foreign powers during his reign. In the first place, the Siamese government voluntarily reduced the measurement duties on foreign shipping, from nineteen hundred to one thousand ticals per fathom of ship's beam. This was a brave stride in the direction of a sound commercial policy, and an earnest of greater inducements to enterprising traders from abroad. In 1855 a new treaty of commerce was negotiated with his Majesty's government by H. B. M.'s plenipotentiary, Sir John Bowring, which proved of very positive advantage to both parties. On the 29th of May, 1856, a new treaty, substantially like that with Great Britain, was procured by Townsend Harris, Esq., representing the United States; and later in the same year still another, in favor of France, through H. I. M.'s Envoy, M. Montigny.

Before that time Portugal had been the only foreign government having a consul residing at Bangkok. Now the way was opened to admit a resident consul of each of the treaty powers; and shortly millions of dollars flowed into Siam annually by channels through which but a few tens of thousands had been drawn before. Foreign traders and merchants flocked to Bangkok and established rice-mills, factories for the production of sugar and oil, and warehouses for the importation of European fabrics. They found a ready market for their wares, and an aspect of thrift and comfort began to enliven the once neglected and cheerless land.

A new and superb palace was erected, after the model of Windsor Castle, together with numerous royal residences in different parts of the country. The nobility began to emulate the activity and munificence of their sovereign, and to compete with each other in the grandeur of their dwellings and the splendor of their *cortèges*.

So prosperous did the country become under the benign influence of for-

eign trade and civilization, that other treaties were speedily concluded with almost every nation under the sun, and his Majesty found it necessary to accredit Sir John Bowring as plenipotentiary for Siam abroad.

Early in this reign the appointment of harbor-master at Bangkok was conferred upon an English gentleman, who proved so efficient in his functions that he was distinguished with the fifth title of a Siamese noble. Next came a French commander and a French band-master for the royal troops. Then a custom-house was established, and a "live Yankee" installed at the head of it, who was also glorified with a title of honor. Finally a police force was organized, composed of trusty Malays hired from Singapore, and commanded by one of the most energetic Englishmen to be found in the East,—a measure which has done more than all others to promote a comfortable sense of "law and order" throughout the city and outskirts of Bangkok. It is to be remembered, however, in justice to the British Consul-General in Siam, Mr. Thomas George Knox, that the sure though silent influence was his, whereby the minds of the king and the prime minister were led to appreciate the benefits that must accrue from these foreign innovations.

The privilege of constructing, on liberal terms, a line of telegraph through Maulmain to Singapore, with a branch to Bangkok, has been granted to the Singapore Telegraph Company; and finally, a sanatorium has been erected on the coast at Anghin, for the benefit of native and foreign residents needing the invigoration of sea-air.\*

During his retirement in the monas-

\* "His Excellency Chow Phya Bhibakrongs Maha Kosa Dhipude, the Phraklang, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has built a sanatorium at Anghin, for the benefit of the public. It is for benefit of the Siamese, Europeans, or Americans, to go and occupy when unwell to restore their health. All are cordially invited to go there for a suitable length of time and be happy; but are requested not to remain month after month and year after year, and regard it as a place without an owner. To regard it in this way cannot be allowed, for it is public property and others should go and stop there also."—*Advertisement, Siam Monitor, August 29, 1863.*

tery the king had a stroke of paralysis, from which he perfectly recovered; but it left its mark on his face, in the form of a peculiar falling of the under lip on the right side. In person he was of middle stature, slightly built, of regular features and fair complexion. In early life he lost most of his teeth, but he had had them replaced with a set made from Japan wood,—a secret that he kept very sensitively to the day of his death.

Capable at times of the noblest impulses, he was equally capable of the basest actions. Extremely accessible to praise, he indiscriminately entertained every form of flattery; but his fickleness was such that no courtier could cajole him long. Among his favorite women was the beautiful Princess Tongoo Soopia, sister to the unfortunate Sultan Mahmoud, ex-rajah of Pahang. Falling fiercely in love with her on her presentation at his court, he procured her for his harem, against her will, and as a hostage for the good faith of her brother; but as she, being Mohammedan, ever maintained toward him a deportment of tranquil indifference, he soon tired of her, and finally dismissed her to a wretched life of obsolescence and neglect within the palace walls.

The only woman who ever managed him with acknowledged success was Khoo Chom Piem: hardly pretty, but well formed, and of versatile tact, totally uneducated, of barely respectable birth,—being Chinese on her father's side,—yet withal endowed with a nice intuitive appreciation of character. Once conscious of her growing influence over the king, she contrived to foster and exercise it for years, with but a slight rebuff now and then. Being modest to a fault, even at times obnoxious to the imputation of prudishness, she habitually feigned excuses for non-attendance in his Majesty's chambers,—such as delicate health, the nursing of her children, mourning for the death of this or that relative,—and voluntarily visited him only at rare intervals. In the course of six years she amassed con-

siderable treasure, procured good places at court for members of her family, and was the means of bringing many Chinamen to the notice of the king. At the same time she lived in continual fear, was warily humble and conciliating toward her rival sisters, who pitied rather than envied her, and retained in her pay most of the female executive force in the palace.

In his daily habits his Majesty was remarkably industrious and frugal. His devotion to the study of astronomy never abated, and he calculated with respectable accuracy the great solar eclipse of August, 1868.

The French government having sent a special commission, under command of the Baron Hugon le Tourneur, to observe the eclipse in Siam, the king erected, at a place called *Hua Wänn* ("the Whale's Head") a commodious observatory, beside numerous pavilions varying in size and magnificence, for his Majesty and retinue, the French commission, the Governor of Singapore (Colonel Ord) and suite, who had been invited to Bangkok by the king, and for ministers and nobles of Siam. Provision was made, at the cost of government, for the regal entertainment, in a town of booths and tabernacles, of the vast concourse of natives and Europeans who followed his Majesty from the capital to witness the sublime phenomenon; and a herd of fifty noble elephants were brought from the ancient city of Ayudia for service and display.

The prospect becoming dubious and gloomy just at the time of first contact (ten o'clock), the Prime Minister archly invited the foreigners who believed in an overruling Providence to pray to him, "that he may be pleased to disperse the clouds long enough to afford us a good view of the grandest of eclipses." Presently the clouds were partially withdrawn from the sun, and his Majesty observing that one twentieth of the disk was obscured, announced the fact to his own people by firing a cannon; and immediately pipes screamed and trumpets blared in the

royal pavilion, — a tribute of reverence to the traditional fable about the Angel Rahoo swallowing the sun. Both the king and prime minister, scorning the restraints of dignity, were fairly boisterous in their demonstrations of triumph and delight; the latter skipping from point to point to squint through his long telescope. At the instant of absolute totality, when the very last ray of the sun had become extinct, his Excellency shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and scientifically disgraced himself. Leaving his spyglass swinging, he ran through the gateway of his pavilion, and cried to his prostrate wives, "Henceforth, will you not believe the foreigners?"

But that other Excellency, Chow Phya Bhudharabhai, Minister for Northern Siam, more orthodox, sat in dumfounded faith, and gaped at the awful deglutition of the Angel Rahoo.

The government expended not less than one hundred thousand dollars on this scientific expedition, and a delegation from the foreign community of Bangkok approached his Majesty with an address of thanks for his indiscriminate hospitality.

But the extraordinary excitement, and exposure to the noxious atmosphere of the jungle, proved inimical to the constitution of the king. On his return to Bangkok he complained of general weariness and prostration, which was the prelude to fever. Foreign physicians were consulted, but at no stage of the case was any European treatment employed. He rapidly grew worse, and was soon past saving. On the day before his death he called to his bedside his nearest relatives, and parted among them such of his personal effects as were most prized by him, saying, "I have no more need of these things. I must give up my life also." Buddhist priests were constant in attendance, and he seemed to derive much comfort from their prayers and exhortations. In the evening he wrote with his own hand a tender farewell to the mothers of his many children, — eighty-one in number. On

the morning of his last day (October 1, 1868) he dictated in the Pali language a farewell address to the Buddhist priesthood, the spirit of which was admirable, and clearly manifested the faith of the dying man in the doctrines of the Reformer; for he hesitated not to say: "Farewell, ye faithful followers of Buddha, to whom death is nothing, even as all earthly existence is vain, all things mutable, and death inevitable. Presently I shall myself submit to that stern necessity. Farewell! for I go only a little before you."

Feeling sure that he must die before midnight, he summoned his royal half-brother, H. K. H. Krom Hluang Wong-sab, his Excellency the Prime Minister, Chow Phya Kralahome, and others, and solemnly imposed upon them the care of his eldest son, the Chowfa Chulalonkorn, and of his kingdom; at the same time expressing his last earthly wish, that the Senabawdee, in electing his successor, would give their voices for one who should conciliate all parties, that the country might not be distracted by dissensions on that question. He then told them he was about to finish his course, and implored them not to give way to grief, "nor to any sudden surprise," that he should leave them thus; "'tis an event that must befall all creatures that come into this world, and may not be avoided." Then turning his gaze upon a small image of his adored Teacher, he seemed for some time absorbed in awful contemplation. "Such is life!" Those were actually the last words of this most remarkable Buddhist king. He died like a philosopher, calmly and sententiously soliloquizing on death and its inevitability. At the final moment, no one being near save his adopted son, Phya Bur-root, he raised his hands before his face, as in his accustomed posture of devotion; then suddenly his head dropped backward, and he was gone.

That very night, without disorder or debate, the Senabawdee elected his eldest son, Somdet Chawfa Chulalonkorn, to succeed him; and the Prince George Washington, eldest son of the

late second king, to succeed to his father's subordinate throne, under the title of Krom Phra Raja Bowawn Sahthan Mongkoon. The title of the present supreme king (my amiable and very promising scholar) is Prabat Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Chulalongkorn Kate Klou Chou-yu-Hua.

"Do you understand the word 'charity,' or *maitree*, as your apostle St. Paul explains it in the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians?" said his Majesty to me one morning, when he had been discussing the religion of Sakyamuni, the Buddha.

"I believe I do, your Majesty," was my reply.

"Then, tell me, what does St. Paul really mean, to what custom does he allude, when he says, 'Even if I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing?'"

"Custom!" said I. "I do not know of any *custom*. The giving of the body to be burned is by him esteemed the highest act of *devotion*, the purest sacrifice man can make for man."

"You have said well. It is the highest act of devotion that can be made, or performed, by man for man, — that giving of his body to be burned. But if it is done from a spirit of opposition, for the sake of fame, or popular applause, or for any other such motive, is it still to be regarded as the highest act of sacrifice?"

"That is just what St. Paul means: the motive consecrates the deed."

"But all men are not fortified with the self-control which should fit them to be great exemplars; and of the many who have appeared in that character, if strict inquiry were made, their virtue would be found to proceed from any other than the true and pure spirit. Sometimes it is indolence, sometimes restlessness, sometimes vanity, impatient for its gratification, and rushing to assume the part of humility for the purpose of self-delusion."

"Now," said the king, taking several of his long strides in the vestibule of his library, and declaiming with his

habitual emphasis, "St. Paul, in this chapter, evidently and strongly applies the Buddhist's word *maitree*, or *maikree*, as pronounced by some Sanskrit scholars; and explains it through the Buddhist's custom of giving the body to be burned, which was practised centuries before the Christian era, and is found unchanged in parts of China, Ceylon, and Siam, to this day. The giving of the body to be burned has ever been considered by devout Buddhists the most exalted act of self-abnegation.

"To give all one's goods to feed the poor is common in this country, with princes and people, — who often keep back nothing (not even one *cowree*, the thousandth part of a cent) to provide for themselves a handful of rice. But then they stand in no fear of starvation; for death by hunger is unknown where Buddhism is preached and *practised*.

"I know a man, of royal parentage, and once possessed of untold riches. In his youth he felt such pity for the poor, the old, the sick, and such as were troubled and sorrowful, that he became melancholy, and after spending several years in the continual relief of the needy and helpless, he, in a moment, gave all his goods, in a word ALL, 'to feed the poor.' This man has never heard of St. Paul or his writings; but he knows, and tries to comprehend in its fulness, the Buddhist word *maitree*.

"At thirty he became a priest. For five years he had toiled as a gardener; for that was the occupation he preferred, because in the pursuit of it he acquired much useful knowledge of the medicinal properties of plants, and so became a ready physician to those who could not pay for their healing. But he could not rest content with so imperfect a life, while the way to perfect knowledge of excellence, truth, and charity remained open to him; so he became a priest.

"This happened sixty-five years ago. Now he is ninety-five years old; and, I fear, has not yet found the truth and excellence he has been in search of so long. But I know no greater man than

he. He is great in the Christian sense, loving, pitiful, forbearing, pure.

"Once, when he was a gardener, he was robbed of his few poor tools by one whom he had befriended in many ways. Some time after that, the king met him, and inquired of his necessities. He said he needed tools for his gardening. A great abundance of such implements was sent to him; and immediately he shared them with his neighbors, taking care to send the most and best to the man who had robbed him.

"Of the little that remained to him, he gave freely to all who lacked. Not his own, but another's wants, were his sole argument in asking or bestowing. Now, he is great in the Buddhist sense, also,—not loving life nor fearing death, desiring nothing the world can give, beyond the peace of a beatified spirit. This man—who is now the High-Priest of Siam—would, without so much as a thought of shrinking, give his body, alive or dead, to be burned, if so he might obtain one glimpse of eternal truth, or save one soul from death or sorrow."

More than eighteen months after the first king of Siam had entertained me with this essentially Buddhistic argument, and its simple and impressive illustration, a party of pages hurried me away with them, just as the setting sun was trailing his last long, lingering shadows through the porches of the palace. His Majesty required my presence; and his Majesty's commands were absolute and instant. "Find and fetch!" No delay was to be thought of, no question answered, no explanation afforded, no excuse entertained. So, with resignation I followed my guides, who led the way to the monastery of Watt Rajah Bahdet Sang ("Temple by order of the king"). But having some experience of the moods and humors of his Majesty, my mind was not wholly free from uneasiness. Generally, such impetuous summoning foreboded an interview the reverse of agreeable.

The sun had set in glory below the

red horizon, when I entered the extensive range of monastic buildings that adjoin the temple. Wide tracts of waving corn and avenues of oleanders screened from view the distant city, with its pagodas and palaces. The air was fresh and balmy, and seemed to sigh plaintively among the betel and cocoa palms that skirt the monastery.

The pages left me seated on a stone step, and ran to announce my presence to the king. Long after the moon had come out clear and cool, and I had begun to wonder where all this would end, a young man, robed in pure white, and bearing in one hand a small lighted taper, and a lily in the other, beckoned me to enter, and follow him; and as we traversed the long, low passages that separate the cells of the priests, the weird sound of voices, chanting the hymns of the Buddhist liturgy, fell upon my ear. The darkness, the loneliness, the measured monotone, distant and dreamy,—all was most romantic and exciting, even to a matter-of-fact Englishwoman like myself.

As the page approached the threshold of one of the cells, he whispered to me in a voice full of entreaty to put off my shoes; at the same time prostrating himself with a movement and expression of the most abject humility before the door, where he remained, without changing his posture. I stooped involuntarily, and scanned curiously, anxiously, the scene within the cell. There sat the king; and at a sign from him I presently entered, and sat down beside him.

On a rude pallet, about six and a half feet long, and not more than three feet wide, and with a bare block of wood for a pillow, lay a dying priest. A simple garment of faded yellow covered his person; his hands were folded on his breast; his head was bald, and the few blanched hairs that might have remained to fringe his sunken temples had been carefully shorn,—his eyebrows, too, were closely shaven; his feet were bare and exposed; his eyes were fixed, not in the vacant stare of death,



but with solemn contemplation or scrutiny, upward. No sign of disquiet was there, no external suggestion of pain or trouble; I was at once startled and puzzled. Was he dying or acting?

In the attitude of his person, in the expression of his countenance, I beheld sublime reverence, repose, absorption. He seemed to be communing with some spiritual presence.

My entrance and approach made no change in him. At his right side was a dim taper in a gold candlestick; on the left a dainty golden vase, filled with white lilies, freshly gathered: these were offerings from the king. One of the lilies had been laid on his breast, and contrasted touchingly with the dingy, faded yellow of his robe. Just over the region of the heart lay a coil of unspun cotton thread, which, being divided into seventy-seven filaments, was distributed to the hands of priests, who, closely seated, quite filled the cell, so that none could have moved without difficulty. Before each priest were a lighted taper and a lily, symbols of faith and purity. From time to time one or other of that solemn company raised his voice, and chanted strangely; and all the choir responded in unison. These were the words, as they were afterward translated for me by the king.

*First Voice.* Sâng-Khâng sârá nang gách' châ mi! (Thou Excellence, or Perfection! I take refuge in thee.)

*All.* Nama Poothô sang Khâng sârá nang gách' châ mi! (Thou who art named Poothô!—Either God, Boodha, or Mercy,—I take refuge in thee.)

*First Voice.* Tuti âmpi sang Khâng sârá nang gách' châ mi! (Thou Holy One! I take refuge in thee.)

*All.* Tê sâtiya sang Khâng sârá nang gách' châ mi! (Thou Truth, I take refuge in thee.)

As the sound of the prayer fell on his ear, a flickering smile lit up the pale, sallow countenance of the dying man, with a visible mild radiance, as though the charity and humility of his nature, in departing, left the light of their loveliness there. The absorbing rapture of that look, which seemed to

overtake the invisible, was almost too holy to gaze upon. Riches, station, honors, kindred, he had resigned them all, more than half a century since, in his love for the poor and his longing after truth. Here was none of the wavering or vagueness or incoherence of a wandering, delirious death. He was going to his clear, eternal calm. With a smile of perfect peace he said: "To your Majesty I commend the poor; and this that remains of me I give to be burned." And that, his last gift, was indeed his all.

I can imagine no spectacle more worthy to excite a compassionate emotion, to impart an abiding impression of reverence, than the tranquil dying of that good old "pagan." Gradually his breathing became more laborious; and presently, turning with a great effort toward the king, he said, *Chan-chai pai damni!*—"I will go now!" Instantly the priests joined in a loud psalm and chant, "Phra Arahang sang Khâng sârá nang gách' châ mi!" (Thou Sacred One, I take refuge in thee.) A few minutes more, and the spirit of the High-Priest of Siam had calmly breathed itself away. The eyes were open and fixed; the hands still clasped; the expression sweetly content. My heart and eyes were full of tears, yet I was comforted. By what hope? I know not, for I dared not question it.

On the afternoon of the next day I was again summoned by his Majesty to witness the burning of that body.

It was carried to the cemetery, Watt Sah Kâte; and there men, hired to do such dreadful offices upon the dead, cut off all the flesh, and flung it to the hungry dogs that haunt that monstrous garbage-field of Buddhism. The bones, and all that remained upon them, were thoroughly burned; and the ashes, carefully gathered in an earthen pot, were scattered in the little gardens of wretches too poor to buy manure. All that was left now of the venerable devotee was the remembrance of a look.

"This," said the king, as I turned away sickened and sorrowful, "is to

give one's body to be burned. This is what your St. Paul had in his mind, — this custom of our Buddhist ancestors, — this complete self-abnegation, in life and in death, — when he said, 'Even if I give my body to be burned, and have not charity [*maitree*], it profiteth me nothing.'

The renascence of Buddhism sought to eliminate from the arrogant and impious pantheisms of Egypt, India, and Greece a simple and pure philosophy, upholding virtue as man's greatest good and highest reward. It taught that the only object worthy of his noblest aspirations was to render the soul (itself an emanation from God) fit to be absorbed back again into the Divine essence from which it sprang. The single aim, therefore, of pure Buddhism seems to have been to rouse men to an inward contemplation of the divinity of their own nature; to fix their thoughts on the spiritual life within, as the only real and true life; to teach them to disregard all earthly distinctions, conditions, privileges, enjoyments, privations, sorrows, sufferings; and thus to incite them to continual efforts in the direction of the highest ideals of patience, purity, self-denial.

Buddhism cannot be clearly defined by its visible results to-day. There are more things in that subtle, mystical enigma, called in the Pali *Nirwana*, in the Birmese *Niban*, in the Siamese *Niphan*, than are dreamed of in our philosophy. With the idea of Niphan in his theology, it were absurdly false to say the Buddhist has no God. His Decalogue\* is as plain and imperative as the Christian's: —

I. From the meanest insect up to man thou shalt kill no animal whatsoever.

II. Thou shalt not steal.

III. Thou shalt not violate the wife of another, nor his concubine.

IV. Thou shalt speak no word that is false.

V. Thou shalt not drink wine, nor anything that may intoxicate.

\* Translated from the Pali.

VI. Thou shalt avoid all anger, hatred, and bitter language.

VII. Thou shalt not indulge in idle and vain talk.

VIII. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

IX. Thou shalt not harbor envy, nor pride, nor revenge, nor malice, nor the desire of thy neighbor's death or misfortune.

X. Thou shalt not follow the doctrines of false gods.

Whosoever abstains from these forbidden things is said to "observe Silah"; and whosoever shall faithfully observe Silah, in all his successive metempsychoses, shall continually increase in virtue and purity, until at length he shall become worthy to behold God, and hear his voice; and so he shall obtain Niphan. "Be assiduous in bestowing alms, in practising virtue, in observing Silah, in performing Bavana prayer; and above all in adoring Guadama, the true God. Reverence likewise his laws and his priests."

In the royal private temple, Watt Phra Keau, on the Buddhist Sâbâto, or One-thee-sin, I have contemplated, with a respect approved by all true religious feeling, the devout deportment of that *élite* congregation of pagans.

The women sat in circles, and each displayed her vase of flowers and her lighted taper before her. In front of all were a number of my younger pupils, the royal children, in circles also. Close by the altar, on a low square stool, overlaid with a thin cushion of silk, sat the high-priest, Chow-Khoon-Sâh. In his hand he held a concave fan, lined with pale green silk, the back richly embroidered, jewelled, and gilt.\* He was draped in a yellow robe, not unlike the Roman toga, a loose and flowing habit, closed below the waist, but open from the throat to the girdle, which was simply a band of yellow cloth, bound tightly. From the shoulders hung two narrow strips, also yellow, descending over the robe to the feet, and resembling the scapular worn by certain orders of the Roman Cath-

olic clergy. At his side was an open watch of gold, the gift of his sovereign. At his feet sat seventeen disciples, shading their faces with fans less richly adorned.

We put off our shoes, — my child and I, — having respect for the ancient prejudice against them;† feeling not so much reverence for the place as for the hearts that worshipped there, caring to display not so much the love of wisdom as the wisdom of love; and well were we repaid by the grateful smile of recognition that greeted us as we entered.

We sat down cross-legged. No need to hush my boy, — the silence there, so subduing, checked with its mysterious awe even his inquisitive young mind. The venerable high-priest sat with his face jealously covered, lest his eyes should tempt his thoughts to stray. I changed my position to catch a glimpse of his countenance; he drew his fan-veil more closely, giving me a quick but gentle half-glance of remonstrance. Then raising his eyes, with lids nearly closed, he chanted in an infantile, wailing tone.

That was the opening prayer. At once the whole congregation raised themselves on their knees and, all together, prostrated themselves thrice profoundly, thrice touching the polished brass floor with their foreheads; and then, with heads bowed, and palms folded, and eyes closed, they delivered

the responses after the priest, much in the manner of the English liturgy, first the priest, then the people, and finally all together. There was no singing, no standing up and sitting down, no changing of robes or places, no turning the face to the altar, nor north, nor south, nor east, nor west. All knelt *still*, with hands folded straight before them, and eyes strictly, tightly closed. Indeed, there were faces there that expressed devotion and piety, the humblest and the purest, as the lips murmured, "O Thou Eternal One, Thou perfection of Time, Thou truest Truth, Thou immutable essence of all Change, Thou most excellent radiance of Mercy, Thou infinite Compassion, Thou Pity, Thou Charity!"

I lost some of the responses in the simultaneous repetition, and did but imperfectly comprehend the exhortation that followed, in which was inculcated the strictest practice of charity, in a manner so pathetic, and so gentle, as might be wisely imitated by the most orthodox of Christian priests.

There was majesty in the humility of those pagan worshippers, and in their shame of self they were sublime. I leave both the truth and the error to Him who alone can soar to the bright heights of the one and sound the dark depths of the other; and take to myself the lesson, to be read in the shrinking forms and hidden faces of those patient waiters for a far-off glimmering *Light*, — the lesson wherefrom I learn, in thanking God for the light of Christianity, to thank him for its shadow too, which is Buddhism.

\* The fan is used to cover the face. Jewelled fans are marks of distinction among the priesthood.

† "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

## THE LOGIC OF MARRIAGE AND MURDER.

IT is altogether probable that before this reaches the reader, Daniel McFarland, who killed A. D. Richardson, will have been acquitted of murder, on the ground of insanity. But, let the trial issue as it may, the interests of justice do not appear to be very largely involved in it. If McFarland is acquitted, it will not be because he deserves to live, but because his attorneys have the requisite amount of audacity, and his jurymen the requisite amount of credulity, to secure that boon to him. Neither if he be condemned, will it be because he actually deserves to die, but because the conscience of every civilized community exacts, ever and anon, the immolation of a victim to purge its own accumulated but unacknowledged guilt. It is clear to me, indeed, as it must be, I conceive, to every unsophisticated judgment, that McFarland committed a foul and cowardly murder; and it is equally clear that the law which visits murder with death will be outraged by his acquittal. But what I wish to urge upon the attention of the reader is, that the blame, which in that event would seem obviously to reflect itself upon the administration of justice among us, has in reality a deeper ground; that it attaches, in fact and primarily, to the social constitution under which we live, inasmuch as that constitution makes the true sanction of marriage to be force, not freedom.

I do not pretend, of course, to any knowledge of McFarland's character, apart from the testimony adduced upon the trial, but it is fair to infer from this that he is a man of maudlin egotism or self-pity, prone to assassination, but afraid to encounter its risks; in short, a man of savage tendencies when provoked, without the courage which on occasion redeems the savage and renders him picturesque. And yet this man, thus characterized, is en-

dowed by the law with a strictly *personal* property in his wife; that is, a property quite irrespective of his essential nature and habits, provided he can in any way contrive to keep up a plausible appearance before the world. Under these circumstances, accordingly, given such a man as McFarland, and such a woman as his wife, what is the inevitable result? "Inevitable," I say, considering the motives usually operative in human conduct. In the first place, the "marriage" of the ill-fated pair confesses itself a loathsome concubinage. In the next place, the wife—all whose instincts, in true marriage, are towards submission—is driven by those very instincts themselves to disown every obligation imposed upon her by this false marriage. In the third place, the husband—all whose instincts, even in true marriage, are towards dominion—is driven, now that his purely legal property in his wife is menaced, to insist upon it with unmanly zeal; so that, if he cannot succeed in reducing his revolted vassal to her former servitude, he is almost sure to grasp his remedy in some vile and dastardly revenge inflicted either directly upon herself, or else indirectly upon somebody dear to her. And then, finally, what the outraged law of the land is much too often successfully invoked to do, is to dissemble its just indignation at crime, and absolve the criminal of his guilt, by authorizing instead an unscrupulous defamation of the character of his victim.

Such is the state of things which, in my opinion, makes it absurd to pretend that the interests of justice are involved, save in a merely derivative or secondary manner, either in the acquittal or the condemnation of McFarland. These interests are directly violated, not by the exceptional but by the habitual judgment we cherish in regard to marriage; and it is only an indirect

violation they encounter, when some self-indulgent ruffian presumes upon the current sentimental morality of the community to right his own conceded wrongs in his own tempestuous way. In other words, the interests of justice are flagrantly, though of course unconsciously, violated, whenever the existing marriage is publicly enforced, or not left to its own free determination; and this sneaking McFarland iniquity is only a *premature* flowering of that insane root. I know very well that the family institution or the interests of inheritance, alone, control marriage, and keep it the grovelling, unhandsome thing it is. And I have no objection, doubtless, but, on the contrary, all manner of good-will, toward society guaranteeing every man's domestic peace and honor against defilement. But you can only fortify the family bond against outward aggression by purifying it from within. Guarantee the family against *inward* harm, — the harm which flows from the degradation of the marriage sentiment, — and then you will see clearly how to shield it from all outward harm, or such as arises from the interference of third parties. Marriage is only recognized at present as the basis of the family unity. It is held to be properly servile to that interest. That is to say, you claim a *free* or spiritual basis for a fixed or material superstructure. Take extreme good care, then, that there be some harmony or proportion kept between the two. You may, indeed, spiritualize your superstructure, or enlarge your family unity, as much as you please; but you cannot materialize your base, or reduce marriage from a living spirit to a dead letter, without erelong bringing your house in ruins about your ears. Marriage is notoriously, and first of all, a free or spiritual relation of the parties to it, and only, or altogether, in subordination to that, an obligatory or material covenant. What right have I, if I am habitually false, tyrannical, or simply self-seeking, to the affection of wife or child, unless, indeed, they be as degrad-

ed as myself? No doubt I have a right to their forbearance, so long as I do not impose my will upon them; but not even to that, a moment longer. The moment I claim authority over them, or, being what I am, seek to coerce their well-grounded disgust and aversion by an appeal to the existing constitution of society, I lose all claim — unless, indeed, they be very exceptional persons — even to their forbearance, and deserve to be treated only as a madman. Undoubtedly I should be so treated in a perfectly righteous state of society; that is, such a state as implied just and equal relations between each and all, and not, as now, an organized inequality or injustice. Let me repeat, then, with all unreserve, that the obligation which we owe even to the family, considered as the germ or nucleus of our existing civilization, binds us to relieve marriage of its conventional degradation, by affirming its absolute or unconditional sanctity as the supreme law of human life.

"All this is easily said," the reader will object; "but how is it to be actually done?" Let me reply: By administering the institution no longer primarily in the interest of the family, but in that of abstract or impersonal justice. And if this reply still appear enigmatical to the reader, let me solve his doubts by seeking an illustration of my meaning in his own familiar practice.

My reader no doubt is sometimes liable, like everybody else, to find his domestic rule called in question by child or servant. And when this is the case, what does he usually proceed to do? Madly insist upon the literal allegiance which is his due? Or wisely endeavor to placate his revolted subjects by teaching them that the outward homage he claims from them is only the mask of a higher obligation they owe to themselves, and is not intended to be enforced save in so far as this higher obligation is unrecognized by them? Unquestionably the latter. He uses all diligence, in fact, to heal the existing breach, and obviate future

casualties of the sort, by making his rebellious subjects understand that it is never he, but always they, who are the true end or spirit of the law embodied in his person; so that when ever they are ready to discern the spiritual scope of the law, and accept all the obligations it imposes, he will at once confess himself *functus officio*, and acquit them of all further allegiance. He, to be sure, is the provisional head of the family, but they are the family itself; and he can only vindicate his headship, therefore, by persistently ruling the family primarily in the interest of justice and only derivatively thence in his own.

Such is the illustration which the reader's own habitual practice affords to my words, when I say that society should no longer administer the marriage institution selfishly but justly. The reader, whenever his domestic rule is compromised by the insubjection of his children or servants, manages still to maintain his authority, and recover the ground he has lost, how? By brutally compelling submission? No, but simply by spiritualizing his sway, or claiming for it a social instead of a selfish sanction. And this is what society has got to do in order to uphold the essential sanctity of marriage, namely, to spiritualize the family evermore, by converting it from the contemptible fetish it is in itself, having interests at variance with all other families, into the great divine society it was intended to represent, whose unity is coextensive with all mankind.

Society, as constituted by the family bond, has no regard for marriage on its spiritual or religious, nor indeed on its moral, but only on its economic, side. It does not care a jot for it in its subjective aspect, or as it bears upon the parties to it, but only in its objective aspect, or as it bears upon the family, and thence upon itself. So far, consequently, as our existing civilization is concerned, the married pair are free to live like cat and dog; it is only when their discord threatens society, by loosening the family bond, that the

latter is moved to interfere. If the married pair would agree to subjective divorce, while still maintaining their objective relation to society, they might carry such divorce to any length they pleased, without society bestowing a thought upon them. "I did not enjoin marriage upon you," society says to them. "I found you disposed to marriage of your own accord, and what I did was skilfully to provide for my own subsistence and perpetuity, by availing myself of that free and generous impulse on your part, and promising you my countenance and protection in carrying it out. In short, I had no devout, but a purely selfish, end in ratifying your marriage, and have no real solicitude as to whether the marriage itself bring you happiness or misery. Thus you have my consent to be to each other, in all moral and spiritual regards, precisely what you will, so long as you unflinchingly promote my economic purposes, in rearing and educating the family upon which my evolution is contingent. Do this faithfully, and although you should be inwardly or spiritually as disaffected to each other as the poles, I will firmly close my eyes to every outward or moral sign of the inward fact which you yourselves do not actually force upon my attention. Fail to do it, and although I myself all the while have no spiritual, but only a mercenary regard for marriage, I will not fail to stigmatize either party, on the complaint of the other, as an infamous person, for infidelity to it. I know absolutely nothing of marriage in itself, or for its own sake, that is, as a law of human nature. I only know and esteem it for the admirable uses it promotes to me. And you have my cordial permission consequently, so long as you do nothing to estrange it in your own case from these objective ends, to be as untrue to it subjectively, or in spirit, as you please."

How is it conceivable, then, under this utterly selfish administration of marriage, that marriage itself should not be degraded to the mud of the streets, or that the civilization which it breeds



should not be a hotbed of every corruption possible to men's perverted instincts? What frank or honest reverence is ever, in fact, accorded to marriage? How do our novelists and farce-writers deal with it? Do they not habitually treat it in a way to make fools merry and wise men sad? And why is this, but because our civic administration robs the institution of its inherent spiritual lustre, and degrades it into a mere economic necessity? Marriage is, in truth, the crown only of the most perfect culture known to humanity. It is the ineffaceable sign and seal of the purest and highest natures. And yet in its actual administration it has become the privilege of every filthy vagabond to whom culture is unknown, and who finds in it only an unlimited justification of his natural egotism and lust. Practically, the law says to every such man: "Your wife is your personal property. She no longer stands invested with that personal sanctity which every woman wears naturally to the imagination of man, for she has passed into your ownership, has become your chattel, or thing, and of course nothing can be sacred to you which you yourself absolutely own. Subject her, therefore, to your basest personal necessities or caprice as much as you will. Compel all her affections and thoughts into your service by whatever methods you can pursue consistently with your own love to yourself, or your own instincts of self-preservation, and I shall have nothing whatever to say to you in the premises. What I care about in either of you is, not the soul, but the body; not the moral being, but the animal, prolific of offspring." Suppose, now, that the sot, the scamp, the ruffian, the simple lout even, thus practically addressed by society, finds or conceives his wife to be unfaithful to him, and in a moment of vindictive rage takes her life or that of her lover, imagined or real? Has society any right to condemn him? Is he not reproducing in act the spirit with which society has always inspired him?

How is any remedy conceivable for

these things short of an actual change of administration; that is, short of allowing an absolute or independent sanctity to marriage, by ceasing to enforce it any longer in any merely civic interest, or any interest below the outraged dignity of human nature itself? Of course, this great change implies a very advanced intelligence on the part of society, a very advanced social consciousness; implies, indeed, that same spirit of humiliation or self-surrender on the part of society towards its children, which we have just seen illustrated by the head of the family towards his. The true disease of civilization is organic, not functional; and the evils of lying, theft, adultery, and murder, which we see overlying all the surface of our life, are only so many symptoms, not sources, of this constitutional infirmity. Let us thank God, at least, that they come to the surface in such rank luxuriance, since it evidences the undiminished vigor of the organization, internally, to throw off corruption, or aspire to health and purity. Injustice of the foulest type is bred in the bone of our civic consciousness, and is, therefore, inseparable from its functioning, let that functioning be conventionally either good or evil. To be sure, the injustice in question being constitutional, is not of a partial character, and therefore escapes a hasty observation. It does not bear harder upon one person than another, for it is in reality universal or all-pervasive; and although it may more manifestly come to the surface, or more forcibly arrest the senses in one place than in another, it really eludes a rational scrutiny nowhere, but confesses itself the hidden root no less of our highest conventional virtue than of our lowest conventional vice.

But though our civic unrighteousness be thus impartial, it is only on that account all the more terribly real and earnest. What is the fundamental axiom upon which it reposes? It is this, namely: That a normal inequality exists between society and the individual, or between the universal and

the particular life of man; hence, that the only way in which harmony can ever be promoted between them, is by the forcible and permanent subjugation of men's private to their public interests. It is not supposed that any rightful or normal inequality exists between man and man, but only between the universal and the individual element in existence; and as between man and man, accordingly, our civic conscience feels itself competent to mediate. But between man and society, between the part and the whole, or the individual and the mass, this inequality is held to be legitimate and inexorable; so that in any collision of interests that chances between a private person and the community of which he forms a part, it is held to be absolutely just that the former defer to the latter. Hence it happens invariably, that the best conventional character recognized upon earth is that of the man who voluntarily surrenders his own dignity to the presumed exigencies of the public good. Hence, also it is that martyrs have enjoyed so great a repute; and that statesmen, soldiers, kings, priests, governors,—public functionaries of whatever name, in short,—claim a greatly superior social consideration to that of the private citizen.

Jesus Christ was the first, as indeed he has been as yet the only man in history, livingly to refute that monstrous superstition. The Jewish polity—the theocratic empire into which he was born—was originally founded, in fact, upon a precisely opposite conception of the truth. It was founded, apparently, upon the axiomatic principle of the subserviency of the race to the species, of the whole to the part, of the community to the individual. Else why was Abraham, a solitary outcast from his country, selected by the Divine will to become a great nation in whom all the families of the earth should be blest? Surely it is not in his personal, but only in his typical character that Abraham makes the slightest appeal to our reverence; only as he represents the household of faith, that great society

or brotherhood of the race which was spiritually to spring from the loins of his greatest descendant, and of which the fundamental maxim is that "the greatest serve the least." The Jewish people, indeed, so long as it remained faithful to its father's God, was lifted above fear, and enjoyed a more solid renown than has befallen any other nation. But the Jews soon grew tired of the Divine rule, and lusted after "a king to judge them like all the nations." Their great prophet remonstrated with them, and strove to arouse their fears by showing them the nature of the tyranny they invited. He said: "This will be the manner of the king that shall reign above you. He will take your sons and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to ear his grounds, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war and instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectioners, and cooks, and bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive-yards, the best of them, to give to his servants. And he will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep, and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you, and the Lord will not hear you in that day. Nevertheless, the people refused to hear the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we, also, may be like all the nations, and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles." In other words, Abraham's descendants had not the least spiritual apprehension of the great humanitarian truth which underlay their remarkable history, and was destined to be finally wrought out by it; so that when Christ came he found them so besotted by worldly lusts, as

cheerfully to swamp piety in patriotism, and esteem every one good or evil in heart, not as he related himself to God and man universally, but only as he stood affected to their own pretentious and now lapsed nationality.

In fact, so perfectly incorporate has this letter of nationality become with the Jewish consciousness, that none of the amazing vicissitudes of their history has had any power to weaken it; so that to this very day they carry the stigma of their infatuation in their face, and with no territorial foothold upon the earth to separate them from other nations, are yet the most clearly pronounced and odious type of nationality extant. No wonder, then, that Christ, animated by so utterly antagonistic a temper, found little acceptance at their hands! In truth, he performed his thankless office under such terrific odds at the scurvy hands he came to bless, whether Jew or Gentile, that it is only now, in this nineteenth century of his spiritual sway, that men are beginning faintly to discern the true breadth of his Gospel, and to perceive the endless social consequences with which it is fraught. It is, in fact, rather by our instinct than by our intelligence, rather by our hearts than by our minds, that we even yet are able to perceive that the truth which moved his mighty heart in life, and bowed his majestic head in death, was no such paltry figment as that of the equality of one race, or one nation, or one man, with another race or nation or man; for in the plane of individuality no equality, but only the greatest possible inequality, exists and reigns; but, on the contrary, the truth of a normal and invincible equality be-

tween every individual race, nation, or man, *and all other races, nations, and men put together*; that is to say, between the strictly individual and the strictly universal life of man, or the sphere of his delight and that of his duty. This is the sheer pith and scope of the Christian Gospel, to affirm a normal, but hitherto unsuspected, unity, and not division, between the interests of the race and those of the individual, or between the empire of material force in human affairs and that of spiritual freedom. And every community, civil or religious, which constitutes itself upon the opposite intellectual conception, is flagrantly derelict to the spirit of Christ, and can only hope to escape the judgments incident to such dereliction by frankly recognizing the error of its ways, and insisting betimes upon its public or organic interests becoming—no longer indifferent as now—but acutely sensitive and tributary to the individual dignity, or free spiritual worth, of all its members. Let this grand reform be practically inaugurated in however minute a measure, and we should at once feel its pacific and purifying sway in every remotest finger and toe of our associated consciousness. Marriage, especially, would soon become garlanded with immortal freshness. For, being at length divorced from the disfiguring servitude it has always been under to the merely material instincts of society or the race, it would be left free to assert its ineradicably spiritual aims, and so would, erelong, avouch itself for what it really is, the consummate flowering of God's infinite love in the earth of our finite human nature.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Earthly Paradise.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. Part III. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

OF late it would seem that the poet, or maker, has turned himself too wilfully into the versifier, or manufacturer. And when we take up such bulky volumes as Mr. Morris has produced, in quick succession, during the last two or three years, we have a certain overgrown and still cumulative fear or suspicion of the days of labor, — to say nothing of nights of waking, — consumed in doubtfully profitable factory-work. This, we say, is our fear, and we cannot but feel afterward that there is too much of realization. For, however full of sweetness and beauty of feeling and richness of words these books are, their sweetness is long drawn out, even love must labor strenuously through them, and a crude surfeit reigns. Often, too, their stories are almost lost in the telling. Yes, to be sure it is good to have wide fields to delay and wander in sometimes, to feel our feet tangled in soft luxuries of grass, and turn backward and sideways to pluck posies; but the longest way around is not the nearest way home for the true artist, when he wishes to lodge himself securely overnight in the heart of his reader. He may find that far-off, invisible person tired of waiting (there are many long-sitting and long-suffering readers, nevertheless), with the door shut, the light put out, and — is he musing or asleep?

The third part of "The Earthly Paradise" contains six separate poems, — two for each of the autumnal months, — three of which are from old Greek fables or histories, and the other three from Northern sources. For the former Mr. Morris has taken the root from the Greek story, and his invention has supplied new leaves and branches, making a wide-spread tree for us to lie under in summer idleness. These Greek themes are "The Death of Paris," "The Story of Accontius and Cydippe," and "The Story of Rhodope."

"The Death of Paris," with which the autumnal period of Mr. Morris's book opens, follows with slight difference the suggestions of the classical fable; but the various

speeches seem to wound and hopelessly cripple the poem, and are so confused as to render some of the scenes between Paris and CEnone hardly intelligible; we only know certainly that Paris is left alone at the close, and, with a cry for Helen on his lips, — the ruling passion breaking out at last, — is dead.

"The Story of Accontius and Cydippe" was in the original a pretty little story, but Mr. Morris changes it somewhat (no one need insist on the history), introducing as machinery the celestial nakedness of Venus, who purveys the prepared apple to Accontius in a dream; and he is a long while about it, — thirty pages; this being one of the instances we have hinted where the story is very charmingly dragged to death, or luxuriously lost, in the narration.

"The Story of Rhodope" is, we believe, the antique thread from which the priceless modern fairy-jewel of Cinderella is suspended. Mr. Morris introduces Rhodope as the daughter, late born, of poor and aged parents; at her birth a dream of her father's having hinted some high future which awaits her, she grows up under the subtle education of this forecast, a stranger among her kindred and people, dreaming and longing, beautiful, but cold and reserved. One day, while her father is brooding over his misfortunes and her discontent, he shows her a pair of jewelled and wonderful shoes which he got long ago as a prize in some sea-capture; and she, carrying them as a gift from him to the high-priest of a neighboring temple, dreamfully tries them on, and, afterward stopping for a bath by the way, leaves them on the shore, and the rape by the eagle follows. The poem, though too long, and tedious with its minute descriptions here and there, is the fullest of life, and seems to us the most satisfactory piece from the Greek themes in the present volume; something of reality is impressed upon us, especially in the closing portion, where the separation of the new fate from the old life and its associations takes place, affecting us with much of the pathos of a genuine human history. Rhodope, who shows a tenderness of feeling upon the sudden change

of her fortune, is desirous of having her aged parents accompany her and share her great change; but after the ship that bears her away is parted from shore, she awakes from an abstraction and discovers that their hearts failed them at the gangway, that they have remained behind, and that her new life is cut off by fate entirely from her old one. The following closing stanzas well describe her acceptance of this destiny:—

"Where is my father? I am fain to speak  
Of many things with him, we two alone;  
For mid these winds and waves my heart grows  
weak  
With memory of the days forever gone.  
The moon was bright, the swaying lanterns shone  
On her pale face, and fluttering garments hem  
Each stared on each, and silence was on them.

"And midst that silence a new lonely pain,  
Like sundering death, smote on her, till he spake:  
'O queen, what say'st thou? the old man was fain,  
He told us, still to dwell among his folk;  
He said, thou knewest he might not bear the yoke  
Of strange eyes watching him—what say I more,  
Surely thou know'st he never left the shore?

"I deemed him wise and true: but give command  
If so thou wilt; certes no great thing  
It is, in two hours' space to make the land,  
Though much the land wind now is freshening.  
'One slender hand to the rough shrouds did cling,  
As her limbs failed; she raised the other one,  
And moved her lips to bid the thing be done.

"Yet no words came, she stood upright again,  
And dropped her hand and said, 'I strive with  
change,  
I strive with death, the gods' toy, but in vain:  
No, otherwise than thus might all be strange.'  
Therewith she turned, her unseeing eyes did  
range  
Wide o'er the tumbling waste of waters gray,  
As swift the black ship went upon her way."

The other three poems are "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," "The Man who never laughed again," and "The Lovers of Gudrun." The first affects us vaguely but subtly, and seems to have in it somewhat of the same fairy-tale that is familiar as "The Sleeping Beauty." It pretends to be a dream, and its impression really overtakes us as a dream reaches us by daylight,—something gossamer-like and impalpable that escapes and eludes yet charms us. The poem is full of tender and beautiful passages,—sensuous often, but pure as the white nakedness of marble,—and is written in the octosyllabic rhyme-verses, which are often managed so happily by Mr. Morris, especially in his effective modulations and skillful use of pauses. Here he seems to have closely imitated Chaucer, to whom his method and manner

have been carelessly compared by people who have never cared to read Chaucer. But he can hardly be credited with the real simple, hearty directness and freshness of Chaucer. His simplicity is not always of natural birth, for in it we too often feel the constraint of labored art trying unsuccessfully to conceal itself. "The Man who never laughed again" is somewhat similar in its suggestions to the last; having mystery and enchantment and the atmosphere of "fairy lands forlorn."

But of all the poems in this new volume, it is in "The Lovers of Gudrun" that we are made to feel that we are in presence of assured flesh and blood and the hearts of men and women with real personality and characters, and it is here, we think, Mr. Morris touches us most surely. "The Lovers of Gudrun" is a story of Iceland, and refers to the period of the introduction of Christianity into that island. There is more of human action herein, with a series of incidents each newly interesting to the reader; and the unhappy loves of Gudrun with Kiatan and Bodli, Kiatan's trusted foster-brother, are set before us in such a way as to fill us with a sense of genuine sorrow and suffering. It is a painful story,—a sad and tragic history. It is written in the simpler heroic rhymed verse, and is generally straightforward and vigorous, not wearying us with languid monotonies, as do many of the long poems in stanzas whose lines are too often oppressive with monosyllables. This poem is far the longest in the volume, and, as the poet tells us in his argument, "this story shows how two friends loved a fair woman, and how he who loved her best had her to wife, though she loved him little or not at all; and how one of these two friends gave shame to and received death of the other, who in his turn came to his end by reason of that deed." The following final closing passage in which Gudrun, in her blind old age, answers her son Bodli's question as to which of her four husbands she loved the best, will indicate perhaps the strong quality of the verse and poem:—

"Then her thin hands each upon each she pressed,  
And her face quivered, as some memory  
Were hard upon her:

'Ah, son! years go by.  
When we are young this year we call the worst  
That we can know; this bitter day is cursed,  
And no more such our hearts can bear, we say.  
But yet as time from us falls fast away  
There comes a day, son, when all this is fair  
And sweet, to what, still living, we must bear—

*Bettered is hale by hale that follows it,  
The saw saith.'*

Silent both awhile did sit  
Until she spake again: 'Easy to tell  
About them, son, my memory serves me well;  
A great chief Thorkel was, bounteous and wise,  
And ill hap seemed his death in all men's eyes.  
Bodli thy sire was mighty of his hands;  
Scarce better dwelt in all the northern lands;  
Thou wouldst have loved him well. My husband

Thord  
Was a great man, — wise at the council-board,  
Well learned in law. For Thorwal, he indeed,  
A rash weak heart, like to a stinging weed  
Must be pulled up — ah, that was long ago!'   
Then Bodli smiled. 'Thou wouldst not have me  
know

Thy thought, O mother, — these things know I well;  
Old folk about these men e'en such tales tell.'

She said: 'Alas, O son, thou ask'st of love!  
Long folly lasteth: still that word doth move  
My old worn heart — hearken one little word,  
Then ask no more: ill is it to be stirred  
To vain repining for the vanished days.'

She turned, until her sightless eyes did gaze  
As though the wall, the hills, must melt away,  
And show her Herdolt in the twilight gray;  
She cried, with tremulous voice and eyes grown  
wet

For the last time, whate'er should happen yet,  
With hands stretched out for all that she had lost:  
'I did the worst to him I loved the most.'

The last line refers, of course, to Kiartan  
(whose home was Herdolt), whom she  
had loved passionately and to whom she  
had been betrothed; through a fatal mis-  
understanding, she had wedded Bodli, his  
foster-brother, whom she did not love, in-  
stead, — thus bringing about sorrow, hatred,  
ruin, and death.

These poems, we think, generally com-  
pare favorably with those in the preceding  
parts of "The Earthly Paradise," though  
perhaps no one of them floats in memory  
so clear in its charm as "The Love of  
Alcestis," or touches us so distinctly as  
"The Proud King." They are nearly all  
brightened through frequently with fresh,  
healthful landscapes, painted in lines that  
have a dewy clearness and sweetness; here  
is such a picture from "The Lovers of Gud-  
run": —

"Then the man turned and smote his horse; but they  
Rode slowly by the borders of the bay  
Upon that fresh and sunny afternoon,  
Noting the sea-birds' cry and surf's soft tune,  
Until at last into the dale they came,  
And saw the gilt roof-ridge of Herdolt flame  
In the bright sunlight on the fresh grass,  
O'er which the restless, white-wooled lambs did  
pass  
And querulous gray ewes; and wide around,  
Near and far up the dale, they heard the sound  
Of lowing kine, and the blithe neat-herd's voice."

But in this third part of Mr. Morris's

book, wherein we have, so to speak, lost  
sight of the prelude to the poems and the  
embracing fiction that gives the book its  
general title, we feel that the machinery is  
rather an added weariness and interruption.  
The company by whom and among whom  
these tales are feigned to be told appear  
vague and without character, — ghostly per-  
sonages, that move about in worlds not real-  
ized, and seem to have no excuse for being  
anywhere. Nor are the little pieces of  
monotonous boundary verses which de-  
scribe the beginning and the ending of each  
month very desirable, although one of them,  
under the head of "October," and begin-  
ning,

"O love, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze,"  
is as delicious in tone as Indian summer  
and "divinest melancholy."

"Is Mr. Morris a great poet?" It is  
very easy for contemporary critics of pro-  
phetic confidence to answer this question,  
and take the far-off province of their great-  
grandchildren, but the great-grandchildren  
still think they have the better right to  
answer for themselves. That Mr. Morris  
is great in proportion to the bulk of his  
books, however, we may venture to doubt.  
But it is safe to say that he is an unusually  
sweet and fine poet, who if condensed suffi-  
ciently would find more present readers to  
delight in him and more readers in the  
future to keep him from being forgotten.  
Enough is good as a feast, and we should  
want more than enough rather than have it.

*An Old-fashioned Girl.* By LOUISA M.  
ALCOTT, Author of "Little Women."  
With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts  
Brothers.

If we said that Miss Alcott, as a writer  
for young people just getting to be young  
ladies and gentlemen, deserved the great  
good luck that has attended her books, we  
should be using an unprofessional frank-  
ness and putting in print something we  
might be sorry for after the story of the  
"Old-fashioned Girl" had grown colder in  
our minds. And yet it *is* a pretty story, a  
very pretty story; and almost inexplicably  
pleasing, since it is made up of such plain  
material, and helped off with no sort of ad-  
venture or sensation. It is nothing, in fact,  
but the story of a little girl from the coun-  
try, who comes to visit a gay city family,  
where there is a fashionable little lady of  
her own age, with a snubbed younger sister,



a gruff, good-hearted, mischievous brother, — as well as a staid, sensible papa, a silly, sickly mamma, and an old-time grandmother. In this family Polly makes herself ever so lovely and useful, so that all adore her, though her clothes are not of the latest fashion, nor her ideas, nor her principles; and by and by, after six years, when she returns again to the city to give music-lessons and send her brother to college, Mr. Shaw fails, and the heartlessness of fashionable life, which his children had begun to suspect, is plain to them, and Tom's modish *fiancée* jilts him, and Polly marries him, and Fanny Shaw gets the good and rich and elegant Sydney, who never cared for her money, and did not make love to her till she was poor. That is about all; and as none of these people or their doings are strange or remarkable, we rather wonder where the power of the story lies. There's some humor in it, and as little pathos as possible, and a great deal of good sense, but also some poor writing, and some bad grammar. One enjoys the simple tone, the unsentimentalized facts of common experience, and the truthfulness of many of the pictures of manners and persons. Besides, people always like to read of kindly self-sacrifice, and sweetness, and purity, and naturalness; and this is what Polly is, and what her character teaches in a friendly and unobtrusive way to everybody about her. The story thus mirrors the reader's good-will in her well-doing, and that is perhaps what, more than any other thing, makes it so charming and comfortable; but if it is not, pleasing the little book remains nevertheless; and nobody can be the worse for it. Perhaps it is late to observe that the scene of the story is in Boston; at least, the locality is euphuistically described as "the most conceited city in New England"; and we suppose Springfield will not dispute the distinction with us.

*Hereditary Genius. An Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences.* By FRANCIS GALTON, F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

THIS interesting and well-digested treatise opens with a concession which seems to us quite needless. Mr. Galton hastens to admit that his views concerning the transmissibility of genius by inheritance are "in contradiction to general opinion." We

believe, on the other hand, that the crudely formed opinions of the general public are quite as often to be found on Mr. Galton's side as on the opposite. Uneducated people always expect to see children resemble their parents; and to such an extent is the theory carried, that if a dissipated man dies leaving a son, all the old cronies of the neighborhood will wag their heads and predict of the innocent boy that "he is going to be just like his father." Of every newborn child the question is asked, Which of his parents does he look like? and every peculiarity of character, temperament, or personal attitude, which he may manifest, is ingeniously traced by aunts, uncles, and admiring friends, to its ancestral sources. So true is this that when Mr. Buckle — a writer but little acquainted with biology, in spite of his vast pretensions — made bold to deny the transmissibility of mental and moral characteristics, he expressly recognized that he was running counter to a "popular prejudice."

In this case, however, popular prejudice is unequivocally supported by scientific investigation. The thoroughly educated biologist, or even the intelligent amateur student of the laws of life, is the last person who needs to read a treatise like Mr. Galton's in order to be convinced that children derive their mental capacities as well as their physical organizations from their parents. This point has been so often illustrated, and has been established by such overwhelming evidence, that if Mr. Galton had aimed at nothing more than a fresh demonstration of it, his book would hardly have had any *raison d'être*. Pure biological considerations, for instance, assure us that a man like Newton must have had parents of rare mental capacity, even though they have done nothing by which to be remembered in history: the son of ordinary parents could no more have discovered the law of gravitation than the offspring of a pair of cart-horses could win the Derby.

But Mr. Galton aims at something more than the illustration of this truism. He aims at illustrating the character and extent of the limitations under which the principle of heredity works; and here his contributions to our knowledge of the subject are both novel and important.

There is a great deal of loose thinking current, both as to the kind and degree of the innate differences of capacity between different men, and as to the mode in which

such differences are transmitted from parents to children. Upon both of these points Mr. Galton furnishes ingeniously arranged data for forming precise estimates. After a careful comparison of biographical dictionaries, etc., he arrives at the conclusion that one man in every four thousand becomes by his own exertions sufficiently distinguished to leave a name recorded in history; while about one man in every million leaves behind him an illustrious name. Then, by a curious calculation, the principles of which are familiar to the scientific student of statistics, but the details of which are too voluminous to be given here, he divides men into sixteen grades of natural ability, separated by equal intervals. The ascending grades are designated by capitals, the descending by lower-case letters. Thus *a* and *A* representing that mediocrity which may be found to characterize most provincial gatherings, *c*, for instance, would denote the class of decidedly silly persons, *e* would stand for those who are half-witted, *g* for those who are absolutely idiotic; while, on the other hand, *D* would include the mass of men who obtain the ordinary prizes of life, — about sixteen thousand in each million, — *F* represents the degree of eminence achieved by about two hundred and thirty-three men in each million, *G* that reached by fourteen in each million; and, finally, *X* includes the wide variety of grades above *G*, forming the class of men whose names are inseparably associated in history with the best achievements of the age in which they have lived. Thus the difference between extreme *X* and *x* represents the difference between Shakespeare and the most degraded idiot mentioned in medical literature; but generally about one man out of each million of adult males is entitled to rank somewhere in class *X*. To illustrate the actual differences in natural capacity between these grades, Mr. Galton cites the competitive examinations in mathematics which are held yearly at Cambridge. Of the four hundred students who take their degrees each year, — and who, on the whole, rank above mediocrity, say in class *B* or *C*, — one hundred regularly apply for mathematical honors. Of these about forty succeed in becoming "wranglers," and even to be a low wrangler is considered no small honor, since it is a passport to a fellowship in some college. Now the differences in the number of marks obtained each year by these candidates for honors is at first sight astonishing. Let us remember

that they are all working to the utmost limit of their capacity, like oarsmen in a race, and that, in general, they have had about equally good opportunities for preparation. Well, the lowest man on the list regularly obtains less than three hundred marks; the lowest or fortieth wrangler obtains about fifteen hundred; the second wrangler obtains from four thousand to five thousand; while the first or senior wrangler does not fall short of seven thousand and sometimes reaches nine thousand five hundred. In the examinations for classical honors the figures are similar; and no better proof could be desired of the decided superiority of some men over others in point of natural ability. For, in spite of the popular prejudice, the young man who wins university honors must be several degrees above mediocrity. He may be an Adams or a Herschel, belonging to class *X*; but if, disappointing the sanguine expectations of his friends, he does not rise so high as this, he will at least be likely to obtain a place in class *E*, — to achieve as much as is achieved by two thousand four hundred and twenty-three men out of each million. And the difference between the "poll-man" who, from lack of ability, obtains no honors whatever, and the senior wrangler, will represent the difference between classes *B* and *C* on the one hand, and *E* or *F* on the other.

Now Mr. Galton, in his inquiry, deals only with the three highest classes, *F*, *G*, and *X*. His object is to estimate the probability that any member of one of these classes has had parents or will have children belonging to the same or to the adjacent class. And it is to this end that he has compiled his very interesting, though by no means exhaustive, series of statistical tables.

In discussing this point we must observe, first, that an illustrious man (of class *X*) is much more likely to have had eminent parents than to have eminent children. To produce a Pericles, excellent parents are absolutely essential; but a Pericles often produces nothing better than a Paralos and a Xanthippos. This is the fact which so often puzzles those who would trace the workings of heredity among men of genius. Yet biology supplies three adequate foundations upon which to build a complete explanation of it. In the first place, the sons of great geniuses are likely to be excessively precocious. Now excessive precocity indicates that the brain is increasing in complexity of structure faster than it increases in mass and weight.

In other words, it *develops* faster than it *grows*; and it is a law of biology that *development is antagonistic to growth*; the force used up in the one process is not available for the other. Consequently the excessively precocious sons of geniuses are likely either to die young from local over-nutrition of the nervous system, or else to stop short in mid-career from defective brain-growth due to excessive brain-development. In the second place, "genius" is not a simple but a very complex phenomenon. To obtain a place high up in class *X*, a man needs a rare combination of intellectual, moral, and physical qualifications. He must have vivid imagination, unusual power of concentrating his attention, inflexible determination, and prodigious capacity for work, for the triumphs of "genius" are not to be won without prolonged labor. Now if a man possess all these qualities, gained by the addition of the various good qualities possessed by his able though not illustrious parents, it is not likely that he will transmit them all unimpaired to his children. His son may possess them all save the vivid imagination, in which case he will be perhaps an excellent routine-worker instead of a genius, or he may inherit all save the rare capacity for continuous work, in which case he will be a brilliant performer of trifles. But since the mother, although a sensible woman (say of class *C* or *D*), will almost inevitably fall very far short of the father, the chances are that the son will miss some essential quality, and will fall into class *E* or *F*; in which case his achievements, however creditable, will appear very meagre compared with those of his father.

But the third and chief reason why the sons of great geniuses should be inferior to their fathers is to be found in the law of biology, that *individuation is antagonistic to reproduction*. That is to say, "the attainment of the highest possible individual excellence is incompatible with the highest possible manifestation of the reproductive function." This law holds throughout the vegetable and animal kingdoms. In some lower organisms, the birth of offspring is the signal for the death of the parent; reproduction completely checks individuation. The prime functions of the organism are three, — nutrition, nerve-action, and reproduction. Now in a man of extraordinary genius (high up in class *X*) nutrition and nerve-action are likely to consume the force of the organism, so that little is left for

reproduction. What is spent in one direction must be hoarded in the other. To produce a child of rare mental vigor requires a liberal outlay of phosphorus compounds. But in the man of class *X* these compounds are liable to be completely absorbed in the support of the brain. Hence, of the twenty or thirty greatest men who have lived, one at least (Newton) has been rendered impotent by excessive brain-action, many have remained unmarried, and only two or three have produced sons above mediocrity.

These considerations are more than sufficient to account for the often noticed inferiority of the sons of great men. We can no more produce a whole race of Newtons and Shakespeares than we can produce perpetual motion: the principle involved is the same in both cases. A Nicholas Bacon may produce a Francis Bacon, a Bernardo Tasso a Torquato, a Philip an Alexander, but the culminating genius of the family is likely to be the last. We do not mean to imply that it is necessarily so. Sebastian Bach had twenty children, of whom three are immortal composers, while the other seventeen were professional musicians. But when genius ends in sterility or mediocrity, as is so often the case, the physiologist has ample means of accounting for the phenomenon.

In spite of all the drawbacks here enumerated, and concerning which Mr. Galton says but little, more than half of the celebrated men of history have had celebrated kindred. The fact is abundantly proved and illustrated in Mr. Galton's very interesting tables, which exhibit extensive and careful research, though we notice in them several serious omissions. Mr. Galton gives us Pepin Heristal, Karl Martel, Pepin the Short, and Charlemagne; why should he not have added that Louis IX. was grandson of Philip Augustus, and grandfather of Philip the Fair? Why has he omitted the long line of hero-kings who governed England from Egbert to Edmund Ironside? Why has he failed to notice the large percentage of varied ability combined with unequalled personal beauty among the royal descendants of William the Conqueror, down to Richard III.? And why is he silent about the Roman Emperors of the house of Hohenstaufen, a family in which each generation seemed to outdo the preceding one, until the climax was reached in Frederic II.? Besides these omissions, we notice a few inaccuracies. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have been minister under

Louis XIV. On pp. 173 and 190, Jane Austen, the novelist, is confounded with Sarah, the talented wife of John Austin. On p. 216, Humboldt is said to have finished his "Kosmos" at 82; he died, at 89, without having quite finished it.

Mr. Galton concludes with some interesting reflections on the comparative natural abilities of different races. We think he is here misled by the assumption that the variations of ability are equal in different races. Thus he concludes that the *A* of the negro race corresponds to our *c*, because Toussaint l'Ouverture, the only *X* of that race, answers to our *F*. He forgets that the negro race has produced but one Toussaint l'Ouverture, while the Aryan race produces *X*'s at the rate of one in each million of adult males. Taking this fact into the account, the negro average will be found to correspond to our *d*. With reference to the Athenians as compared with the English race, Mr. Galton falls into a more pronounced error. From the fact that Athens, with an average population of about twenty thousand native adult males, produced fourteen *X*'s in one century, he concludes that the Athenian *A* corresponded to our *C*, so that the Athenians surpassed us even as we surpass the negroes! This result astonishes Mr. Galton himself, and is no doubt preposterous. In the first place the classical scholar will dispute four of his *X*'s, namely, Miltiades, Aristides, Kimon, and Xenophon. This would materially alter the result; but a far more fundamental objection remains. England, according to Mr. Galton, regularly possesses six contemporaries who will rank in class *X*. We grant this, and for the sake of clearness name the present six: Spencer, Mill, Darwin, Maine, Browning, and George Eliot. Now, if the Athenian race surpassed ours even as we surpass the negroes, there ought to have been 1355 Athenians living between 530 and 430 B. C., equal in ability to the six persons just named. This, of course, lands us in an absurdity; the entire annals of the human race will barely furnish 400 names as illustrious as those which we have taken for examples.

The wonderful fertility of Athens in great men cannot be explained on physiological grounds alone. Historical, or, rather, sociological factors were at work in causing this anomalous manifestation of genius, and Mr. Galton's is only one of the many cases in which biologists have erred by trying to

explain too much with the materials furnished by their own science. We freely admit a slight superiority of the Athenian race over our own. The causes of it lie to a certain extent within the ken of the historical inquirer, but we have not space to examine them here, or to do further justice to Mr. Galton's excellent book, save by advising our readers to study it carefully. It raises many important questions, the solution of which affords a good opportunity for sharpening one's wits and extending one's researches.

*Hedged In.* By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

"THE book is a poem," said a friend of ours, on closing this volume. The criticism gives in a nutshell our first impression of the story as a work of art. Its two leading characters, Nixy and Mrs. Purcell, are ideal women. Neither can be fairly said to represent a class. The one is not a fit inmate of a Magdalen asylum, nor is the other a specimen of the average Christian woman, as the Christian world goes. Yet exception to the make of the story on this account would be unjust. Its great charm is its fidelity to the best possibilities of character. We doubt whether literary art can do much that is worth doing, on any other principle, to adjust the relations of fallen to unfallen womanhood. Any such work should be constructed on a profound faith in humanity, reaching out in both directions; to the fallen, conceiving what they *may* be; to the pure, what they *ought* to be. In this idealizing of the two characters most difficult of representation in any natural womanly relations to each other, Miss Phelps has certainly achieved a rare success.

The subordinate personages also are most of them drawn with a singular blending of delicacy and power. Mrs. Myrtle, Jacques, the French fiddler, the Scotch landlady, Moll, Dick, and "No 23," are all clear-cut and true. In versatility and in literary finish, the book is far in advance of "The Gates Ajar"; and in power it exceeds anything else which the author has written.

The morality of "Hedged In," like that of almost everything which Miss Phelps has published, is intense and intensely Christian. One may think what one pleases of her conception of religious faith, but there can be no doubt that she is keenly in ear-

nest in it. It is not a theology but a life, and she means it. Matthew Arnold would classify her in the "Hebrew," not in the "Hellenic" school of moralists. We presume that she would be content with that. Yet there is nothing acrid in her moral judgments. On the contrary, she wins by a certain genial and hopeful look at the worst side of things. If nobody is quite angelic in her thought, neither is anybody satanic. With not a bit of sympathy with the effeminate culture which sickens at the world as it is, she takes it to her heart with a sad yet elastic faith in its destiny.

*Among my Books.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, A. M., Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE essays which form this book are on Dryden, Shakespeare, Witchcraft, New England two centuries ago, Lessing, and Rousseau, and they are among the most valuable and delightful papers that their author has written, — that is, among the best that any one has written in our day. That on Dryden is almost an ideal criticism, and expresses for most readers all that they hesitate to utter, lest they

"leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess."

It leaves the imagination in entire possession of its poet, while it gives the mind something of Mr. Lowell's means of more clearly and distinctly judging him. This is so perfectly managed that the reader may with no great immodesty find himself thinking, at the end, that it had always been just his own notion of Dryden.

The paper on Shakespeare is better in parts than the Dryden, even, but is less complete, necessarily, since Shakespeare has no bounds that criticism can set, and is only to be marked, as to his height and depth, at here and there a point. Still, this essay seems more strongly characterized than any of the rest by some of Mr. Lowell's peculiar traits, and the whole is done in a wonderfully light, fresh, and racy spirit. There is much, of course, in it of the sort of thing which will always make him a puzzle to many very well-meaning people, who would like to fix his character as that of a humorist, or satirist, or critic, or moralist, or poet, and who are painfully affected when they find him all these at once. In his poetry he has a trick of singing as if he had

been thinking, and in his prose of thinking as if he had been singing, that may well confound the single-minded; some good hearts, without heads to match, have been troubled that with his love of reform he has so small passion for reformers; and more than one learned person is doubtless shocked at his habit of studying with his library windows up, and letting in the summer morning and the talk of the hired man in the meadow. A man who in a serious disquisition can speak in the following terms of the classic principle, as we moderns know it, can never be other than a mystery to many who would fain have him for a friend:—

"So far as all the classicism then attainable was concerned, Shakespeare got it as cheap as Goethe did, who always bought it ready-made. For such purposes of mere æsthetic nourishment Goethe always milked other minds, — if minds those ruminators and digesters of antiquity into asses' milk may be called. There were plenty of professors who were forever assiduously browsing in vales of Enna and on Pentelican slopes among the vestiges of antiquity, slowly secreting lacteous facts, and not one of them would have raised his head from that exquisite pasturage, though Pan had made music through his pipe of reeds. Did Goethe wish to work up a Greek theme? He drove out Herr Böttiger, for example, among that fodder delicious to him for its very dryness, that sapless Arcadia of scholiasts, let him graze, ruminate, and go through all other needful processes of the antiquarian organism, then got him quietly into a corner and milked him. The product, after standing long enough, mantled over with the rich Goethean cream, from which a butter could be churned, if not precisely classic, quite as good as the ancients could have made out of the same material."

It is seldom that Mr. Lowell barely states his conception of character; he clothes it and makes it charming in beautiful or grotesque figures, and his notion of Dryden is given in a series of these. "Thrice unhappy he who, born to see things as they might be, is schooled by circumstances to see people as they are, to read God in a prose translation. . . . He who was of a stature to snatch the torch of life that flashes from hand to hand along the generations, over the heads of inferior men, chose rather to be a link-boy to the stews." "But this prosaic element in Dryden will force itself upon me. As I read him I cannot help thinking of an ostrich, to be classed

with flying things, and capable what with leap and flap together, of leaving the earth for a longer or shorter space, but loving the open plain where wing and foot help each other to something that is both flight and run at once." "In his prose, you come upon passages that persuade you he is a poet in spite of his verses so often turning state's evidence against him as to convince you he is none. He is a prose-writer with a kind of æolian attachment." "His mind (somewhat solid for a poet) warmed slowly, but once fairly heated through, he had more of that good luck of self-oblivion than most men." "His phrase is always a short-cut to his sense, for his estate was too spacious for him to need that trick of winding the path of his thought about, and planting it out with clumps of epithet, by which the landscape gardens of literature give to a paltry half-acre the air of a park."

These passages, so perfect in themselves, are hurt by being taken from their context, where they are each a climax, and grouped together; but the reader will account for this injury and enjoy them none the less, as he recurs to them in Mr. Lowell's book. In our own copy we marked them and their kind for the memorable things without thought of their precise use here; and they seem forcible illustrations of the imaginative or creative character of his criticism. He instinctively strives to give his sense not only a perfect form of speech, but to make it a tangible, detachable, portable image: the critic in him turns artist or poet, upon the first occasion. Of Davenant's "Gondibert," he says: "Its shining passages, for there are such, remind one of distress rockets sent up at intervals from a ship just about to founder, and sadden rather than cheer"; of the early New England life, "If there be any poetry, it is something that cannot be helped, — the waste of the water over the dam"; of the Puritans, "If their natures flowered, it was out of sight, like the fern"; and in these and other like passages he gives meaning that no extent of comment would convey, and throws you, in a pure pleasure of some kind, an exquisite touch of wit or of poetry. We must own amid our liking that we have seen it doubted whether this sort of writing be true criticism, and it is certain that not one critic in a thousand can follow the costly fashion: we should all ruin ourselves upon our first book-note.

Of the Rousseau and the Lessing in this volume, it is safe to say that they are of

the same kind as the Dryden, but of less value: that is, they less completely embody literary character to the reader's mind. But, as the reader will learn for himself, what they lose by comparison with the Dryden, here, they will gain by contrast with any essays out of the book.

*Twilight Hours in the Adirondacks.* The Daily Doings and Several Sayings of Seven Sober, Social, Scientific Students in the Great Wilderness of Northern New York, variously versified in Seven Hundred and Seventy-seven lines. By HOMER D. L. SWEET, Farmer and Chronicler. Syracuse: Wynkoops and Leonard.

MR. SWEET has not only presented his thoughts to the public with uncommon advantages of tinted paper, gilt, and luxurious binding, but has added his *carte de visite*, framed, and, as it were, festooned in his family coat of arms upon the second page of his book, thus anticipating the curiosity that every one will have to see him after he has become famous. This, however, is somewhat embarrassing to criticism, a shy muse, who does not confide her praise or blame to the public with the same *naïveté*, when the author is, as it were, looking on with a long line of baronial ancestors at his back, — not but that Mr. Sweet's face is a kind and amiable one, in spite of its noble heraldic setting. The book is certainly handsome in every way, and the author might justly feel the pride we fancy him to have in it. Neither is the literary conceit a bad one, though it is not the newest in the world, — the poet speaking alternately for himself, the historian, the engineer, the traveller, etc., his comrades in an Adirondack camp, upon the various subjects that interest such various people, and intending to cast about all the romantic charm and picturesqueness of life in the woods. In this effort he has recourse to many of the known measures of our prosody, and has made some adventures in rhythm for himself, including a species of unlearned hexameter. Yet as Mr. Sweet has not, to our knowledge, been able to make any of his characters or metres utter a line of poetry for him, we cannot feel that he ought to be quite satisfied with the book as an æsthetic result, though perhaps he is so. In his approaches to poetry he is, as they say in the children's game, generally cold, sometimes warm, very rarely hot, and never



burning hot ; and this is all the odder because there is ever so much human nature in the book, both of the kind that is meant and of the kind that is not meant, — chiefly the latter.

The most successful effort of all is that part of the work called "The Farmer," in which the rustic year is described in a good, wholesome, realistic way, with a true feeling for natural beauty, and no mean effort to poetize, not merely the homely aspects of country life, but the use of the various inventions and appliances which are supposed to take sentiment out of farming. Here is a fair example of Mr. Sweet's manner, which is so hearty and simple that it seems a pity that he should lack just the last essential grace : —

- " See yonder meadow just three quarters mown,  
One fourth is drawn and added to the stock,  
Another fourth lies flat, by Tedder thrown.  
The other fourth is windrowed, or in cock.  
Around the fence an old-time mower swings, —  
The spanking bays come dancing through the gate,  
The bar is dropped, the Clipper Mower rings.  
And knows no wages — frets not when 't is late.  
" Now following soon the kicking Tedder comes,  
And in the air the emerald bunches flings ;  
The Sulky Horse-rake cleans the ground like combs,  
And gathers windrows with its steely springs.  
Some men are opening out the cocks to dry,  
From last night's windrows shaking off the dew,  
A bumble-bee makes one young urchin fly, —  
He gets the bitter with the sweet, 't is true.  
" A part is dry and can be taken in,  
The wagon 's coming with the men and forks,  
The loose boards rattling making a vexing din,  
And noisy boys, — now every school-boy works.  
The heavy forkfuls rise upon the rack,  
The loader treading builds it true and square,  
The sides keeps equal, guided by the track,  
The boys behind with hand-rakes glean with care.  
" They reach the barn, roll in upon the floor,  
The men and boys ascend the sweltering mow,  
An active horse stands by the open door,  
He starts the fork, and pulleys rattle now.  
From horse to load the rope by rafter leads,  
The great heap rises o'er the purline beam,  
A click ! 't is dropped ; another soon succeeds ;  
'T is off ! and almost easy as a dream.  
" We view again this scene a few days hence,  
In harvest days, with men and boys and teams,  
The stalwart cradler cutting by the fence,  
The horses' pathway very narrow seems.  
The flaming Champion Reaper follows spon,  
Around the field a Harvest Hymn it sings,  
The ripe grain falls as in a sudden swoon,  
The strong rake travels its eccentric rings."

There is an equally sincere description of a threshing as it is performed by machinery ; and we like, also, Mr. Sweet's pictures of the different rural merry-makings, the Fourth of July, the Paring Bee, the

Husking, and so forth ; and as mere character, as a mind of original cut (for both the splendor and quaintness of his book betray this), in a world where most minds seem turned out ready-made from some great slop-shop, we feel that he is not to be scorned. We can fancy him a good comrade and an admirable farmer, a worthy citizen, and an esteemed friend ; but a poet — no, by the British Classics ! Though, after all, as to the British Classics there are people among them harder to read than Mr. Sweet, — if he will take this for a compliment.

" *The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence.*" (The Arnold Prize Essay, read in the Theatre at Oxford, June 9, 1869.) By JOHN ANDREW DOYLE, B. A., of Baliol College. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way." Rivingtons : London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

NOTHING does more to stimulate international sympathy than to have a foreigner write the biographies of our great-grandfathers. We, at least, are bound to think that "it's a good text," as old Dr. Beecher used to say, in his hearty manner, at the beginning of a sermon. And in this case, the sermon is really worthy of the text, for without being brilliant, it is in the highest degree candid, careful, and appreciative.

The plan of the book is well and briefly stated in the Introduction : —

"I propose in this essay to examine a few of the most remarkable in that course of events by which a wilderness, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, was changed in less than two hundred years into the home of one of the greatest of the civilized powers of the world. For this purpose I propose, first, to glance briefly and in outline at that movement which changed the sober, homely Englishman of the earliest Tudor reigns into the enterprising, versatile Elizabethan Englishman, and which moulded the gentry, yeomanry, and merchants of the sixteenth century into a race of navigators and explorers, the boldest and most adventurous that the world has ever seen. I propose, then, to trace fully the growth of the several colonies, to illustrate their social and political life, their manners, religion, and laws ; to pass in review the most striking incidents and the most eminent characters in their

history; to consider their relations to the savage inhabitants whom they drove out, and to the colonists of other civilized nations with whom they came in contact; lastly, to examine the principal causes which gradually alienated and finally rent them asunder from their mother country, and bound them together in one independent empire."

The candor of Mr. Doyle's mind is well shown in his remarks on the character of the American Puritan as distinct from the English type. It is pleasant to find a countryman of Matthew Arnold writing this, for instance:—

"If we would see English Puritanism in its best form, we must study it in the early fathers of New England. The idea that a Puritan was a tasteless misanthrope is of course absurd. The greatest epic and the greatest allegory in the English language are a sufficient answer to that charge. But it cannot be denied that the Puritan in England too often acquired the morose fanaticism which his enemies represented as natural to him. To live in danger of being 'harried out of the land,' and having their ears grubbed out by the hangman's knife, is not calculated to make men gentle or loving to the world around them. In New England all this was different. There the Puritan was no longer a bondman in Egypt; he had reached the Promised Land. The dark past was separated from him by a vast ocean, the bright future was what he had to live for. In England we have almost lost sight of the domestic and civil life of the Puritan, we know him only as a preacher, or a soldier; if we would contemplate him as a citizen we must turn to America." (p. 76.) And he quotes admiringly the well-known saying of John Higginson, that "New England was originally a plantation religious, not a plantation of trade; . . . and if any make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, such an one hath not the spirit of a true New England man."

When the author comes to the more difficult narrative of the opening events of the Revolution, the same spirit of perfect candor is shown. "The Americans," he says, "were asserting and recovering freedom, if not for themselves, for their children's children." He thinks that the success of the royal arms in America would have brought the greatest danger to English liberty, and quotes Burke and Chatham for similar opinion. "To such a pass," he frankly says, "had misgovernment brought

England, that our only hope lay in the incapacity of her commanders and the courage of her foes." (pp. 186, 187.) The key to the whole struggle lay in this, he thinks, that it was both "a democratic and a conservative revolution." And he finally declares that, "as a step in the progress of the human race, the American rebellion was in advance of any movement that had gone before it." (p. 218.)

Yet the book is written without a tinge of flattery or sycophancy; it is only pervaded by that perfectly manly spirit of fair play which we once loved to associate with the English mind. This "Prize Essay" really deserves republication, for there is no American book that covers so satisfactorily the precise ground here comprised. The only thing to be regretted is that the author suffered from the drawback, almost inevitable in a foreign country, of not possessing the latest special authorities upon many points he treats. Not to speak of less important memoirs or monographs, he writes of the French and Indian wars without alluding to Parkman, of the siege of Boston without citing Frothingham, and of the witchcraft delusion without a reference to Upham. Yet so completely have these writers, each in his special department, superseded the authorities whom Mr. Doyle cites, that it is as if an American were to write about the reign of Henry VIII. without having read Froude. It is remarkable, in view of this want of recent authorities, that we note so few errors of detail.

*Search for Winter Sunbeams in Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain.* By SAMUEL S. COX. With numerous Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MR. COX dedicates this volume to his constituents of the Sixth Congressional District of New York, and we beg to assure such of that highly respectable body as can read, that they may spend their time to far better advantage in looking over their Congressman's book than in listening to his political speeches; and that if they were minded to hold public meetings, and read aloud portions of it to their illiterate fellow-constituents, they would be doing an act favorable to civilization. The ground over which Mr. Cox passes is not strange to travel, and to many people outside of his district perhaps there would be no great novelty in what he says. Yet he writes in

amiable spirit; he has a lively manner, and he is an intelligent and shrewd observer. He is at his best in Africa, which has not remembered his political offences against him; and when he gets to Spain and talks of the revolution and the public men, he is to be read with profit. Of course we come in for a bull-fight: but it is not produced for a thrilling effect; and there is very little about art, and that is some compensation. The descriptions of the countries and people seen are clear and good; Mr. Cox has a poetical feeling for what is pretty or grand in travel, and the prevailing modesty of his rhetoric might be usefully studied by his fellow-Congressmen, and any young roughs among his constituents who chance to be forecasting the succession to his place. Not that we think his style good as a general thing: those short sentences, following one another like the detonation of Chinese crackers in an empty barrel, are easy things to understand, but grace or music is not in them; and then Mr. Cox has sad lapses of taste. As to his humor, it is dreadful, coming out in puns, and the like.

*Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.* Translated by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MISS FROTHINGHAM has for the most part accomplished very well a task which is not very easy, as any one may learn who will trouble himself to turn a few of Goethe's lines into English hexameters so faithful to the original as hers are. Perhaps she found her task the harder from the deceitful nature of the measure used, for if you are strange to it, your hexameter will at times affect to be entirely an affair of the ear, and at others will demand the most skilful touch of the yardstick: in the former case it will be apt to play you false by a foot more or less, and in the latter the lithe and sinuous thing will often stiffen under your measuring-wand until the old miracle is reversed, and the serpent turns into a stick. But in spite of all, the verse has a charm of movement and music under the hand of a master which is very tempting, and which silences every doubt of the fitness of English for it,—"Evangeline" and "Andromeda" are answers to all the sceptics.

The worst thing about Miss Frothingham's verses is that sometimes they obey neither rule nor ear, as in this line:—

"They shall depart from my house, and strangers agreeably can flatter."

And the best thing about them is that, so far as we have been able to compare them with Goethe's, they are a very literal and truthful rendering. Of course, they have now and then their lapses. We do not find the line which describes certain vines as

"Bearing inferior clusters from which the delicate wine comes,"

at all a good translation of

"Kleinere Trauben tragend von denen der küstliche Wein kommt";

for *inferior* gives an idea of poor quality, and fails to convey the sense of the original, wherein *kleinere* refers only to size. In another place excessive literality denies us good English as well as good sense, Miss Frothingham rendering

"Kaum mehr hinaus: denn alles soll anders sein und geschmackvoll"

by the verse

"Scarcely I venture abroad. All now must be other and tasteful."

She also, from the same good motive, vexes our idiom with this strange construction:—

"May not the threatening heavens,' said Hermann, 'be presently sending Hailstones upon us,' &c.,

which is not a question on Hermann's part, as the reader of the English would suppose, but an aspiration, and the version of

"Müge das drohende Wetter," &c.

At times the German order has been so diligently followed that we are led into crooked and uncomfortable ways like this:—

"I will have one for a daughter Who the piano shall play to me, too; so that here shall with pleasure All the handsomest people in town, and the finest, assemble."

Yet, with all its defects, Miss Frothingham's translation is something to be glad of: it lends itself kindly to perusal, and it presents Goethe's charming poem in the metre of the original; while its blemishes are those which careful revision would remove. Besides, there is nothing in the order of Providence to prevent any one who is so gifted, from replacing her version by a better, and then, there is always the German, to which this or any other translation cannot do better than tempt the reader. It is not a poem which could be profitably used in an argument for the enlargement of the sphere of woman; it teaches her subjection, indeed, from the lips of a beautiful girl, which are always so fatally convincing;

but it has its charm, nevertheless, and will serve at least for an agreeable picture of an age when the ideal woman was a creature around which grew the beauty and comfort and security of home.

*Unforgiven.* A Novel. By BERRIEDALE.  
New York: George S. Wilcox.

As literature, we suppose that "Unforgiven" is not wholly worthy of notice here or elsewhere; and yet it is such a story as very many people would read if it fell in their way,—we have, indeed, read it quite through ourselves. It illustrates, too, some fatal æsthetic and ethical tendencies, and would afford a text for a very pretty discourse, if one had a mind to preach either good taste or good morals; and as it seems a first book, and the author appears very much in earnest, and does not mean any harm (as so many novelists of her sex seem to do, nowadays), we think it not quite unprofitable to speak of it. She—for, on the whole, we think it is not *he*—who has written it, undertakes to make us acquainted with the sorrows of such a sinful experience as Hawthorne has depicted in "The Scarlet Letter," only in this case the victim is a young lady in the best society, whose error is so well concealed that she continues a leader of fashion, and but for "a drawn look about the eyes," and a "cold, impassive expression," shows no outward mark of the anguish within. She will not marry her seducer when he returns penitent from Europe, and the man whom she comes to love, and whom, after a terrible struggle, she allows herself tacitly to deceive as concerns her past life, and promises to marry, discovers her secret by chance. He is one of those all-accomplished doctors in whom lady-novelists delight, and it is at the death-bed of Clarine's child, which he had supposed to be her brother's, that he learns the truth from her frantic grief. This scene is really well conceived, and for the most part well executed, but it stands almost alone in the book. Here two people actually speak from hearts of their own, simply and strongly, and the effect is necessarily good. But usually the characters are uncertain in their motives, and insupportably ornate in their conversation. Their talk is often such as you would expect to hear, say, at a Southern tournament,—so ceremonious, so flowery, so bland, while their moral ideas have a

curious obliquity. We shrink from noticing the ease with which Clarine's ruin is accomplished; but it is surprising that she should consider herself deceived by a man who did not intimate marriage to her. She is, however, of an odd temper throughout, and carries a particularly high hand with her father, whom she thinks she may learn to hate, because he wishes some visible token of the remorse that afflicts her, but who is yet on his own part a person of singular habits of mind for a clergyman. It is not so bad that he should wish her to marry her "deceiver," and thus secure the family respectability against the chances of the discovery of her secret; but it is very bad that he should suffer his particular friend, Doctor Purdon, to fall in love with Clarine and offer her marriage, and should rejoice in their engagement, without thinking it his duty to tell him her history. There is ever so much anguish asserted for Clarine, but her beauty, her elegance, her social brilliancy, are fondly dwelt upon, and as to her error the reader has only a wretched and confusing sense of incongruity somewhere. Clarine suffers chiefly from those perfunctory pangs which the author makes her feel when she gets her alone. It appears no more than is due that at last, having found peace by forgiving everybody, and resolutely eschewing marriage, she should live to be just as lovely in gray hair as in blond, should not look half her age, and should be able to sing in such a way that young girls must cry out, "It is surely an angel's voice! O, I could worship her!"

We ought to be grateful, however, to the author of "Unforgiven," that she did not take a shorter method than broken pride and relinquished hate to make her Clarine an honest woman, for every one must see what a simple and easy thing it would have been to restore her uncontaminated to the bosom of society by having her reverend father shoot the betrayer on sight.

In the course of the book there are the awfulest things hinted about New York fashionable life, which it would be really shocking, though ever so interesting, to believe. We prefer not to believe them, on the whole; and, for our own part, we wish heartily that the ladies, when they write novels, would leave such cruel themes as the author of "Unforgiven" has chosen. We should like, now, to have a little of the amusing insipidity, the admirable dulness, of real life depicted in fiction. We would rather know what took

place in a young lady's mind on a shopping excursion than be told of the transactions of her soul after her ruin; and the chances are, we hope, that most novelists of her sex could treat her better in the former attitude. To our simple taste there is sufficient tragedy in the idea of her getting home a new dress spoiled by the dress-maker; and if you must have intrigue, what black arts are not employed to avoid the acquaintance of certain people, what wiles to achieve the friendship of others! Besides there is in life ever so much love-making of a perfectly harmless kind, and even amiable flirtation, that we ask nothing worse. What more pathetic figure need one look upon than that of a young girl who somehow expects a call, or a bow, or an invitation to dance, which she does not get?

These things, carefully studied and lightly done, are really much more desirable in fiction than clouds and crimes and sins and shames of whatever tint; and we respectfully ask the attention of Berriedale to them when she writes again.

*My Enemy's Daughter.* A Novel. By JUSTICE MCCARTHY, Author of "The Waterdale Neighbors," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE enemy in question is a very rich and proud and insolent Member of Parliament, whose like we think we have met in fiction before, and yet he is in many respects worked up into decided novelty; and his daughter, if not very new or strange, is very tender, sweet, and true. She is loved by the hero, a mediocre singer, who has first loved and lost a young German girl, — later a great *prima donna* and wife of an Italian patriot. Of course (and this will be no betrayal of confidence to the ladies at least, who always look at the back of the book first), Emanuel Banks marries Lilla Lyndon, and the irreclaimable Member of Parliament is duly carried off by the avenging gout of his class. This is the outline, not very surprising or promising, of a singularly good novel, — good enough in plot, and thoroughly good in tone and conduct of character. There are two or three people in it whose betters we have not seen since the days of Thackeray. First of these is Stephen Lyndon (reprobate brother to the M. P.), who after deserting his wife and daughter (another Lilla Lyndon), and beating about all countries, and living upon his wits and others' want of them,

comes to be stabbed at last by an Italian whose fellow-conspirators he has betrayed to the French government. His character is so life-like that it might very well be life down to that very little ultimate compunction which he feels when dying, or seems to feel, for you are not sure in the end. His talk is perfect of its kind, and the talk of most of the others is natural and good. He is quite incapable of receiving offence, though he can be very malicious and abusive, and there is hardly anything good in him, except a love of the beautiful, which he himself is inclined to think sufficient for his salvation. It is an artistic and delicate piece of work to reproduce, as Mr. McCarthy does, his luxury and sensuousness and humor, purged of their evil, in his daughter's temperament, who is the next best creation of the book, and who is really a delightful bit of original character. The hero, in whose mouth the story is put, is also pleasant, a manly, generous fellow, whom you like. Italian conspirators we do not get on well with, nor opera singers of any nation; but we are bound to say that Mr. McCarthy has managed these contrary people with great skill. It seems a pity that the character of Christina, the first love of the hero, which is really subordinate, should be suffered to take up so much space and time; but as it is not really uninteresting, perhaps we ought not to complain. No part of the book is dull. A high level is kept, and the story abounds in neat and truthful touches; — capital sketches and studies of persons and places.

*The Chinese Classics*, a Translation by JAMES LEGGE, D. D., of the London Missionary Society. Part I. CONFUCIUS. Part II. MENCIUS. Hurd and Houghton. New York.

DR. LEGGE, a London missionary in China, has translated and edited the Chinese classics, amounting in all to a ten-volume series, and he gives us in the above-named volume the first instalment of the publication. It is well reprinted; but we wish the American editor could have been content to give us Dr. Legge's Prefaces without mutilation, whether he should see fit thereupon to criticise them or not. Dr. Legge is evidently a man of original knowledge on the subject of which he speaks, and whatever defects his judgment may exhibit, it is at all events entitled to be respectfully heard.

There seem to be three great schools which claim between them the empire of the Chinese intellect, the earliest and the latest of which, those respectively of Lao-tse and of Fo or Buddha, contain a speculative doctrine, while the middle school, that of Confucius, is severely practical or moralistic. Indeed, Confucius is so deficient on the speculative side, that his ideas are often supposed to be atheistic. But this charge appears to be unreasonable. He accepts *ex animo* the traditional faith of his countrymen in a heavenly providence, according to which man, being imperfect, is bound to shape himself. "Upon the highest as upon the humblest of men," he said, "one equal obligation impended, that, namely, of self-correction or moral progress." He indulged in no sceptical flings at the popular religion, but, on the contrary, affirmed very heartily all its ritual principles and practices, lending himself to its ideas about spiritual existences, sacrifices, and other ceremonials, with even uncommon devoutness. In fact, he seems altogether to have been a curious amalgam of formal superstition and rational freedom. The most vigorous utterance we have found cropping out of the somewhat dreary flow of his meditations is where he says that "to give one's self earnestly to present duty, and while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom." This looks like genuine manhood; but, on the whole, apart from the elevated morality of the book, a Chinese flavor abounds, and you scarcely for a moment lose sight of the pigtail. Confucius himself was a sort of Chinese Dr. Johnson, with a good deal more amenity, doubtless, because he had a less scrofulous temperament; but with the same tendency to conservatism and the same proclivity to dogmatizing. Mencius was a man of higher intellect and wider sympathies, and his portion of the volume before us will better repay modern perusal. The critical spirit entered to some extent into his cogitations, and no better democratic doctrine can be desired than we find in his pages. "Mencius said, Kee and Chow's losing the empire arose from their losing the people, and to lose the people means to lose their hearts. There is a way to get the empire. Get the people, and the empire is got. There is a way to get the people; get their hearts, and they are got. There is a way to get their hearts; it is simply to collect for them what they like, and not to lay on them

what they dislike." Mencius held to the goodness of human nature; and maintained that if any one did evil he did so by the constraint of his passions disturbing his rationality. Mencius had a distinguished opponent, Sun-tse or Sun-king as he is called by Dr. Legge, who maintained that human nature was evil, and endeavored to refute the reasonings of Mencius on that subject.

No one, we think, can seriously ponder the literary remains of the great Eastern religions, which so many erudite scholars are now elucidating for us, without being forcibly struck with the vast intellectual superiority which Christianity avouches to them all, in claiming as it does to construe both nature and history as a mere *revelation* of God in man. None of the older religions make the least claim to this superb office. In fact, they all identify God and nature, or turn out practically and at best a gigantic scheme of naturalism as stifling to the life of God as it is to that of man. In all these ancient pantheistic religions man is presented to us simply as the victim of his participation of the divine nature. Existence or consciousness is his burning hell, and no rest or heaven is attainable to him save by the cessation of consciousness, that is, by annihilation. All that the very purest of these faiths can do to soften this really immitigable doom of man is to make his annihilation convertible with absorption in God; and the conception of God as a creator, and of man consequently as a creature, is as repugnant to them as day is to night. Naturalism, in short, is the ineffaceable stigma of all the old religions, and naturalism is the almost ineradicable disease of the human mind itself; so that Christianity, which is religion in its sovereign spiritual form, as implying the essential subserviency of nature to spirit, or of the universe to man, is only now at last laying off her carnal fetters, and displaying an infinite interior significance, ample at once to satisfy the deathless craving of the soul after inward peace, or harmony with God, and the deathless craving of the senses after outward prosperity, or harmony with man and nature. But once entered upon this career, its march is destined never to relent until science recognizes in nature no longer a field of true being, but only of pure seeming; no longer a divine finality, but a strict divine method for the education of the human mind into harmony with infinite goodness and truth.







